



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

FROM THE OIL SKETCH BY MISS CECILIA BEAUX, OWNED BY MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY SHERWOOD.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXIII.

PART I.

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VOL. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 1.

A FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTER.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.

AWAY back in the early part of this century, before it had finished its first quarter—in short, in 1824,—a little French boy baby was born, who was destined to make a stir in the world and to have considerable influence over a great many American lads later on in his life. The town in which he first saw the light was Vesoul, situated in the northeastern part of France in a *département*—or, as we should call it, a county—known as Haute-Saône.

His parents were people in very moderate circumstances, the father being a goldsmith by the name of Gérôme, and the little boy was christened Jean-Léon. As the child grew up he developed into a bright, quick, active boy; and at no little sacrifice, for money was not plenty in his home, he was sent to a good school and afterward to college, from which he graduated at the age of sixteen years. With no social position and without friends in high places to help him, this boy nevertheless came to be one of the most famous men of his time, and to-day he is honored, famous, prosperous, and rich. He has more medals and decorations than he could ever conveniently wear, and wherever people talk about pictures his name is known as that of one of the greatest of modern artists.

The story of his life is inspiring, as showing what a boy may accomplish by pegging away seriously with one object ever in view. I should like to tell how Jean-Léon Gérôme conquered all obstacles and, not content with becoming one of the leading painters of France and of the world, began when nearly sixty to turn his attention to sculpture.

Of all his studies, both at school and at college, there was no branch that was half so attractive to the young Gérôme as drawing, and in this the boy made such remarkable progress as soon to be quite ahead of all his teachers. His father, who used to make each year a trip to Paris, to receive orders and to deliver his jeweler's work, on one occasion brought back a box of oil colors and an original picture by Decamps, one of the famous artists of his day. To the boy, the picture was an inspiration, and the paint-box an unmixed joy and delight. He copied the picture by Decamps, to the great admiration of his family and friends, and he felt that a new life was opened to him. There had come to live at the little town of Vesoul a gentleman who was on intimate terms with people in the great art-world of Paris. He saw this early

work, and, going to the father of our young lad, advised that the boy be sent to the French capital to study. He also gave him a letter to Paul Delaroche, the artist, then at the height of his fame; and, what was more to the point, this same gentleman made a liberal present in money to help the boy to pay his expenses. This, with what the worthy goldsmith managed to spare from his own modest funds, made quite a respectable sum, for in France a little money may be made to go a long way.

So Gérôme bade good-by to his people, and journeyed to Paris by slow stage-coach, railroads not as yet having been established. He entered Delaroche's painting-school, then, perhaps, the best in all France. Here his master became greatly interested in the boy, while the youth was equally attracted to the teacher. Before long the teacher had his promising young pupil drawing outlines for him on his great picture, now in the gallery of Versailles, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps."

Unhappily, the school-boys of those days took great delight in the stupid practice of hazing—a custom that is as unfair and unmanly as it is foolish. New pupils were made uncomfortable and even utterly miserable. Their studies were interfered with, their valuable time was wasted, though many of them were poor and could ill afford to lose it. In short, so much disorder and rioting took place in the class-rooms that finally a freshman lost his life through this miserable horse-play. Then Delaroche, who had long been indignant at the disorders of the pupils in his studio, finally concluded to close it. While all this was taking place, Gérôme had been on a visit to his family in his native town; and, when he returned, his master, who had planned a trip to Italy, advised him to continue his studies with another distinguished Frenchman, named Drolling. The resolute young man, however, was not to be thus cast off, for he had a great admiration for his master.

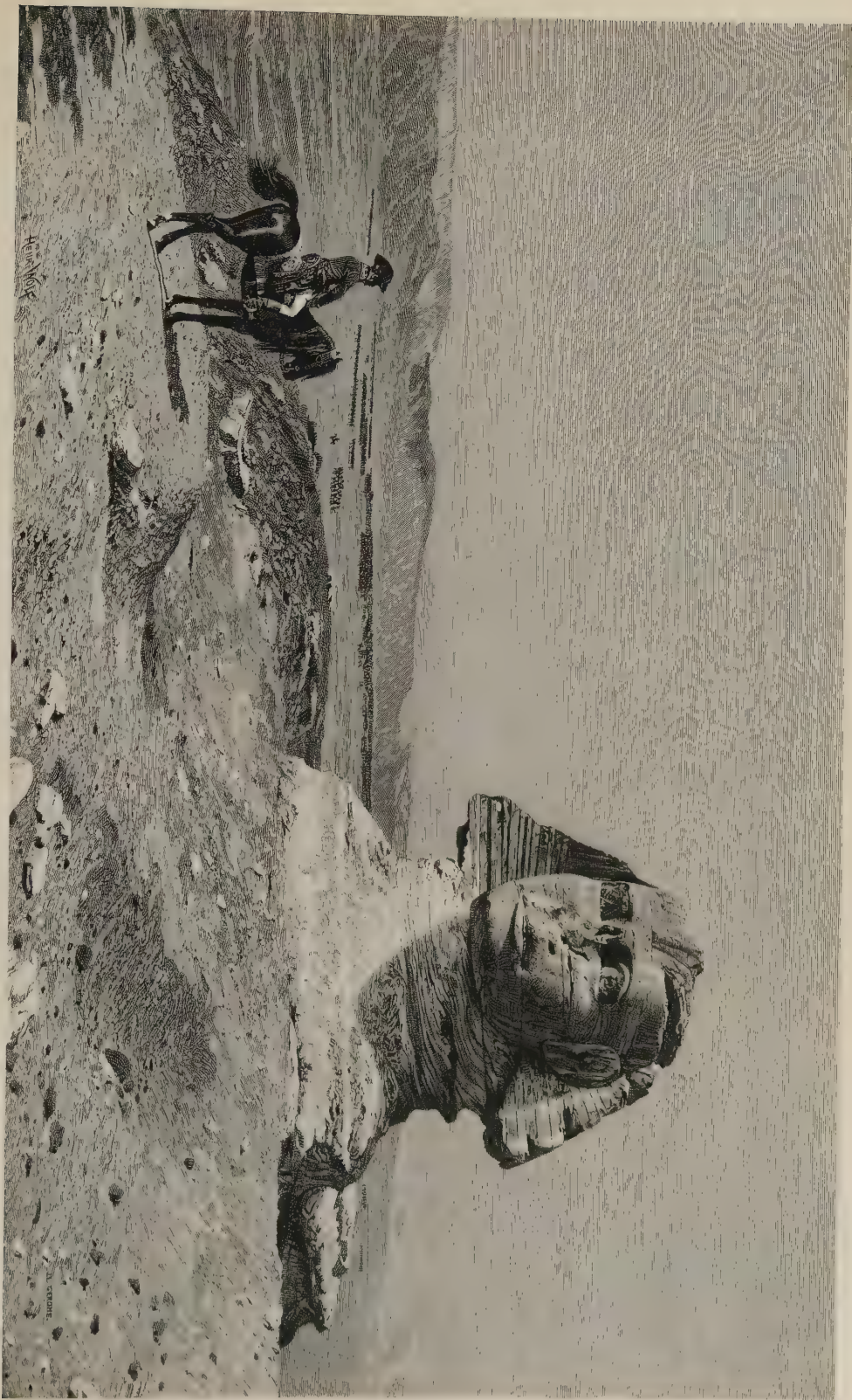
"No," he said; "as you are going to Rome, I shall go with you, if you will allow me; if not, then I shall follow you."

To this bold speech the master could only reply that the pupil was welcome to come, and the two departed together. A year was spent

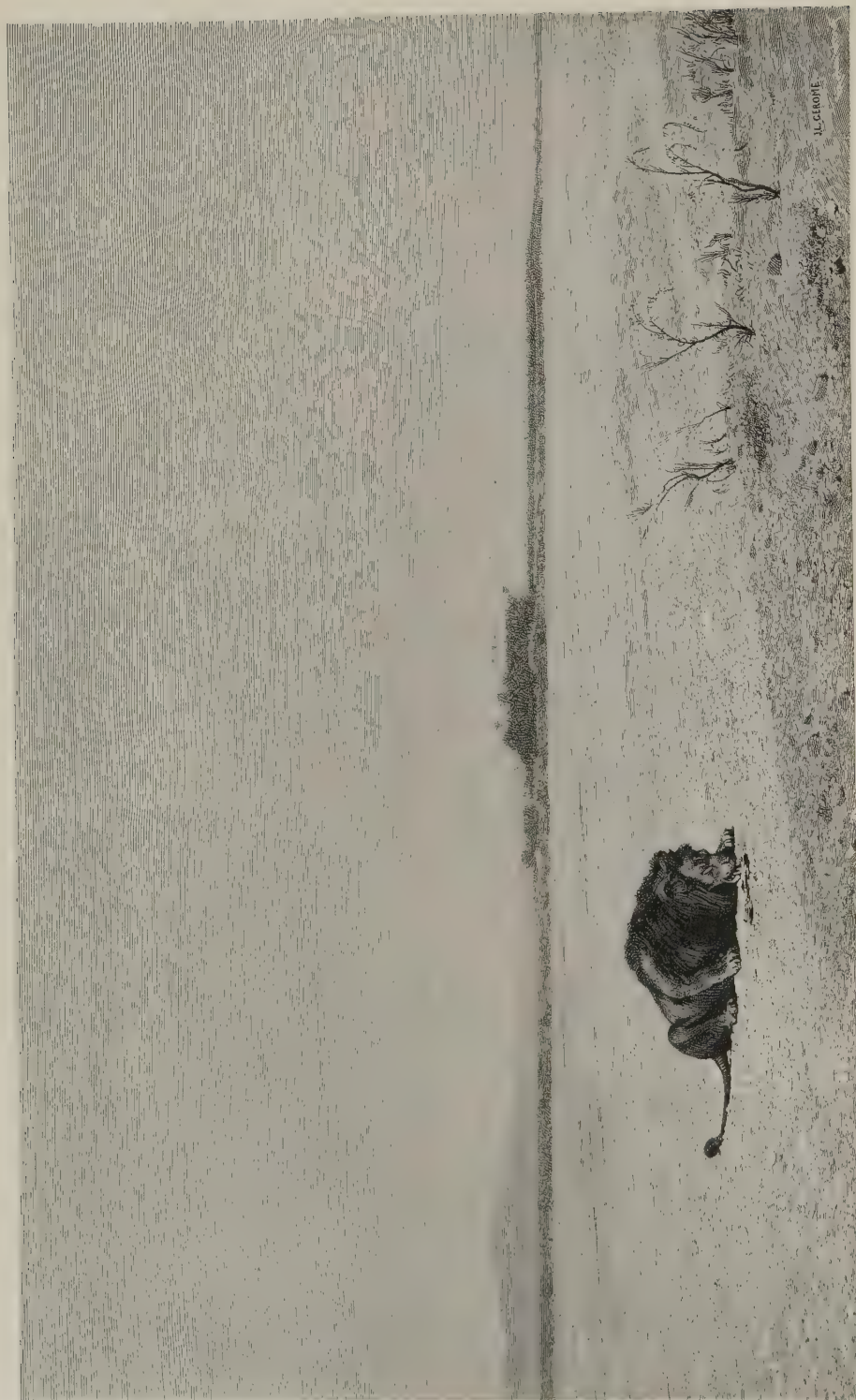
in Italy, Gérôme painting landscapes, rather than working after the old masters; and here his health, which had been anything but good, was greatly improved, so that he returned to Paris well and strong, and ready for any amount of work. The family was very desirous that the boy should compete for the annual prize of Rome, an account of which will be of interest.

The French nation has for many years owned a handsome palace in the Eternal City, as Rome is frequently called. This is known as the Villa de' Medici. It is a beautiful building, standing in the middle of a garden filled with statuary and fine old trees, commanding a view of the famous old city, and fitted up with superb furniture, tapestries, and pictures, the remains of the former greatness of the once powerful Medici family, who for so many years were high in the political affairs of Italy. Here each year are sent four young Frenchmen—a painter, a sculptor, an architect, and a carver of precious stones. These lads are chosen by a competition held at the School of Fine Arts in Paris every spring. The examinations are very searching, and the successful candidates are greatly envied, as well they may be, for, having won their honors, they are housed, fed, and provided with a studio and an ample sum of money to pay their expenses for four years—all by the French government.

So it will be seen that it is no small honor to have passed successfully through the ordeal; for not only is the opportunity for the delightful life under such splendid conditions to be desired, but the youth who gains the distinction of being the prize-winner is forevermore a marked man. His work is watched for, his future progress is noted, and his career may be said to be definitely made. The conditions under which the examinations are made are very strict. Preliminary trials take place early in the season. All who desire to enter inscribe their names at the Government School. Of course, only French lads may try. For the painters, a subject is given out,—perhaps some incident from the Bible, or an episode from a mythological story,—and sketches are made by the students. Twenty or thirty of the most promising sketches are selected, and the young men, thus chosen, are notified. These lads then make drawings in



NAPOLEON BEFORE THE SPHINX. FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRÔME. BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.



IL CROQUIS

"THIRST." FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRÔME. BY PERMISSION OF HOUSSOD VALADON & CO.

charcoal of the subject. Another selection is made, and those chosen then make paintings. This time ten canvases are selected, and their authors go, as they say in French, *en loge*, which means that each man of the ten enters a small studio, where are an easel and materials for work, and he is allowed such models as are necessary to complete his picture. His first sketch of the subject given out is handed to him, and from this he must make a painting about three feet by four in size. He is not allowed to make any material changes in his composition, but must keep very closely to his original design. Outside his door sits an employee of the school, known as a "guardian," whose business it is to see that the student receives no help; nor may he leave the building, save under charge of this sentinel, who is watchful and keen, and not to be trifled with. Three weeks are allowed in which to complete the work. Then the ten canvases are placed in frames. The works are the same size every year, and the old frames do duty over and over again.

Now is an anxious period while a jury composed of distinguished artists deliberate on the merits of the works to determine the order of their excellence. Finally, a day comes when all is arranged. The ten pictures are placed in a gallery of the school, and each is numbered; the doors are opened, and the anxious crowd of students rushes in to learn the decision.

You may be sure that the happy Number One is a hero, and that he is carried around the Latin Quarter on the shoulders of his companions. The strain of the past few months is over, and we may forgive him if he gives way to a lot of boisterous nonsense for a few hours. To Number Two there is some consolation for so narrowly missing the great end he has aimed for — a sort of "consolation prize" being awarded to him, in the shape of a sum of money that enables him to travel for a year. Besides, he will compete the next year, and it frequently happens that the second man one season is the successful competitor of the year following.

The winning picture is hung permanently in the school, and the happy man goes to Rome. Each year he must send home evidences of his application and progress, that the State may know he is improving his time.



A GROUP FROM GÉRÔME'S PAINTING "LA PYRRHIQUE."
BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.

Now, though all this would seem a splendid test of the ability of a young man, it not infrequently happens that lads of great talent fail to get this coveted prize, and that either by temperament, or nervousness, or inability to stand the strain, they do not quite come up to the requirements of the judges. So it happened with our young Gérôme. Though repeatedly rewarded for his drawings, when it came to the test he was judged inferior to his rival, Alexandre Cabanel, who carried off the palm. But though beaten in the contest Gérôme did not sit down and sulk. He was made of sterner stuff and he gave evidence

of the courage, patience, and application that have stood him in such good stead all through his life, and carried him to such splendid fame. He said to himself, "It is evident that I must learn to draw and paint the nude figure"; so he set himself to the task with the utmost industry, and soon



A FIGURE FROM GÉRÔME'S PAINTING
"THE CAMP GUARD." BY PERMISSION
OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.

produced a picture of young Greeks that won high praise from all quarters. For this work he received a medal of the third class, a high honor for a youth but twenty-three years of age. From this he went on to a number of classical subjects, which, though somewhat dry and hard in painting, were always extremely interesting in the story they told.

And now there came an important epoch in Gérôme's life, for in 1855 he went to the East, traveling through Egypt and the Holy Land. Here he was deeply impressed by all he saw, and here he found a wealth of sympathetic subjects which inspired many of his paintings in after years.

The curious costumes and customs of the Orientals, the attractive architecture of mosques, temples, and dwellings, the brilliancy of coloring, and the vivid contrasts of light and shade, appealed with great force to the young painter. He made many pictures of the people, at work, at their amusements, at prayer, in the fields, or on the backs of their faithful and much-loved horses. Each canvas bore the marks of great care, loving application, and faithful attention to every detail, always characteristic of this master. Honors began to come upon him thick and fast. In 1848 he received another medal at the exhibition, and at the Universal Exposition of 1855 not only did he get still a third of these medals, but he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor, that much coveted distinction for which all Frenchmen strive. When this honor came to him, Gérôme had but just passed the age of thirty.

Gérôme has painted so many important pictures having a world-wide reputation, that it is impossible to go into many particulars about them in the present article. The illustration of "Napoleon before the Sphinx" will, however, give some idea of his remarkable powers of invention, and his fertility of ideas. The incident was suggested by the Egyptian campaign of the great Emperor. On the vast plains of the desert, rising solemnly up from the burning sands, stands the great mysterious stone figure, the origin or the meaning of which no man has yet been able to explain. In the distance we see the legions of the French army, while on his horse, calmly, and with speculative eye, sits

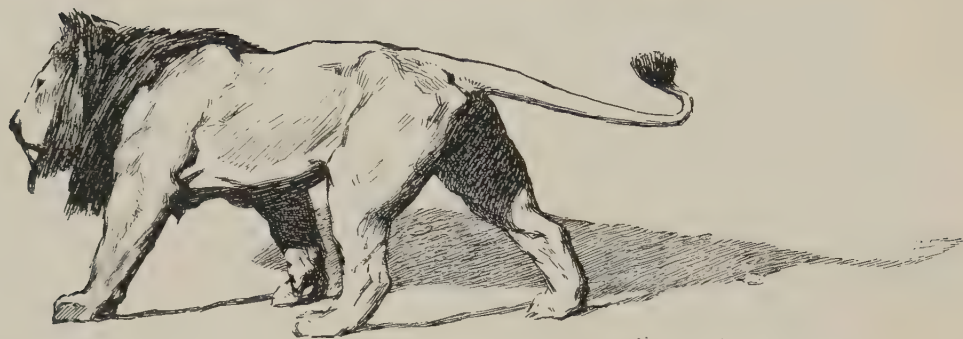
the marvel of his age. The little man, humble of birth, without influence or money, rising by the force of circumstances and his own strong will and character to the mightiest position among the rulers of the earth, gazes steadfastly at the storm-beaten, time-worn monument of past ages. The contrast is full of suggestiveness.

Or let us take his "Thirst." What wonderful strength is here! On the hot, shimmering, sun-dried sands crouches the mighty King of Beasts, a very baby in his weakness, overcome by the desire to wet his parched tongue, and panting for a drop of water. What awful loneliness! What fearful solitude, and what a dreary waste!

It were more pleasant to turn to the glimpse he gives us of the great oriental city whose housetops, minarets, and spires gleam under the brilliant Eastern sky, where the pious Muselman calls the faithful to prayers. Here may be noted the artist's wonderful powers of observation, and the extraordinary finish, nothing, apparently, escaping his attention. So, too, in the "Pacha's Runners," where the reproduction does not, of course, give an idea of the color, though Gérôme's coloring is not always fine. His best skill appears in drawing and in the arrangement of his compositions. In the "Bull-Fighter" we find that the artist is quite as much at home in Spanish scenes as in classical, oriental, or modern French life. He enters into the brutality of the bull-ring, and, showing us the coarse picadors and the excited audience, brings the incident before us very vividly. In short, no matter what he undertakes, he prepares himself for the task with much earnestness and great deliberation. He makes careful studies, he looks well into his subjects, and he takes no end of pains. Pictures do not come of themselves, nor are they executed without almost endless trouble. Artists are generally supposed by thoughtless people to be more or less inspired, and to dash off masterpieces at will; but the truth is, a picture that has any claim to live and to deserve high appreciation is undertaken with as much forethought as the building of a ship. First the painter makes a sketch, searching out, in a general way, the best method of putting his idea on



"THE CALL TO PRAYER." FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRÔME. BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.



Kenyon Cox - after J. L. Gérôme.

THE LION FROM GÉRÔME'S PAINTING "SOLITUDE." BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.

canvas; then, after many changes and alterations, studies are made of the principal figures, of the draperies, and of the accessories. Now the scheme of color must be arranged, and finally comes the painting, and the painstaking completion of all the parts.

And so it was that Gérôme, like other great men, went carefully to work, achieving great success, advancing steadily year by year, his fame growing, and his honors multiplying. He had already, in the year 1858, been made one of the professors at the National School of Fine Arts, where he soon began to have a strong influence on the young students of the day, turning out many able pupils who have since become famous. Among these there have been a number of Americans, many of whom are prominent now; and not a few have themselves received in their turn medals and honors. There are some who wear even the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In 1867, at the Universal Exposition at Paris, Gérôme was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor, and he also received the Grand Medal of Honor. This last distinction was repeated in 1874. Surely we might think that his ambition was satisfied, and that he might thereafter rest quietly, painting when the spirit moved him, and spending his declining years in the happy contemplation of a successful career. He was now fifty years of age, rich in worldly possessions, the owner of a handsome house in the fashionable part of Paris, and of a lovely summer home and a château on the river Seine, at a charming little town

called Bougival. Everything that goes to make life agreeable was his, and yet—it was not Gérôme's way to

"Sit idly down and say,
The night hath come: it is no longer day";
for he felt with the poet

"The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light.
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear:
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress."

The great energy of the master could not be bottled up, and, like Alexander of old, he sighed for a new world to conquer, so he went to work quietly in his studio to study in clay forms and masses that he had heretofore represented in color. In short, he dropped his palette and brushes, and gave all his attention to sculpture. How well he succeeded is a matter of history; for, at the Universal Exposition of 1878, he received a medal for sculpture and the Grand Medal of Honor. We have seen how Gérôme has been appreciated in his own country; but it would take much space to tell in what high esteem he is held by other nations. He is an Honorary Member of the Royal Academies of London, Rome, Madrid, Brussels, Antwerp, Copenhagen, Rio de Janeiro, and many other cities; and monarchs have sent him many decorations. The old Emperor William of Germany made him an officer of the Order of the Red Eagle; King Leopold of Belgium created him a Knight of the Order of Leopold; William III. of the Netherlands appointed him a Knight of



"THE BULL-FIGHTER," FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRÔME. BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.



"THE PACHA'S RUNNERS," FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRÔME. BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.

the Golden Lion and an officer of the Crown of Oak; and Victor Emmanuel made him a knight of an Italian order.

All these honors and many more Gérôme

bears with much modesty, like the big man that he is. His life has been, and is, a busy one, and he has little time to bother about much but his art, in his efforts continually to

improve himself. In a letter to a friend he once wrote :

We are having days so gloomy that . . . it is almost impossible to work. Nevertheless I keep at it desperately, and expect to fight on to my last breath.

In another letter he says :

I am at work early every morning, and only leave my studio when day has fled, and this since my youth. You see, I have been hammering on my anvil a long time. It is one of the examples I try to set my pupils, that of being an ardent and indefatigable worker every day and under all circumstances.

And this from a man of seventy-one years! Truly a splendid example is offered by his courage and wonderful zeal.

In person Monsieur Gérôme is a wiry, medium-sized man, with a fine presence, and very soldier-like in his erect carriage. His face is strong and full of character ; his snapping eyes are searching and stern, and his fine head of gray hair and military mustache give him quite the appearance of a cavalry officer. Courteous manners, great affability, and a most distinguished air, make him an ideal type of gentleman. At a most absurdly early hour, when only milkmen, bakers, and laborers are stirring, he may be seen in the Bois de Boulogne, or on the Champs Elysées, astride of a handsome horse, taking his morning exercise ; but long before the gay world of Paris is idling over its morning cup of coffee, the artist has returned and is busily engaged before his easel, or with his modeling-tools.

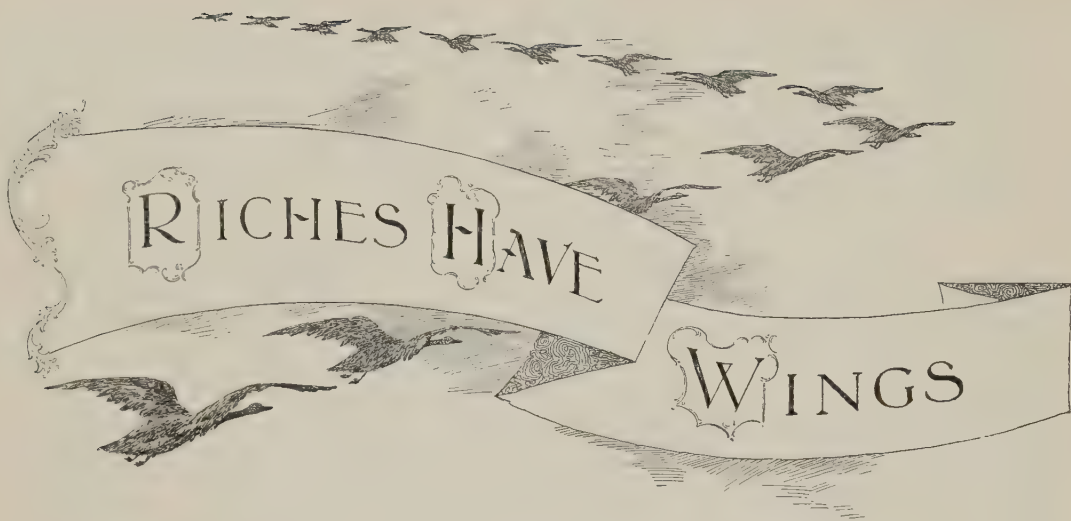
Twice each week he gives his forenoon to his pupils at the Government School of Fine

Arts, on the Rue Bonaparte. His presence is eagerly awaited, and his arrival is the signal for absolute silence. On his entrance and after his hat and coat have been taken by one of the scholars, without loss of time he at once goes at the work of criticism, in which he is a model of brevity and conciseness. His unerring eye at once detects the faults and wrong tendencies of each student, and nothing whatsoever escapes him. A pupil may deceive himself, but not the master. Kindly advice to the serious, stinging rebukes to triflers, pleasant encouragement to hard workers, and useful counsel to progressive men—such are the results of his visits. He is very liberal in his ideas, and gladly welcomes any style of work so long as it is healthy, honest, and sincere. He takes great pride in the efforts of the pupils under him, and does not hesitate to climb many pairs of stairs to the most humble little studio, to correct and advise some poor, struggling chap at work on a picture, and Gérôme will sit and chat with him and give him the benefit of his years of experience. His kindness and consideration to Americans in his studio are proverbial.

Such has been the career of Gérôme, and thus has he, by hard work and by keeping one purpose in view, achieved great results. What he has done any lad may aspire to do. Not to all will come his success, of course ; but to the youth entering on his life-work nothing should seem too great for which to strive. The future is in his own hands if he will but apply himself steadily and honestly to his task.



GÉRÔME AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.



—
BY FANNY L. BRENT.
—

ALICE CREIGHTON sat on the back doorstep, shelling corn for her geese. She was a round, rosy girl, just sixteen, and looked thoroughly in harmony with the bright afternoon. When she finished shelling the corn, she leaned back and looked about her with a long sigh of content. She was a beauty-loving girl, wise enough to see the beauty in the common things about her; and so, as she sat in the doorway, she appropriated to herself all the fairness of the homely scene. It was late in October. The long slant rays of the sun glorified the red and gold of the maple-trees, and made the fallen leaves in the grass look like precious stones on a bed of green velvet. The creeper that covered the back of the house glowed crimson as the sunlight touched it, and it brought out glints of gold in Alice's tumbled brown hair, and touched Mother Creighton's pale face lovingly, as she sat in her place at the window. It shone impartially, too, on the geese, each one a gray and white counterpart of all the other eleven; each standing on one leg, half asleep in the pleasant warmth, near the red barn.

When, after a long look at the rich colors about her, Alice's eyes rested again on the geese, they lost their dreamy look, and spar-

kled merrily. "Only another month!" she said, laughing. "They little know what that means to them—do they, mother?"

"No, indeed," came the reply from indoors. "If they knew, I should expect to see them take wing and fly away!"

"One month more, benighted geese," said Alice, with a fine flourish of the corn-cobs, "and you will be sizzling in twelve different ovens, while I shall be counting my ill-gotten gains—" "Ten times a day," interrupted her mother, laughing, "and dancing with impatience for the first of December and the drawing-teacher to arrive."

Mother Creighton was always cheery—she had no right to be dreary, she said. If she could do nothing to help in the family struggle, she could at least keep from making it harder; and so she smiled when she suffered, and was gay when the pain left her.

But she would never be able to walk again—indeed, it was nearly a year, now, since she had left her chair by the window. Father placed her there in the morning, and lifted her back to her bed at night. Alice had left school at the beginning of her mother's illness, two years before, and had not gone back.

Even if she could have been spared at home,

Alice's father could not afford to keep her at the academy, with the added expense of the mother's illness.

The Creightons owned their cozy little home; but they had suffered heavy losses, and aside from the house and an acre of ground about it, owned little else.

Father worked hard to keep that, and earned their simple living. Leaving school did not seriously trouble Alice. They had plenty of books in the little house, and she and her mother could read together as much as they wished. But she had one real trouble, which her mother and father knew and shared but could not help.

From the time she had owned her first slate and pencil, Alice had made pictures.

She loved to draw, and she drew well. Her mother and a teacher in school had taught her all they could, and now she wanted to know more. If she could only study, she felt that she could create some of the beautiful pictures she loved to dream of.

Early that spring it had been announced that a good teacher of drawing would come to the academy in the winter, and Alice made up her mind to take lessons of him. But how could she earn the money? A family council was held and it was decided, after much deliberation, that Alice should raise geese to sell at Thanksgiving. "It is not dry enough here for turkeys," her father had said; "but that pond in the back lot will be just the place for geese." And so it was decided; and with much counting of chickens, or rather goslings, Alice had set an old hen on a dozen goose eggs and carefully tended her.

And when the twelve yellow goslings were hatched they claimed a still larger share of her care. She gave it ungrudgingly, looking forward to the time when they would repay her.

As she fed and tended them she often made them serve her as models, and some quaint sketches of them decorated the sitting-room.

Now they were fine fat geese, and Alice sat in the door thinking what they would do for her in one month more. As she sat there she heard a peculiar noise overhead, and, looking up, saw a large flock of wild geese flying steadily southward. Their queer "honk! honk!" floated down through the quiet afternoon air.

"Oh! how I wish that we could spread our wings and sail away south, like that!" Alice said reflectively.

And then to her geese, "You stupid creatures — why don't you join your fellows and go with them to 'seek the plashy brink of reedy lake, or marge of river wide,' instead of staying here to be roasted? How low they are flying!" she added, looking at the wild geese, which were now just overhead. Their cries sounded more plainly, and she turned in astonishment at an answering cry from the barn-yard. There was a strange commotion among her geese. "I wonder if they recognize some distant relatives," she said, laughing; but her laugh gave way to consternation as she saw one big fellow spread his wings and fly up toward the wild geese. Another followed, and another, and Alice seemed rooted to the door-step as she tried to realize what it meant. "Would they *all* go?" It seemed so; for when she sprang up and called frantically — making the peculiar call she always used at feeding-time, and scattering the corn for them — they paid no attention to her, but with harsh, strange cries rose toward their new acquaintances, and clumsily, but swiftly, joined them in the air.

She stood fixed to the spot, watching the departing geese as if fascinated, while the chickens flocked around her to pick up the scattered corn.

It had happened so quickly! Yet she realized all it meant: no delightful lessons; no happy, busy winter; only the old humdrum work — all her summer's work lost! A flood of bitter, angry thoughts rushed over her. She dared not turn and meet her mother's eyes — not yet. At the thought of her mother, the angry thoughts fell back, but the tears came, and that was almost as bad. "Quick! Alice Creighton!" she said to herself, "you *must* turn round in a minute! Be your mother's own daughter, and don't let her see how this hurts!"

She watched the flock until it faded from sight in the distance, and then turned to her mother with a laugh (that was not altogether forced, after all, for the humor of the thing struck her for a moment), and said:

"I wonder if they took it for permission? I shall be more careful how I give advice in the



"WITH HARSH, STRANGE CRIES, THE GESE ROSE TOWARD THEIR NEW ACQUAINTANCES, AND CLUMSILY, BUT SWIFTLY, JOINED THEM IN THE AIR."

future. One does n't usually expect to have it taken."

Her mother looked at her searchingly; saw the struggle she was making to keep from breaking down entirely, and said, lightly, "I am sure that I never saw advice taken quite so promptly. The geese may not have been so foolish as you thought them."

Neither dared to say any more, and Alice scarcely looked at her mother as she went about her evening work.

Her father was very much troubled when he heard the story. "My poor little lass!" he said. "I have heard of riches taking to themselves wings, and flying away, but I never knew the wise old proverb to be quite so literally fulfilled."

"Now, father," Alice said, trying to laugh, "you are disgracing the family; for I plainly see tears in your eyes, and you know they're forbidden here."

She kept a brave face until she was upstairs and alone in her room, and then she cried herself to sleep.

And mother, in her room below, knew it though she heard no sound, and her heart ached to comfort her brave little girl.

"Can nothing be done for her, John?" she asked.

"Nothing," her husband answered, sadly. "I would give anything to be able to help her, but I can't this winter."

Mother thought about it far into the night, and at last confided to him a plan she had made.

She watched Alice narrowly all the week, but the girl bravely fought down her discouragement, going about her work cheerily, and not throwing aside her drawing in disappointment, but working at it as earnestly as ever. In those days the mother wrote a number of letters when Alice was out of doors, but said never a word about them. Thanksgiving passed, and December came, and with it the drawing-teacher; but Alice, though she did not join his classes, was learning other lessons—lessons beyond his power to teach.

On Christmas morning, mother's face wore an unusually radiant smile, and father went about laughing and nodding at mother and trying to

look mysterious; and Alice's wonder increased; but matters reached a climax when she found under her plate a square envelope, from which fell a thin letter and a little folded slip of blue paper.

She opened the blue paper—it was a check for fifty dollars.

The note read: "Send your girl to me, and I'll put her in an Art School for the rest of the winter, and we'll see what she's made of." It was signed Joanna Harriman. Miss Joanna Harriman was Alice's great-aunt, who lived alone in New York, and who had little to do with any of her kinsfolk.

When Alice realized that her mother had told Aunt Joanna the story of the geese, and asked her help, she fell to hugging mother convulsively, and showering her with kisses and endearing terms. But at the very height of her joy, she suddenly drew back, as if she had forgotten herself, and looked very sober and resolute, whereat mother laughed gaily at the solemn face, and said:

"Oh, don't say you can't leave father and me, for Cousin Sarah is coming up to study music at the academy, and she will keep house for us for her board. Just be glad, and go to the reward you deserve because of your bravery when the geese flew away. Everything's arranged, and you will go a day or two after New Year's."

Alice ate her breakfast in a dazed sort of way, and all day went about in a delightful dream.

The whole busy holiday week seemed unreal, and then came the reality; but Alice was a very homesick, lonely girl when her mother was really out of reach.

Aunt Joanna was so cold and distant, and seemed so to regard the whole affair as a matter of business, that Alice wondered if she could really be dear, cheery, loving little mother's own aunt. And then to feel that mother would need her—that no one else could care for her dear mother quite so well. This was a great trouble to Alice.

The work at the school, too, was very hard, and she had much to learn, and to unlearn, and no one in all the busy hive seemed to care whether she succeeded or failed. But Alice was

proud and brave, and, after all, what a pleasure it was to know that she learned something every day and was advancing in the art she loved! And by and by, when the first strangeness wore off, and she made new friends, how the days did fly!

When she went home in April, she was a very happy girl, although her aunt gave no sign that she was pleased with her niece, or would give her further help.

But in the summer she made them an unexpected visit, and then Mrs. Creighton found out what Alice did not guess—that the hard-working, earnest girl had quite won the old lady's heart, and that she wanted Alice again.

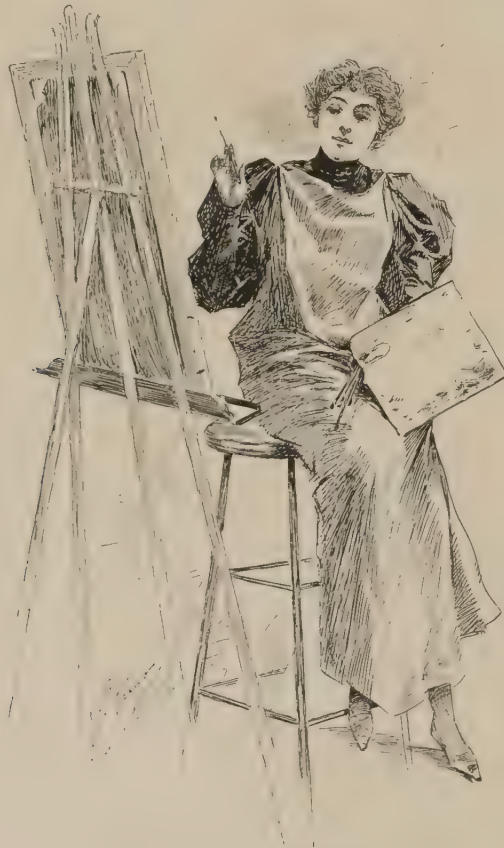
So for several years Alice spent the winter months in New York, and the rest of the year at home, working hard wherever she was; and at last her work began to attract attention in

the school, and gain recognition among artistic people outside.

Her work was not all easy, and it was ten years from the time of her first lonely journey to New York, when she painted the picture which was her best, and brought her "little cup of fame," as she laughingly said. She painted it at home in the autumn, with her mother lovingly watching every brush-stroke. How they talked and laughed, as it grew, over the scene it represented!

It was the picture of that same back-yard, glowing with autumn colors, in the midst of which stood a young girl with upstretched arms, looking in great distress at a departing flock of geese.

The scattered corn, and the cobs which she had dropped, her mother's dismayed face at the window—all were there. They named the picture, "Riches have wings."



ALICE, THE ART STUDENT.

STOPPED!



FRESHMAN: "Try to stop me, Billy, when I go to pass you."



BILLY: "Try to stop you, hey?"



"Why, my boy, 'bucking the center' is my forte."

Down Durley Lane

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.



OWN Durley Lane a-singing as I chanced for to go,
The brier was a-blossom, and the hedges were a-blow —
There I spied a piper, a-piping to the sky,
So down the lane and after him away went I.

"Oh, tell me, piper, tell me, why go you piping here?"

"For honey-stalks and ox-lips and all the sweet o' year!"



HERE the crooked turnstile at the
meadow stands

A brown and lithesome farmer lad was
whistling o'er his lands;

Only larks above the wheat could whistle
clear as he,

So through the meadow, after him, away
went we!

"Oh, tell us, farmer, tell us, why go you whistling gay?"

"For barley-break and yellow moon and tossing of the hay!"



UT upon the highway from the
 nodding grass,
 A-trilling of a silver song, we met a
 lovely lass;
 She only smiled—I know not yet just
 how it did befall,
 But up the highway, after her, away
 went we all!



*"Oh, tell us, lovely, lovely lass, why go you singing
 there?"*

*"Why, but for love-in-idleness, and
 dancing at the fair!"*

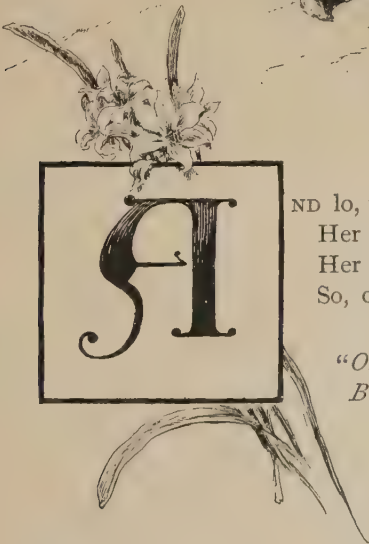




HERE, about a milestone, where the hill began,
A-leaping and a-skipping we found the queerest man;
He hopped and he laughed—'t was very strange to see,—
So up the hill, and after him, away went we!

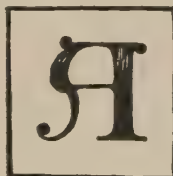
"Now, prythee, merry gentleman, why go you laughing, too?"
"Forsooth, fair mates, because I fared this way, and
met with you!"





AND lo, upon the hill-top, a mighty mistress gay,
Her satin petticoat was grand, her feathers fine were they!
Her buckles and her ribbons they flouted foot and head,
So, o'er the hill-top, after her, away we all sped!

*"Oh, mistress, mighty mistress, what brings you o'er the lea?"
But she tossed her head right haughtily, and proudly
past minced she.*



AND then, with pipe and singing, with laugh and whistle shrill,
The maddest music there was made a-dashing down the hill!
Until upon the green ways, nigh to Durley Fair,
We smiled at one another—and wondered we were there!

"Now, why go we a-faring about the green ways here?"

"For such a blithesome company, and all the sweet o' year!"

B

UT why the Piper piped a tune so keenly strange and sweet,
And why the Farmer whistled so joyous through his wheat,
And what the magic meaning of the lovely lassie's song,
And why the queer man should leap so merrily along,

*(And of that mighty mistress, who was so wondrous fine,—
With buckles peering through the dusk like fireflies a-shine),*

W

E never grew the wiser, nor learned what 't was about,
Although we danced upon the green until the
stars shone out;

And no one knows unto this day the how and
why and where—

Save that each followed someone else well-nigh
to Durley Fair.

*Yet this, methinks, is very clear—in truth 't is
passing plain—*

*I tripped it once, when the world was gay, adown
green Durley Lane!*



THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE FUGITIVES FROM SAMARIA.

A SCORE of mounted spearmen were galloping sharply along the broad, well-kept highway that led past the foot-hills of Mount Gilboa toward the southern gate of the ancient city of Jezreel. The pattern of their burnished helmets, and their arms and armor, indicated that they were from the light cavalry of some Roman legion. There was but little conversation among them, but as they rode on enough was said by both officers and men to tell that they were pursuing fugitives, whom they expected soon to overtake.

"We shall cut them down before they reach Jezreel," came from a harsh voice in the ranks.

"Slay them not," responded the foremost horseman. "The old smith must be crucified, and the boy is wanted for the circus."

Less than a mile eastward from the highway and the horsemen, under thick tree-shelter on the brow of a hill, stood two persons who eagerly watched the passage of the cavalry, and seemed to know their errand. One was a well grown, handsome youth, with dark, closely curling hair, clear olive complexion, and eyes that were really glittering in their brilliancy. He may have been somewhat over sixteen years of age; but that is no longer boyhood among the nations of the East. The simple dress that he wore—a sleeveless tunic of thin woolen cloth—hardly concealed the lithe, sinewy form that seemed to promise for him the suppleness of a young panther. Over his left arm was thrown a loosely fitted linen garment—a kind of robe, to be put on when needed; and on his feet were sandals. A leather belt around his waist sustained a wallet.

The other person was a powerfully built,

middle-aged man, with a deeply lined, intelligent face. There was a strong resemblance between the two, but there was one marked difference. The features of the man were of the highest type of the old Hebrew race, and his nose was aquiline, while that of the boy was straight, and his lips were thinner, as if in him the Hebrew and Greek races had been merged into one.

The summer air was wonderfully pure and clear. The two watchers could almost discern the trappings of the cavalry horses, while the Carmel mountain ridges, far across the plain of Esdraelon before them, rose above the horizon with a distinctness impossible in any moister atmosphere. Behind them, eastward, were the forests and crags of Gilboa, and the elder of the fugitives turned and anxiously scanned its broken outline.

They seemed to have escaped for a time, for the Roman spearmen were galloping away steadily; and the young man shook his clenched fist at them as he exclaimed:

"Ye wolves! We could have dared the Samaritan mob, if it had not been for you."

"But, Cyril, hearken," responded his father, gloomily; "there were too many, even of the mob. There is but one hope for us now. We are followed closely, and we could not long be concealed here. I must flee into the wilderness until this storm is over. It will pass. Go thou to our kinsmen in Galilee. Go first to the house of Isaac Ben Nassur, and see thy sister; but stay not long in Cana. If thou art not safe in Galilee, go on and join one of the bands in the fastnesses of Lebanon, or find thy way to Cæsarea."

"Nay, father," exclaimed Cyril. "Lois is safe there in Cana. It is better I should go with thee. Thou wilt need me."

His brave young face was flushed with intense earnestness as he spoke. His father had been watching it with eyes that were full of pride in his son, but he interrupted him, almost sternly.

"Go, as I bid thee," he said. "So shalt thou escape the galleys or the sword. Whither I go, I know not; but what becomes of me is of less importance, now that my right hand has failed me."

He stretched out his hand, and Cyril shuddered, although he must often have seen it. Sinewy, remarkably muscular as was the bare bronzed arm, all below its wrist was shriveled, distorted, withered, perhaps by rheumatism or some kindred affliction. The father's face grew dark and bitter as he added: "Who, now, would believe that this hand had led the men of Galilee when they slew the soldiers of Herod the Great in the streets of Jerusalem? We were beaten? Ay, they outnumbered us; but how they did go down! 'T was a great day—that old Passover fight. I have smitten the wolves of Rome, too, in more places than they know of! Many and many a good blade have I shaped and tempered—many a shield and helmet; but the war-work and the anvil-work of Ezra the Swordmaker are done, and he goes forth a crippled beggar—yea, even a hunted wild beast! Go, my son; go thou to Isaac Ben Nassur."

"I will go," replied Cyril, with tears on his face and a tremor in his voice; "but when—when shall I see thee again?"

"The Lord, the God of our fathers, he only knoweth," said Ezra. "There have been terrible times for Israel, and there are bloodier days to come. I am glad thy mother is at rest. Only thou and Lois remain. Our kindred are fewer than they were. Something tells me that the day of a great vengeance is near at hand. So all the prophets tell us. O my son, be thou ready for the coming of the promised King!"

"The King!" Cyril exclaimed. "Why does he not come now? Why is it that our people are left without a leader, to be slaughtered like sheep?"

"Who shall know the counsel of the Most High?" reverently responded Ezra. "But the Messiah, the Prince of the house of David, the

Captain of the host of Israel, he will surely come!"

Something of their family history presented itself in their after-talk. Long years ago, it appeared, a Greek proselyte to the Jewish faith, a woman of high character and great beauty, named Lois, had met with Ezra the Swordmaker at a Passover week at Jerusalem, and had not long afterward become his wife. She had been as zealous a believer as if she had been born a daughter of Abraham.

They talked of her, and of the young Lois at Cana, and of the oppressions of their people, and of the seeming hopelessness of any present help; but at last Ezra turned and waved his withered right hand westward.

"On that plain of Esdraelon," he said, "since the world was made more men have fallen by the sword than upon any other piece of ground. In the day of the coming King, in the year of his redeemed, there shall be fought there the greatest of all battles, on the field of blood in the valley before Jezreel."

He seemed truly to grow in stature. His face flushed, and his voice rang out like a trumpet. All the fierce enthusiasm of the brave old Hebrew, however, was reproduced in the face and attitude of his son. Cyril looked toward Esdraelon and Carmel with eyes that blazed, and cheeks that were white instead of red.

"The great battle!" he exclaimed. "Dost thou think I may be there?"

"God grant it!" responded the swordmaker, with great solemnity. "I have taught thee my trade; thou hast also learned every feat that is to be performed with the sword and spear. I have taught thee to box, and to wrestle, and to swim. Thou art as fleet of foot as Asahel—as fleet as a wild roe. Thou art perfect, for thy age, with the bow and with the sling. I have hoped for thee that thou mayest be a captain. Therefore, as thou goest, learn all there is to know about war. Learn from the Romans; study their camps and forts, and the marching of their cohorts. What we need is their drill and their discipline. Go, now. If I am slain, I am slain. Live thou, and be strong; and pray that in the day that is coming thou mayest indeed fight at the right hand of the anointed King of Israel."

For one short moment he held Cyril tightly in his arms, and then they parted. The face of the old warrior-armorer grew stern, perhaps despairing, but he turned and silently strode away

spot he stood on was no hiding-place, and the boy, too, must flee for his liberty or his life.

The galloping spearmen had long since disappeared, and now Cyril's eyes fell upon something that lay on the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked it up—a little bag that answered with a chink to the shake he gave it. He had known that it was there, but acted as if he had been unconscious of it until now. He untied it and poured out the contents into his hand.

"Seven shekels and twenty denarii," he mused. "I am afraid he gave me all he had. He can get more, if he can reach his friends at the cave in the wilderness of Judea. I want to go there some day. I wish I could be with him now, and not in Galilee. I will not spend one denarius until I am compelled to."

He put the money back into the bag and hid it under his tunic. It was not a large sum, but it was quite a provision, in that time and place, for a young fellow like him. The shekel, nominally worth sixty-two and a half cents of our



"CYRIL SHOOK HIS CLENCHED FIST AT THE ROMANS."

toward the rugged declivities of the Gilboa mountains.

Cyril stood, motionless, looking after his father until the rocks and trees hid him from view. He turned again toward the plain, but it was no time for thinking of the mighty hosts which had met there or were yet to meet. The

money, was a Hebrew coin, and it might have been called the dollar of Palestine but that it would buy so much more than would a dollar of the present day. The denarius was a Roman coin worth sixteen cents, and was a fair day's wages for a laboring-man.

Cyril's bag, therefore, contained his living for

three months, if he could prevent it from being violently taken away by one kind of robber or another. There were many, of many kinds, for such as he, and he was mindful of them while he so carefully concealed the bag. During the years that he could remember, thousands of Jewish youths had been sold into slavery, and thousands of Jewish patriots, such as Ezra, had been slain with the sword or crucified beside the highways. He had evidently been, himself, an eye-witness of terrible scenes, and his eyes were flashing angrily as he recalled them.

"Oh, that the King of Israel would come!" he exclaimed aloud. "He will rule at Jerusalem and in Samaria! He will conquer the Romans! He will subdue the world! I will go to Galilee, now, but I hope to be with him on that day,—the day of the great battle in the valley before Jezreel!"

He set off at once down the hillside, toward the very highway along which the cavalry had ridden. It led toward Jezreel, but it also led toward the boundary-line between the district of Samaria, belonging to the region under Pontius Pilate, the representative of the Roman emperor Tiberius, and the district of Galilee, belonging to Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great, who was also a subject of the Roman emperor. If Cyril were once across that line, the perils of such an insignificant fugitive from Samaria would be very much diminished, for there were jealousies between Herod and Pilate, and the military forces of one of them did not trespass upon the territory of the other. No doubt there would be guards along the frontier as well as patrols on the great military road, and Cyril may have been thinking of such obstacles when he said:

"I can get through in spite of them—and I will die rather than be taken prisoner!"

As for Ezra the Swordmaker, he walked very rapidly for some time after parting from his son. More and more wild and rugged grew the scenery around him. He clambered out, at last, upon a bare, sunlit knob of granite, above a narrow valley in the middle of which was a cluster of rude dwellings.

"No," he said, looking thoughtfully down upon them; "I must not sleep under a roof to-night. Neither will my boy. The villagers are

hospitable enough, but who knows what enemies I might find among them?"

He looked up, for a moment, but the cloudlessly blue sky sent back no answer. He had murmured an earnest prayer in the old Hebrew tongue, and when he ceased he turned his face toward the north, the direction in which Cyril had gone.

"My brave young lion!" he exclaimed. "It must be his hand, not mine, that will henceforth ply the hammer and draw the sword. I am like Israel and Judah, for my right hand is withered and I can strike no more."

His deep, mournful voice rang out unheard through the solitude, and then he was silent. There was uncommon vigor in the firm, elastic step with which he now pushed forward, across broken ledges and through the tangled forest-growths, toward a mass of gloomy-looking cliffs which rose to the northward of the valley.

CHAPTER II.

THE RABBI'S LECTURE.

THE village street, in which the maiden stood by the well, wore a half-sleepy look, for little breeze was stirring and the day was warm. Others were coming and going, but she did not seem to be speaking to any of her companions. "It will be one of the largest wedding-parties they've ever had in Cana," she was thinking. "The bride is very handsome, and is rich."

She had put down her tall, slender-necked water-pitcher upon the circle of masonry around the mouth of the well. She stood erect, and the merry expression which had twinkled for a moment in her brilliant dark eyes faded away. They suddenly grew thoughtful, and her lip quivered as she exclaimed:

"When will they come, and why do I not hear from them? They may have been killed!"

Cana was a thriving village on the great highway through the hills west of the Sea of Galilee. From the main road a number of narrow, irregular streets wandered up and along a low hillside, and were bordered by houses that were built mostly of stone. The inhabitants had need for thrift and industry, if it were only because of the tax-gatherers; for Herod Antipas was building palaces, fortresses,

and cities. He was living in magnificence, as were his many officers. All the people of his dominions paid taxes and bribes to him and them.

While the consequences were often painful enough, there were no signs of actual poverty in the vicinity of the well. It stood several paces in front of a dwelling, two stories in height, which seemed somewhat better than its neighbors. The porch along its lower story was thickly clad with vines, and from under these the girl had come to bring her jar to the well. A Jewish maiden of nearly fifteen was accounted a full-grown woman, and the slightness of her graceful figure did not interfere with an air of maturity which her present state of mind much increased. Her simple dress, that became her so well, was of good materials.

Ranged on either side of the well were six large, cumbrous-looking water-pots of stone-ware, partly filled, for the convenience of any person wishing to perform the foot or hand ablutions required by the exacting ceremonial law of the Jews.

The vine-clad porch was a pleasant place. It was provided with wooden benches; and on one of these sat a man who seemed to consider himself a person of importance. Every movement, and even his attitude when sitting still, might be said to accord with a conviction that he, Rabbi Isaac Ben Nassur, was the wisest, the most learned man in Cana.

He was very tall, as well as broad and heavy; and his thick, gray beard came down to the voluminous sash that was folded around his waist. His eyebrows were black and projecting; his nose was prominent; his black eyes were piercing; he was dressed, as became a rabbi, or any other highly respectable Jew, in a long linen tunic with sleeves, that was belted by the sash. Over this he wore a long, loosely flowing robe, called an "abba," also of linen. Around his shoulders, with the ends falling in front, was a broad white woolen scarf, with narrow bars of red and purple and blue, and with blue tassels at the corners of each of its two ends. This was the "tallith," and was worn as a reminder that the wearer must remember all the commandments of the Law and faithfully perform them.

Every good Jew wore a tallith, larger or

smaller, and some were costly; but Rabbi Isaac was by no means a rich man, as even his well-worn sandals testified, and therefore his tallith was only of fine wool, without ornament. On his head, instead of a turban, was a long linen kerchief so folded that three of the corners fell down at the back and sides. A band kept the kerchief in place.

In front of the rabbi stood a tall young man, listening with most reverent attention, having taken off his turban to receive his father's admonitions.

The thick vine-leaves which veiled the shady porch did not prevent the sonorous voice of the rabbi from carrying at least as far as the well.

The audience there consisted of more than one person. The women, of all ages, who came to the well with water-jars, were ready to rest and gossip a little before carrying them away on their shoulders or gracefully balanced upon their heads.

Lois was disposed to ask, even eagerly, for other news than that of the village of Cana. She laughed when others did, but, as her gossiping neighbors came and went, shadow after shadow, as of disappointment, flitted across her face. Not one of them had any news to tell her of the absent ones for whom she longed.

It was evident that the wedding of Raphael, the near kinsman of Lois, and only son of the wise Rabbi Isaac, was considered an important event, and a welcome variation in the somewhat humdrum course of the daily life of the village. The rabbi himself, so regarding it, discoursed eloquently upon the general subject of matrimony, as well as upon the especial ceremony now at hand; and Raphael would surely be a model husband if he should succeed in living up to his father's instructions. So said the laughing maids and matrons at the well. Almost all of them expected to have some share in the wedding festivities. Some were friends or kindred of the bride's family, and were to join the procession from her residence which would escort her and the bridegroom to the house of Ben Nassur. Others were to wait with Lois and the rabbi's family until they should be told that the bridegroom was coming. Then they would go out to meet him.

The wedding was to take place in the even-

ing of the following day, whereupon seven days of feasting were to follow, and for these great preparations had been made.

Kindred and friends were expected to come from far and near on such an occasion, and were welcomed with liberal hospitality.

Nonewsissometimes akin to good news, and the gossipers at the well had brought with them no alarming rumor of any kind. The shadows gradually flitted away from the face of Lois. She lifted her jar and put it upon her head. She was just disappearing through the porch into the house, when the deep tones of Ben Nassur seemed to send a thrill through her. His whole manner had suddenly changed, and he was now standing erect.

"So now, my son," he said, "see to it that all things are ready for the wedding. Speak not to any man, imprudently, of this that I now tell thee. I go to the house of Nathaniel, to hear more; but a mounted messenger from Samaria, this morning, brought tidings of another tumult in that city. More of our brethren have fallen by the swords of their enemies, and there was none to help, for the centurion in command there hates our nation as he hath oft proved. Accursed may he be!"

Bitter and wrathful were the face and voice of the rabbi, but the low-toned, fierce response of his son was not audible beyond the porch. Now, however, there were tears in the



RABBI BEN NASSUR'S DISCOURSE TO HIS SON RAPHAEL.

eyes of Lois, and her cheeks were white with fear.

"And my father and Cyril are in Samaria!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how I wish I could hear from them! What if they have been slain, or—or crucified! The Romans are merciless!"

(To be continued.)



"WHEN TITANIA LEADS HER FAIRY DANCERS ABOUT THE HEADS OF LITTLE DREAMERS."

READING THE BOOK OF FATE.

BY LOUISE WILLIS SNEAD.

HALLOWE'EN is a festival that should be especially honored by young people. There are so many amusing and good-natured tricks, and so many innocent bits of "white magic" appropriate to the time, that no self-respecting youngster should allow its observance to be omitted by careless "grown-ups."

There, for instance, are the "snap-dragon," and the "bobbing for apples," and the blowing out of a candle hung at the end of a stick suspended on a twisted string and balanced by an apple so contrived as to deal a smart blow upon the cheek of the too lingering candle-blower. And there are the many charms and contrivances that, once consulted in honest faith by rustic lovers, are now the pastime of boys and girls during an autumn evening.

No doubt these charms and oracles are the relics of bygone superstitions, but there is no need to wait for that mystic hour of midnight when churchyards become sleepy and begin to yawn, when the harvest moon is shining, and when Titania leads her band of fairy dancers about the heads of little dreamers, simply because old magicians preferred the "wee sma' hours." It will be quite as amusing to try one's fate in twilight, or early moonlight, and no doubt quite as efficacious. All children know daytime ways of learning one's destiny, but I wish to tell you especially how Southern children "tell fortunes."

Living for nearly all the year round in the open air, with flowers and birds and insects for playmates, the children of the South are in close touch with nature; and, naturally imbibing something of the superstitions of their devoted and beloved black "mammies," they read "fortunes" in the simplest of nature's works. Imbued also from infancy with the romantic spirit of a Southern clime, every flower has a secret, every star holds a promise for the dreamy little lads and lassies who build castles in cloudland—and this same cloudland is a wonderful playground for them. The frequent

thunder-showers fill heaven's dome with great banks of syllabub, which change from luminous cumulus to cirrus and stratus; and the children discover wonderful forms that change as in a kaleidoscope before their eyes, each object pre-saging some future event which they plan according to their fancy. Of course each child knows the secrets the daisies tell—that custom lives wherever a daisy blows. The American children say, "He loves me, he loves me not," and the little French children say, "Il m'aime, un peu, passionnément, pas du tout," counting off the petals; and the little Southern children add, taking another daisy, "What is his profession? Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," over and over until the petals are told.

No flowers in the world delight little people as do the old-fashioned "pretty-by-nights," or "four-o'clocks," those dear, delicious pink and yellow blossoms, which the children string on long grasses, twisting the "strings" into wreaths to crown one another. Whoever makes the longest wreath will be the "finest lady," and each little lad works for her he likes best; and they call the winner the "Princess," and deck her with bracelets, necklaces, and wreaths of "four-o'clocks," and dance about her till the shadows creep, when the little maids run home to their mamas, with strings of "pretty-by-nights." Then, when the new moon rises, each little girl steals to the vine-clad veranda and bows solemnly seven times, and makes a wish to the new moon. If the wish is "for somebody else," she will tell you, it "always comes true." But if no "moon be out to-night, love," then she will hail the first star, with:

"Starlight, star bright, first star I see to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night!"

Then she makes the wish deep down in her little heart, and *sometimes it comes true.*

I wish all children could know the joy of

"pulling love-grass." I have seen lawns and pleasure-grounds dotted with merry children pulling love-grass, amidst peals of laughter, for hours. I have never seen "love-grass" at the North. It has a glossy green stem crowned with brown or green aigrettes. Two children select the grass stem, split one of the ends, and each holds an end. Then they propound any question they wish to solve, and as they pull the stem apart gently, it forms either an N or a Y, meaning no or yes.

"Love-in-a-puff" is another fortune-teller; it gets its name from the fact that the tender little green puff holds three round seeds, each stamped with a perfect little heart. As in popping rose-petals, the answer depends on the report of the "Love-in-a-puff." If it be sharp and loud, the answer is decidedly "yes"; if it collapse noiselessly, that is a bad sign, meaning bad luck, or "no," as the question is put. The dandelion is another delight. If you can blow away all the little seeds at one breath, you can find the bags of gold at the ends of the rainbow.

The four-leaved clover is always a prize to Southern children, as to all others, for it is a universal talisman of good fortune, zealously sought the "wide world over."

There are three fortunes to be told with an apple. Peel the fruit without breaking the skin, and, holding the long spiral skin daintily by the end, swing it three times around the head, and let it fall to the ground; whatever letter the skin then forms, is the initial of the sweetheart or friend who loves you best. Then, before eating your apple, have some one "name it," as they say, and after you have saved all the seeds, begin to count them, thus:

One, I love; two, I love; three, I love, I say;
Four, I love with all my heart,
And five, I cast away.
Six, she loves; seven, he loves; eight, both love.
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries.
Eleven, he courts, and twelve, he marries.

A more amusing fortune is that of placing a fresh apple-seed on each eyelid, and naming each. The one which remains there longest is the truest and best. A famous custom consists of pouring a very little molten

lead into a tub of cold water: there follows a splashing and hissing as the lead cools suddenly, and the shape of the lead reveals the future. Just as in all oracles, ever since the days of Delphi, and Diana of the Ephesians, the scientific work lies in reading the doubtful forecasts aright.

This game has whiled away many happy hours for Southern children on Hallowe'en and New Year's nights, and their young ambitions, hopes, and dreams help wonderfully to read the half-formed promises of the leaden emblems to their own satisfaction.

The little white flecks that sometimes appear on the finger-nails signify, beginning with the thumb, "A present, friend, foe, letter to write, journey to go," according to whichever finger one appears upon. The time-honored superstition of "blessing" one who sneezes originated years and years ago in England when a plague of influenza made superstitious persons bless all who sneezed, lest they die of the dreaded disease. A string of nursery rhymes makes even sneezing prophetic:

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger,
If you sneeze on Tuesday, you 'll kiss a stranger;
If you sneeze on Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter,
If you sneeze on Thursday, for something better;
If you sneeze on Friday, you sneeze for sorrow,
If you sneeze on Saturday, you 'll see your sweet-heart to-morrow.

But if you sneeze on Sunday, your safety seek,
Or the goblins will have you the rest of the week!

For the days of the week Southern children often repeat this well-known jingle regarding birthdays:

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay.

Here is a way to test your friends and enemies. Write any person's name below that of the one whose friendship you wish to prove, cancel all common letters, and repeat these words in counting off the uncanceled letters that remain in each name, thus: "Friendship, love, indifference, hatred." Here is an example

which shows clearly that George Washington had a feeling of friendship for Benjamin Franklin, while the latter's affection for the great chief-tain was strong enough to be called love :

George Washington . . . Friendship.
Benjamin Franklin . . . Love.

For the months of the year, regarding birth-days, there is a set of rhymes stating that he who wears the gem of his birth-month is insured all manner of happiness and good fortune, the stones being :

<i>January</i> Hyacinth.	<i>July</i> Onyx.
<i>February</i> Amethyst.	<i>August</i> Carnelian.
<i>March</i> Jasper.	<i>September</i> Chrysolite.
<i>April</i> Sapphire.	<i>October</i> Beryl.
<i>May</i> Agate.	<i>November</i> Topaz.
<i>June</i> Emerald.	<i>December</i> Ruby.

There are countless absurdities believed to presage ill-luck or good fortune, of which the following are well-known instances :

If you see a pin and pick it up,
All through the day you 'll have good luck.
But see a pin and let it lie,
You 'll need a pin before you die.

"Sing before breakfast, you 'll weep before supper."

"Tell your dream before breakfast, it will come true."

"If you meet a cross-eyed person in the road, you will stumble on the way home; if you stumble on the way home, you won't be married this year."

"If you see a lone buzzard sailing aloft," or "if the scissors stick up in falling," somebody is coming—usually a safe prediction!

LAUNCHING A GREAT VESSEL.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

A SUCCESSFUL launch of a large vessel has been called the crowning moment of a ship-builder's career. Some one has said also that a launch is the most delicate part of a ship-builder's work. It is very difficult to say what is the most delicate part of ship-building, for the simple reason that there does n't seem to be any part of it that is n't delicate. No more complex machinery is made than the wonderful marine engine; no more carefully designed structure exists than the hull of a modern steamship. A launch is as much a matter of mathematics as any part of the work of building a ship, and perhaps it is because launches are always inspiring that they have been called the crowning occasions of ship-building.

It is only since the United States began to build a new navy that we have had launches of large vessels in this country. We have built so many fine war-ships that it was not unusually difficult for us to build merchant vessels of the first grade, and we have just finished two ships next in size to the two largest ships that are afloat

in the world. Building these ships was a great achievement, however, and hence the ceremony of putting them into the water from dry land attracted great attention throughout the country, and was attended in each case by thousands of spectators. They saw the picturesque side of each of these events. They saw the foam as the christening bottle of wine was broken upon the bow. They heard the cheers and shouts, and helped to make them. They waved their hats and handkerchiefs as the ship began to glide down into the water, and each man almost held his breath until he saw her safe in the stream and acknowledging the plaudits of the multitude by making a graceful bow.

Impressive as the launch of a great vessel always is, it nevertheless seems a simple matter. All there is to do is to build two toboggan slides under the ship, raise her from the supports on which she has been resting, put a lot of tallow on the slides, and, when you are ready, saw loose the thick plank that holds the ship



FREE FROM THE WAYS AT LAST! (SEE PAGE 40.)

by the nose, and let her glide into the water. You must have the wine to christen her, and a crowd to cheer her, and some tugs to catch her and bring her back to her pier; but all these are mere details, and it would seem as if any ship could almost launch herself if she had half a chance.

A launch is simply taking a ship from the side of a stream down to the bank, and dropping her in the water where she belongs. This involves the task of lifting a mass of iron, in a ship like the "St. Louis," of about seven thousand tons, and the work of lowering it carefully for a distance of from twenty to forty feet. All this has to be done in the space of about thirty seconds, during which the vessel moves nearly six hundred feet. At once you can see that this is an enormous task. It involves the greatest responsibility in a short time that the ship-

builder meets. There is no opportunity to correct errors. Every mechanical appliance must work to perfection, and the manual details must be as nicely adjusted as the parts of a watch. You can launch a vessel as you can build one, on the rule-of-thumb or the hit-or-miss plan, and you may not come to grief; but it is best to put all these things in charge of that master spirit called Science, which has done so much for our physical advancement in this world, for then you know that it will be done properly.

It has often been said that man begins to die the moment that he begins to live. It might also be said that a ship begins to be launched the moment she begins to be built. The first thing in the actual construction is to arrange the keel-blocks on which the ship is to rest while she is building. They must be placed at certain distances apart, and each must be a little higher

than its neighbor nearer the water. These blocks are usually of the stoutest oak, and are placed from two to three feet apart. They must have a regular inclination, or the ship cannot be launched. In vessels like the *St. Louis* the incline is about one half an inch in height to a foot in length. In smaller vessels it is often more than one inch to the foot. Larger vessels have so much weight that a sharp incline is not as necessary as with smaller ones. The keel of the ship is laid on these blocks, and as fast as the sides of the vessel are built up great props are placed against them to make sure that by no accident will the vessel topple over.

At length the hull of the ship is completed. Then it is that the launching apparatus is prepared. This consists of two parts, one that remains fixed on the ground and one that glides into the water with the ship. The part that goes into the water is the cradle. It is that part in which the hull of the vessel rests snugly,

and probably that is why it is called a cradle. When the time comes for the launch, a long row of blocks is built under each side of the ship at an equal distance from the keel-blocks, and of the same inclination. On these blocks rest first the stationary "ways." These consist of broad planks of oak from three to four feet wide, capable of sustaining a weight of from two to two and one half tons to the square foot. On top of these ways are the "sliding ways," of nearly the same breadth, and between the two the tallow is placed. A narrow cleat runs along the edge of the stationary ways so that the sliding ways shall not slip off as they carry the ship along. Above the sliding ways is what is called the "packing." This consists of pieces of timber packed close against the curving sides of the vessel to hold it firm to the sliding ways beneath. The curves in the hull vary so much that it would be impossible to fit the sliding ways to them, and so, by means of packing,



GATHERING THE FLOATING TALLOW AFTER THE LAUNCH. (SEE PAGE 40.)

the ship is fitted to the ways instead. The packing and the sliding ways constitute the cradle, and it is fastened to the ship by stout ropes. Along its length, at intervals of about eighteen inches, are big wedges, the points of which are inserted between the sliding ways and the packing. A rope about the thickness of a clothes-line runs from wedge to wedge, so that none may be lost when they float into the water.

We are now ready for the launch. Tallow to the thickness of about an inch has been spread between the ways as they were put in

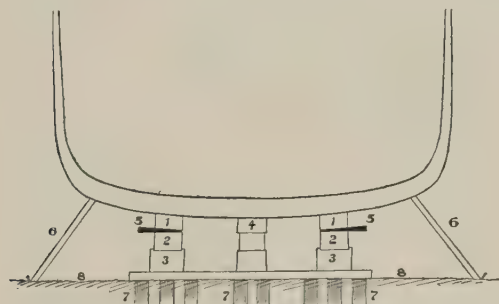


DIAGRAM SHOWING WHAT THE SHIP RESTS UPON.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. The Packing. | 5. Wedges. |
| 2. The Sliding Ways. | 6. The Props. |
| 3. The Stationary Ways. | 7. Piling. |
| 4. The Keel-block. | 8. Level of the Ground. |

position, nearly sixty barrels being necessary for a ship like the *St. Louis*. The cradle sets snugly against the ship's bottom. The vessel, however, is still resting on the keel-blocks. The task now is to transfer the ship from these keel-blocks to the launching supports, and to take away the keel-blocks. Then, when the weight of the ship rests on the launching ways alone, all that is necessary is to saw away the "sole-piece" at the bow, where the stationary and sliding ways are fastened together, and the ship by her own weight will probably slide into the water. If she needs a start, several "jacks" using hydraulic power are ready beneath the keel to lift her a trifle and give her a push.

All the props have been taken down except a few that reach only a little way up the sides. A platform with a railing, on which the stalwart workmen may rest the stout pieces of timber they use as battering-rams when they are driving home the wedges, has been erected along the sides of the ship. There are nearly six hundred workmen distributed along the sides, in gangs of four each. Each gang has five wedges

to look after. The time set for the launch is usually just before high water, where the stream has a tide. A dredge has been used directly in the path the vessel will take when she makes her plunge, so that she may strike no obstructions. Every part of the ways has been inspected. If the weather is cold, lard-oil has been mingled with the tallow to make it soft; and if the weather is warm, stearine has been mixed with it to make it hard.

It is about an hour before the time for the ship to move. The workmen are summoned and the signal is given for the first "rally." All at once a great din arises. It is as if an army of street-pavers were at work beneath the ship. If you peer through the crowd you will see the men drawing back the battering-rams and then projecting them sharply against wedge after wedge. This work continues for four or five minutes, and then an inspection is made. It is necessary that the wedges be driven in uniformly. The effect of this rally seems imperceptible. It has resulted, however, in driving the packing close up against the sides of the ship, and, when that was accomplished, has driven the sliding ways down hard upon the stationary ways, squeezing out the tallow here and there. But the ship still rests upon the keel-blocks.

After a rest of fifteen or twenty minutes a second rally comes. This is more spirited than the first. In go the wedges, and the great hull seems to tremble just the least bit. She is beginning to rest on the launching ways. At last she is raised the smallest fraction of an inch above the keel-blocks. Now comes the time for quick work. Here is where the "pioneers" begin to swing their axes. One gang of men rushes up to the few props that are still resting against the sides of the hull. Quick blows are given, timbers and chips begin to fly, and prop after prop falls to the ground. Another gang of men is rushing after the pioneers. They are the painters, and with long brushes on the ends of poles, they daub over the places where the props rested, which could not be painted until the props were taken away.

Underneath the ship another gang of men is making havoc with the keel-blocks. Sharp chisels are being inserted on the sides of the

blocks, and sledges are used as the workmen come up from the river toward the bow, knocking this way and that the blocks which have been the support of the ship ever since she was first laid down. At last, apparently after much confusion but really in accordance with a careful system, all the keel-blocks are knocked away, and the supreme moment has

wrecked as she goes sliding down toward the water. She is held entirely by the stout piece of timber that clamps the stationary and sliding ways together just underneath the bow.

The christening party is standing on a platform under the bow, and just about where the water-line begins. The word to saw away the sole-piece has been given. A stillness



"THE PAINTERS, WITH LONG BRUSHES, DAUB OVER THE PLACES WHERE THE PROPS RESTED."

arrived. All the wedges have been driven home, and their outer edges are in a line as straight as a file of soldiers on dress parade. The ship rests on an entirely new foundation and a very treacherous one. There are no side-supports to keep her from toppling over. The toboggan slides are ready for work, and they must be true in their inclination and in their horizontal position, or the ship will be

comes upon the throng, and the zip, zip, zip of the big saws on each side of the ship is heard distinctly more than fifty yards away. The young woman who is to name the vessel has placed one hand against the bow to feel the first tremor of life, and in the other she holds the decorated bottle of champagne, enmeshed in a silk web, ready to strike the bottle against the bow.

The vessel shakes along her entire length; there comes a crash; she breaks away before the saws have cut her loose; a terrific din arises; the christening words are spoken but not heard; and the stately ship begins to glide down the ways apparently without effort, and with the ease of a ship coming up a bay under half speed. She strikes the water, kicks up a big wave that goes rolling across the stream, and then drops at the bow into the water. The tide catches her in its arms, and tries to run away with her, but the men on board drop the anchors into the water, and the tugs that have been lying near by catch hold of her, and in a few minutes she is led captive to her dock, ever after that to obey the master mind that shall guide her over the sea.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor, is shown by the fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain on the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways. If a boat should get in the way, or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel-blocks, or if any one of half a dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientific man knows just how long he can wait, and just how far the limit of safety extends.

There is always one supreme moment in a launch, and it is at a time that escapes the average spectator. It is when the vessel gets fairly well into the water. This is when an important factor known as the "moment of buoyancy" comes into play. If you can imagine a vessel sliding down an incline without any water into which to drop, you can see that the vessel would tip down suddenly at the end which has left the ways, and would rise at the end still on the incline. But really, in successful launches, the stern of the vessel is gradually lifted up by the water, and this throws the weight forward on that part of the ship still resting on the ways. The force of the water is called the "moment of buoyancy," and the natural tendency of the ship to drop to the bottom of the stream is called the "moment of weight." Now the moment of buoyancy must always be greater than the moment of weight;

but it must not be very much greater, for if it were it would throw too much weight forward on the part of the ship still on the ways, and might break them down, or injure the plates or keel of the ship. When the great English battle-ship "Ramillies" was launched, this did really happen; and so great was the strain near the bow that parts of the cradle were actually pushed right into the bottom of the vessel. It is this danger of disaster that causes the scientific launcher to make the most careful calculations as to the conditions surrounding the ship at every foot of her journey into the water.

In this country most of the launches on the seaboard are made stern foremost. Sometimes, however, a ship is launched bow on. Along the great lakes the usual custom is to launch ships sidewise. On the great Clyde, in Scotland, they are launched obliquely into the river because it is so narrow. Had any of the large ships which have been built there in recent years been launched at right angles to the stream, one end of the ship would have stuck in the bank on the other side before the vessel had entirely left the ways. Where side launches are used, there are eight or ten ways made instead of two, and when the ship reaches the end of the incline she simply drops into the stream along her entire length. Sometimes it is necessary to check a vessel in a very short distance after launching. This is done by a series of drags, or flying cables, which are set in motion on the ground beside the ship, each one coming into play at regular intervals as she goes down the incline, and each helping to hold back the ship until she is under complete control the moment she reaches the water.

When the ship is finally clear, and the hurrahing is over, the workmen clamber on the ways and even go out in small boats to gather up the tallow for use on another occasion.

The crowd now begin to go home. They have seen the ship "put overboard." Few of them, however, have seen the most interesting part of the work—that which goes on underneath the ship. It is there that the hard work is done, but it would not do to allow the spectators to come near the workmen. These men must work briskly, and must be able to attend to their duties without interference of any kind.



BY MINNIE B. SHELDON.

THE Bradys were moving. Now, moving is one thing with some persons and another thing with other persons. When some families move, professional packers at six dollars a day come in, and the work is done with beautiful neatness and despatch.

It was not so with the Brady family. They were their own packers-in-chief, and their assistants were not professionals—in fact, they were only Jim and Charlie Ryan, two boys aged respectively twelve and fourteen, from next door.

The Bradys and the Ryans lived away in the upper part of New York, on Eighth Avenue, very near the Manhattan Field and the Polo Grounds. If they had not lived so near the Manhattan Field it is very doubtful if Jim and Charlie would have been helping the Bradys to move. And for this reason. Because they lived so near the Field, of course they knew all that any boys could possibly know of everything which was going on there. This goes without saying. Were they not boys? Had they not eyes? And were there not knot-holes in the fence?

But not only did they know what had taken place within that charmed inclosure in the past,

they also knew precisely what was going to take place there in the future—the near future—only a few days later, in fact. The Great Football Game would be played there at that time; and was anything else in the world worth one moment's thought in comparison with the interest of that event? If you are in any doubt, just ask any two boys aged twelve and fourteen.

Now, such is the tyranny of League and Association managers that football games require tickets in order to be seen; and tickets cost money; and money with Jim and Charlie Ryan was very scarce.

Of course, as I have already said, there were still the knot-holes, but how exceedingly unsatisfactory they were, after all! To have those tantalizing glimpses of wild, rushing masses of men inside, to hear the shouts, to feel the excitement in the tingle of the chills running down one's back, and then to think of what it would be to hold in one's hand one of those magic bits of card which would enable a boy to pass unquestioned to a full view of all that was to be seen and enjoyed on the other side of those knot-holes,—that was the thought which inspired Jim and Charlie as they were helping

the Bradys to move. For Mr. Brady had done some work on the Field a few days before, and he had received two tickets of admission to the football game as part payment for his time there. And as he was now going away, and so could not use the tickets himself, he had offered them to the Ryan boys in return for such services as they could render in packing boxes, running errands, and otherwise making themselves useful. They had accepted the offer, of course: the tickets would soon be theirs, and their joy and gratitude were boundless.

Now Jim and Charlie had a little brother Tom. Tom was only eight, and perhaps you think his interest in football had not grown yet. Well, that shows how little you know of eight-year-old boys. Why, not even Jim or Charlie could possibly want to see that game more than Tom did! But alas! he was too little to help the Bradys; and even if he had not been, Mr. Brady had no more tickets to give to any one; and Tom had made up his mind that for him the knot-holes would be the only way. He hung around the Bradys' little stationery-store forlornly, hoping against hope that something would turn up whereby he might finally get a ticket; but the last day came, the boxes were all packed, Jim and Charlie received their reward, and still there was nothing for poor Tom.

At least, *almost* nothing. Just at the last moment Mrs. Brady came out of a back room with something soft and dark in her arms.

"Tom," she said, "I wish we had one o' them tickets for you, as you wants so much; but Mr. Brady, you see, he only got two, and them we've give to your brothers. But if you'd like this here cat, why, we can't take it with us, and you'd be welcome to it."

At this Jim and Charlie shouted derisively. A *cat*! And as a substitute for a ticket to the football game! Well, well! But little Tom thought that if he could not see the game he might as well take what he could get; so in spite of his brothers' jeers he held out his arms for the offered gift, and received for his share of the spoils an unusually large and handsome cat.

"What a pretty one!" he exclaimed, as he stroked its fur, and already began to feel the

pride and interest of ownership. "And what a funny color!"

It *was* an odd color—or colors. It was jet-black, with large tawny or orange stripes across its back and breast; and, both on this account and because of its unusual size, the cat would have attracted attention anywhere. Even Tom's brothers began to take a slight interest in it, as they realized its size and coloring, and then, as Jim was looking at it curiously, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I declare, if it ain't a Princeton cat! It's orange and black, as sure as you're born! Say, Tom, give it to me, will you?"

This was a little too much. That Jim, who had that precious ticket in his pocket, should now wish to possess the cat also! Even Charlie remonstrated.

"Don't you do it, Tom!" he advised. "Keep your cat yourself. Don't give it to anybody."

And Tom briefly responded:

"I ain't a-goin' ter!"

So it was that Tom acquired "Princeton"; so he kept Princeton for himself; and so, speedily, he became very fond of him, and, giving up all thought of the football game, devoted himself to his new acquisition.

This was all very well for a while. But the day of the game arrived, and then, inevitably, the old yearnings toward an entrance into the Manhattan Field came back in full force. Jim and Charlie were all excitement and anticipation, and immediately after breakfast on the day of the great game began to prepare for the coming event. Each boy put on his Sunday suit, brushed his hair, and blacked his boots; and hours before it was time to start both were ready and waiting. Poor little Tom! He had no pleasure in anticipation, and nothing to prepare for; and all he could do was to wander disconsolately about, with Princeton in his arms, and on his heart a great weight of longing and regret.

While it was still early, and long, long before it was time for the game, Jim and Charlie decided to set forth, their impatience having grown too great to allow them to stay at home another minute. Of course they could not get into the Manhattan Field at that hour of the day, but they wanted to be on the spot, at any

rate, and perhaps—who could tell?—something interesting and exciting might happen even as early in the morning as that. Tom went with them, and Princeton went with Tom, for these two had by this time become inseparable.

"Princeton could climb up to the top of the fence and look over," said Tom, and added mournfully, "I wish I could!"

By and by, after what seemed almost a week to the impatient boys, the entrance to the Field was opened, and a man began to take the admission tickets. Jim and Charlie went in at once, leaving Tom and Princeton outside.

Soon the spectators began to come, in crowds which grew larger and larger as the hour for the game drew nearer. Thousands of persons came pouring down the stairs from the elevated road, and thousands more from the horse-cars and cable-cars; while carriages of all kinds, full of gaily dressed persons, were constantly being driven into the Field through the large entrance.

Tom watched them all wistfully. Every one of that vast multitude had a ticket. Every one went through that gate and past that ticket-taker as freely and as easily as if the whole Field belonged to him alone. It seemed to Tom as if he were the only person in New York that day who could not see the football game if he wanted to do so. It was very hard. Still he stood

there, watching with eager, fascinated eyes, while he held Princeton tightly, lest the cat should be lost in the crowd.

Then presently the boy heard a great sound of shouts and cheering, and the mellow tone of a coaching-horn; and with a clatter, and the



"PRINCETON CAN'T GO WIDOUT ME," ANSWERED TOM.

cracking of a long whip, a four-in-hand tally-ho came dashing up. Its four seats were filled with young men—from Princeton, evidently—for the orange-and-black was everywhere conspicuous, on the coach, on the horses, and fluttering gaily from the buttonhole of each man's

greatcoat. They were a gay crowd altogether; and, as the coach came to a standstill near the entrance to the Field, Tom gazed at it and its occupants with open-eyed wonder and admiration. There were some carriages ahead of the coach, and it was stopped for a few moments just at Tom's side.

Suddenly, as they waited, one of the men on the front seat caught sight of Princeton.

"By the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed. "I say, fellows, look at that cat! Orange and black, by all that's wonderful! What a lark! We'll have it up here, and take it in to the game with us." Then, leaning forward, he called out to Tom, "I say, Johnny, will you lend us your cat for the day?"

"Well, you *have* a nerve!" cried one of the other young men to this. "The idea of asking the kid to let you have his cat for nothing!" Then he spoke to the now amazed and bewildered Tom. "Look here, young chap, do you want to sell that cat? What'll you take for it?"

Tom could hardly believe his ears. Did these remarkable young gentlemen really want Princeton? And if so, what for? He saw that they were all waiting for him to speak, and he came a little nearer to the coach.

"Is it my cat, Princeton, you wants, sir?" Tom asked, addressing the man who had asked him if he would sell his cat.

At this announcement of the cat's name, there was a shout of laughter from every man on the drag. Tom could not imagine what was the matter with them all.

"*Princeton?*" repeated one of the supporters of the orange-and-black. "*Princeton?* Is that really the name of that cat? Well, it's a good one, I declare! We'll have to have it now, sure. Come, Johnny, what will you take for it? Hurry up, now; we can't wait!"

But Tom was not to be hurried into anything of that kind. "Sell Princeton?" he thought quickly; "what an idea!" He would n't do it, not he! But he might as well know what they wanted to do with the cat if they could get him, so he asked, "What do you want to do wid him, sir?"

"Oh, we're not going to hurt him — we only want to take him inside because he is orange and black — Princeton colors, you know."

"Take Princeton inside!" exclaimed Tom, "and not *me*? Oh, no, sir!"

"What do you mean?" cried one of the men impatiently. "Of course we don't need you. What should we take you for? — we only want the cat."

"I would n't sell the cat, sir. Princeton, he can't go widout me," answered Tom to this, pluckily. And then his heart began to beat, thump! thump! What if they *should* take him?

Here was a dilemma for the Princeton men. With the impulsiveness of young men, they had set their hearts on having that orange-and-black cat on their coach during the football game. It would be such a mascot! But here was this stubborn boy who would not let his pet go without him. They looked at Tom, and then at one another. Then, by a common impulse, they all looked at the last seat on the drag, which was occupied by the two footmen only.

"We might put the kid in there," suggested one of them.

"We don't want the boy!" exclaimed another. But then he looked at Tom, and on Tom's face he saw an expression of great firmness. He saw something else, too — a look so eager and wistful that involuntarily his own expression softened.

"Oh, well," he said, relenting, "if we can't have the cat without the boy, we'll have to take the boy, I suppose. What do you say, fellows?"

"Oh, let him come!" cried the host of the party, impatiently. "Come, youngster, climb up, then, and hurry about it! We can't stay here all day — we're late now."

So Tom, hardly able to realize his good fortune, actually climbed up and took his seat upon that wonderful coach, at which, only five minutes before, he had been gazing as at something as far beyond him as a slice of the moon would have been. And now he was there, with all these jolly young gentlemen; and, more than all, he was actually going inside the gates of the Manhattan Field, where the football game would soon be played before his enraptured eyes.

And, sure enough, so it was, though it seemed too good to be true. The coach, with Tom on

it, was driven in, and was stopped in one of the best positions from which to see the game; and there Tom sat, blissfully happy, during all the time that the match was going on. The men around him talked excitedly of flying wedges, punts, touch-downs, and other mysteries; and at any point, whether small or great, scored by their college, they yelled and cheered in the wildest manner. Tom cheered with all his might when the others did; and as he sat there, his eager little face all flushed with pleasure and excitement, many a sympathizing glance was thrown in his direction, and many a spectator nudged his neighbor and remarked, "Look at the funny little chap up there on that drag."

As for Princeton, he was second only to the elevens themselves in the interest and attention which he excited. His very first appearance on the ground was greeted by a chorus of cheers and shouts and laughter from all the friends of Princeton College who were anywhere near the coach; and from that time until the game was over, the gay party on the drag was surrounded by an admiring crowd, among whom Tom's cat was the center of attraction. Tom himself was the subject of any amount of good-natured chaff and banter, but he objected to it as little as Princeton objected to the attention which he received; neither boy nor cat was ever in such a position before, and probably neither would ever be in such again; and the boy, at least, appreciated his privileges to the utmost.

But perhaps the crowning moment of all that joyful day was that in which Tom, on his lofty perch, was recognized by his brothers, Jim and Charlie. It was just after the game was over, and the crowds were pouring toward the gates, — to avoid the coming great crush, — and the



"TOM, LOOKING DOWN, SAW HIS BROTHERS."

drag on which Tom still sat, holding Princeton, was being driven briskly through the mass and tangle of other carriages which were hurrying to get out. Then, just as Tom's party was almost at the gate, Tom, looking down, saw his brothers, and at the same moment they saw him. They would hardly have believed that the boy in that exalted position was really little Tom if they had not seen the cat; but that settled the matter — that cat was

Princeton and no other. And so they pushed and elbowed their way until they were nearly under the wheels of the coach, so eager were they to ask Tom how he got there; and as Tom looked down at them, no king on his throne ever felt a greater sense of elation and satisfaction than did Tom. But the boys, when they reached the drag, were, after all, too much in awe of those magnificent flunkies on the seat with Tom to ask any questions. They decided to wait, in the mean time running along by the side of the coach until it was beyond the gates. There it stopped; and Tom, after a few eager thanks to his hosts, and many laughing good-bys from the young men, descended from his dizzy height, and was once more on the ground. Jim

and Charlie rushed up to him at once; and then questions and answers fairly flew back and forth between Tom and his brothers till the whole history of the adventure had been told.

At its finish Jim drew a long breath and looked at Tom with shining eyes.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "you had the best of it, did n't you, young un? How 'd you feel, anyway, up there on that coach with all them swells around you?"

"Well," said Tom—"I felt—I felt like a fairy story," he declared finally; and then he added, as he hugged his cat more closely, "And Princeton was a regular fairy godmother, was n't he? No; I'll tell you what—Princeton was my Puss in Boots!"



AT RECESS. THE DANCING BEAR.

TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XI.

A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT.

TEDDY was the first to arrive at the packing-case home on the evening of the robbery; but before he had time to get supper—that is, spread out in the most tempting array possible the provisions he had brought home—a noise near the gate told that his partner had come.

Carrots's face was sadly swollen. He entered the box, and threw himself down wearily in one corner on the pile of straw.

"Anything else gone wrong?" Teddy asked in a friendly tone, as he lighted another candle for the purpose of increasing the cheerfulness of the apartment by an extra illumination.

"Anything wrong!" Carrots repeated. "I should think when a fellow could n't go 'round 'bout his business without bein' robbed, there was a good many things out er the way!"

"But, I mean, have you got inter any more trouble since then?"

"No; that was enough to last me the rest of this week, I guess."

"Now, see here, Carrots; it does n't do any good to go fussin' 'bout that, an' the sooner you brace up, the better it 'll be for all hands. Skip 's got the money, an' you 've got the thumpin', I know; but you can't change it by worryin' an' lookin' so glum."

"Do you count on a fellow's grinnin' like a cat jest 'cause his face is swelled as big as a squash?" Carrots asked dolefully.

"No; but I don't count on his thinkin' 'bout it all the time. We 've got somethin' else to do besides botherin' with Skip Jellison. S'posin' you turn to an' give up everything for the next month jest to pay him back, an' then do it, what have you made? Why, nothin' at all—

you 're jest where you are to-day. Now we 've got a comfortable place to live in, and money enough to feed us for the next two or three days, even if we don't do any business; an' as good a chance to earn ourselves a stand as any other fellows ever had."

"So you 've laid right down, an' are goin' to let them keep that money, are you?"

"Well, yes, jest now; for there 's nothin' else we can do. 'Cordin' to my way of thinkin', we 've got to keep on workin' an' waitin' till the chance comes. Then we 'll lay inter Skip as hard as you like; but I don't see the sense of whinin' yet awhile."

"What 's to prove he won't jump in an' do the same thing over ag'in, to-morrow?"

"I 've been thinkin' most likely he 'd try the game, an' we 'd better stick together. Now, here 's my way: in the mornin' you take your box, while I tend to the papers, and we 'll go right up to City Hall. If he comes there we must n't fight him, 'cause we 'll be 'rested; but there 's nothin' 'll prevent our keepin' him off if he tries any funny business. I guess it would n't be a great while before some one come along as a witness on our side. If he fools 'round two or three days, tryin' to drive us off, he 'll get inter trouble, an' we 'll be clear of it."

The only way in which Carrots's reply to this remark can be described is by saying that he snorted.

It was not a groan, neither was it a spoken word; but, rather, a general snort of disdain for the plan proposed and defiance to the boy who had wronged him.

Teddy's suggestion was so tame and so unworthy the cause that Carrots began to think he had made a mistake by going into business with one who was willing to act so cowardly a part.

Teddy understood this quite as well as if his companion had given words to the thoughts, and, without losing his temper in the slightest degree, he asked: "If you don't like that plan, what do you want to do?"

"Go out an' lambaste Skip!"

"All right; there 's nothin' to hinder. Shall I stay here, or do you want me to help?"

"Well, it looks to me as if it was as much your fight as mine."

"Very well; let's go. I reckon that we can find him somewhere, can't we?"

"Yes; he 's 'most allers up 'round Grand street an' the Bowery."

"Well," said Teddy, "if you 're bound to try an' thump Skip, why, I 'm with you; but you know as well as I do how it 'll turn out. He counts on jest what you think of doin', an' is sure to have his gang with him all the time."

"Then will you do jest as I say?"

"Right up to the dot!"

This satisfied Carrots to such a degree that he immediately cast off the look of anger he had worn, and began to appear more cheerful.

Carrots had so far unbent that he was willing to discuss the business of the day, and on counting the profits it was found that between them they had earned eighty-one cents, despite the many interruptions and difficulties.

According to the arrangements previously made, Teddy took possession of the funds, wrapped the pennies and silver pieces carefully in a piece of brown paper, and deposited the package in a hiding-place under one of the boxes which served them as a home.

"What are you doin' that for?" Carrots asked in surprise.

"I don't want to stand any chance of losin' it."

"But it's safer in your pocket than anywhere else."

"Not if we meet Skip. In case he an' his crowd get the best of us in a row, they 'll be



TEDDY DEFENDS HIS PARTNER.

sure to do what they did this afternoon, an' we must n't lose all the money we 've got."

Carrots made no reply.

This preparing for a flogging was not agreeable to him, and it is possible he began to think that perhaps his scheme for getting even was hardly as wise as he had supposed it.

Teddy deposited the cash where it would not be found until after a long and careful search, and then, their supper having been fin-

ished, said: "Now I 'm ready whenever you are," and he extinguished one of the candles.

"It 's no use to go up there so soon," Carrots replied. "We 'd better hold on till he gets his supper."

Teddy made no comment upon this delay of justice, but began speaking of the work to be done on the following day, and the probability that trouble would ensue, always prefacing his remarks with the proviso:

"If we go out at all to-morrow."

"What do you keep sayin' that for?" Carrots finally asked. "Of course we 'll go out to-morrow!"

"I 've seen the time since I struck this town that I could n't get out when I wanted to go, an' p'rhaps we shall be in the same fix to-night; but if we ain't we 'll dive inter business mighty strong."

It was some time before Carrots showed the slightest disposition to venture forth for the purpose of wreaking vengeance.

Then it could have been observed that he was not nearly so eager as when he first came home.

Twice he leaped to his feet as if to propose that they start, and twice he sat down again.

One would almost have fancied he was waiting for Teddy to make the suggestion; but the latter remained silent.

Then it seemed as if it was absolutely necessary he should do something, and he said with an evident effort:

"Now, if you 're ready, I reckon we 'd better go."

"All right," Teddy replied cheerily, as he led the way from the packing-cases to the street.

Carrots followed at a leisurely pace, and as the two walked toward Grand street by way of the Bowery, one would have said it was Teddy who had insisted on the expedition.

The nearer they approached the place where it was supposed Master Jellison would be found, the slower did Carrots walk, and finally, when they were yet more than a block away, he came to a standstill.

"What is it?" Teddy asked, knowing full well the cause of the halt.

"I 've been thinkin' p'rhaps it would be bet-

ter if we did n't go up there to-night. Course he 's got his crowd with him, an' they could get the best of us."

"Yes, an' he 'll be in the same fix for the next week."

"Well, I s'pose," Carrots said hesitatingly, "we ought ter wait till he thinks we ain't goin' to do anything."

"That 's jest what I proposed, old man, before we started out; but you seemed to think it ought ter be done to-night, an' I was willin' to give in."

"I guess I 'll let it go as you say, 'cause it would be hard luck for both of us to get 'rested and sent up to the Island."

Now that Carrots had decided on delaying his vengeance, he was in the utmost haste to get away from the dangerous locality; for there was a chance that his enemy might appear, and then perhaps, instead of being revenged, he would receive another thrashing.

With such thoughts in his mind he walked rapidly toward his dwelling; and when they were once safely inside the fence, all his former good nature appeared to have returned.

He was the same Carrots as before, and, so far as could be seen, the loss of the dollar had ceased to trouble him.

Teddy was not willing that very much time should be spent in idle conversation; he believed it necessary they should be at their work very early in the morning, and curled himself on the bed of straw before the neighboring clocks proclaimed the hour of eight.

When the sun rose once more, and the two merchants were preparing for business, Carrots no longer entertained ideas of thrashing his enemy, but seemed only to fear that he might receive further injury at Skip's hands.

So excessive was his prudence that he did not allow himself to stray more than half a dozen paces from Teddy's side, no matter what business might demand.

The morning trade opened in the most prosperous fashion, and the partners had already sold eight papers and put on four shines, when Master Jellison and his companions appeared on the scene.

"Look out for 'em!" Carrots said nervously. "They 're going to make a fuss now, sure."

"Keep right on with your work, an' don't pay any 'tention, no matter what they say," Teddy replied; and the three boys who claimed the right to control business in that section of the city approached until they were offensively near those who had been warned to leave town.

"Did n't you get enough yesterday to serve you out?" Skip asked angrily of Carrots.

The latter made no reply.

"I reckon you know what I said 'bout your workin' 'roun' here," the bully continued, stepping yet closer, and shaking his fist in Carrots's face.

At this point Teddy thought best to interfere, and, taking the box from his 'companion's hand, he stepped between Carrots and Skip.

"Now, I 've got somethin' to say in this business," he began; "an' I want you to remember it, jest as much as we 'll remember what you 've said 'bout our goin'. I came down to this town to earn a livin', an' to leave other folks alone, same 's I told you over there by the fountain. Yesterday you pounded Carrots, an' stole a dollar of my money from him. Now do you think I 'm such a chump as to stand that?"

"Well, why don't you do somethin' 'bout it?" Skip asked with a sneer, as he put himself in an attitude of defense.

"If you think I 'm so much of a fool as to fight you, an' stand the chance of gettin' 'rested, while you 're coward enough to run away, it 's a mistake, an' the sooner you find it out the better. This is what I want ter say, an' I mean every word of it. Jest as true as you touch us, or interfere in any way, I 'm goin' to that judge where I was taken up before, an' have you hauled in. You know what that 'll 'mount to, an' these fellows who are with you stand the chance of gettin' the same as you 'll get. The judge said that instead of fightin' a boy ought to make a complaint to the police, an' they 'd see he was taken care of. Now, I 've come to this city to stay, an' that 's what I 'm goin' to do. If we were out in the country I 'd be glad to stand up with you, an' the fellow that got the worst of it would have to leave; but we 're where the policemen will 'rest us, an' I can't 'ford to take chances."

Teddy spoke in such a decided tone, and

appeared so determined to insist upon his rights, that, perhaps, for the first time in his life, Master Jellison was cowed, if not absolutely frightened.

He knew only too well that the statements made were correct: that he would be punished severely by the law for having robbed Carrots, and in the bewilderment caused by the bold stand Teddy had taken, he retired a few paces to consult his friends.

The boy from Saranac had not said all he intended to, and thinking it would be better to continue the conversation before the bully had time to regain his courage, he continued:

"I don't want you to think you 're goin' to get off with that money, even if we keep quiet now. When the time comes right, you 'll pay it back to Carrots, or have trouble; an' I 'll give you somewhere 'bout a week to make up your mind, 'less you want ter kick up a row now. You 'd better sneak off before that policeman comes along, for I 'll begin my end of the business by tellin' him the whole story jest as soon as he gets here."

As Teddy spoke he motioned involuntarily with his head in the direction of the approaching officer, and, turning quickly, Skip saw the same guardian of the peace who had taken Teddy to the station-house.

It would be awkward for him to remain if the true story were to be told, and the bully concluded his wisest course was to leave that neighborhood at once.

Therefore he and his friends moved hastily away until they were on the opposite side of the street, where they could hide themselves behind the vehicles whenever it became necessary, and at the same time see all that was going on.

Teddy did not intend to recede one whit from the stand he had taken.

As soon as the policeman came up, he told all that had occurred during the previous twenty-four hours.

"So that boy is going to drive you out of town, eh?" the officer said laughingly.

"No, he is n't goin' to do anything of the kind. That 's what *he* says; but I 've got something to say 'bout it. I can't thump him, 'cause you 'll 'rest me; but the chances are

he 'll hit me whenever he can. I sha'n't stand an' take it a great while, an' that 's why I want you to know jest how I 'm fixed."

"If you don't provoke a quarrel, and he makes any trouble, pitch in. Then come to me, and I 'll see you through; but your best way would be to enter a complaint against him on the charge of stealing money."

"That 's what I would n't like, 'less I had to," Teddy replied. "If he 'll give it back, an' I reckon he will before long, that part of it will be all right. I 'm a stranger in the city, an' don't want to get inter a fuss with the fellows, 'cause I 've got to work 'longside of 'em; but it stands me in hand to have somebody know exactly how things are."

"Come to me if you get into any trouble, providing you keep yourself straight," the officer said in a kindly tone as he moved on, and from across the street Master Jellison and his party noted with no slight uneasiness the apparently friendly talk between the boy from Saranac and the policeman.

Carrots was undecided as to what might result from this bold speech of his partner's.

During all his experience in the city he had never known a newsboy or a bootblack to appeal to the authorities for protection, and Teddy's method of taking care of himself rather startled him.

"It 'll make Skip worse 'n ever, I 'm 'fraid," he said in a low tone, and Teddy replied:

"It won't do for him to get very fresh now, 'cause after he strikes the first blow I 'm goin' to pitch in, an' if there ain't too many of his gang 'round, you 'll see me lug him into the

station-house. I don't b'lieve in fightin' where there are officers to 'rest you; but I would n't let any fellow get the best of me if I could help it, no matter who was in the way. Now we 've fixed ourselves, an' the sooner Skip Jellison begins, the better I 'll like it."

Carrots gazed with admiration upon his partner.

He realized that by thus stating his case to the policeman, Teddy had put himself in a position where it would be safe to defend himself against any attack which might be made; and this was certainly much better than Carrots's plan of the previous evening, which, fortunately, had not been carried into effect.

"Now get to work, Carrots; we must n't let them fellows knock us out of business, for we 've got to make more than a dollar to-day."

Carrots did set to work most vigorously.

His fear of Skip was quieted to a certain degree, and he darted here and there without reference to his partner's whereabouts, getting very much more trade than he would otherwise have done, because of the fact that his brother bootblacks, and many of their acquaintances in the newspaper line, were so busily engaged discussing the plan adopted by the boy from Saranac that they had no time to attend to the details of business.

For at least half an hour Teddy and Carrots were the only boys in the immediate vicinity who attempted to do any very great amount of work, and the result was that, before the clock had struck ten, their profits amounted to nearly as much as Teddy had expected that they would earn during the entire day.

(To be continued.)

HER NAME.

BY MAX GUTHRIE.

SUCH a wee mischievous lassie!—

It tries one's patience quite
To watch the child. She cannot do
A single thing just right.

'T is "Kitty, don't say that, dear!"

"Oh, Kitty, don't do so!"

These are the words that greet her,
Wherever she may go.

When, just at dusk, one evening,

She climbed upon my knee,

In playful mood I asked her name,

"Why, Kitty, 'course," said she.

"Yes, Kitty;—but the rest, dear?"

She hung her curly head—

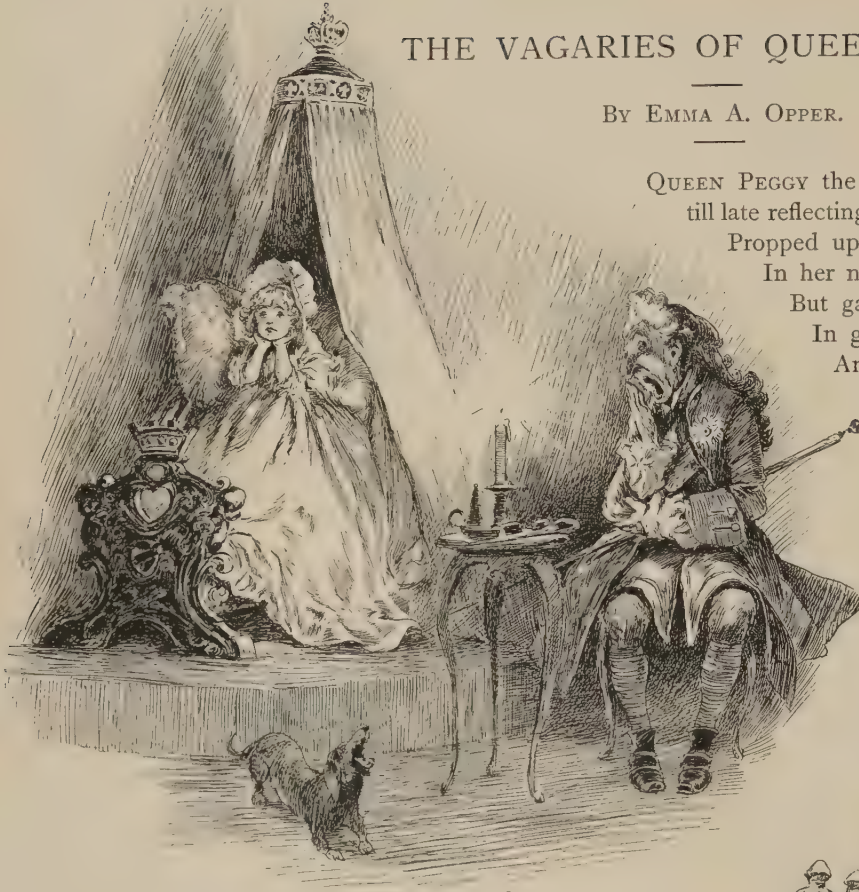
The rogue!—for just a moment;

Then—"Kitty Don't!" she said.

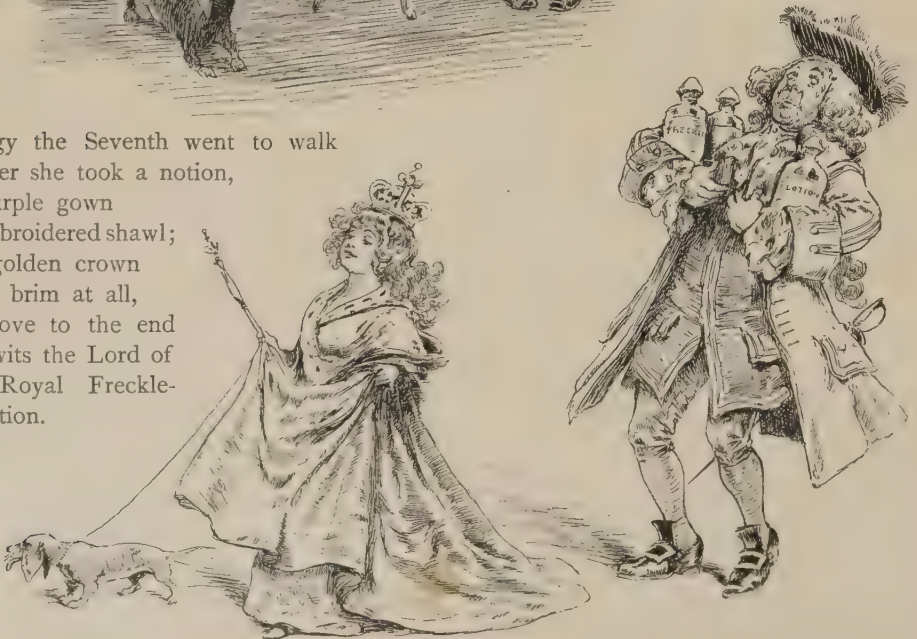
THE VAGARIES OF QUEEN PEGGY.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

QUEEN PEGGY the Seventh sat up
till late reflecting and cogitating,
Propped up in her cot
In her night-cap spruce;
But gas was not
In general use,
And she burdened
the soul of the
Noble Lord of
the Candle-
Stick in
Waiting.



Queen Peggy the Seventh went to walk
whenever she took a notion,
In her purple gown
And her brodered shawl;
But her golden crown
Had no brim at all,
And she drove to the end
of his wits the Lord of
the Royal Freckle-
Lotion.



When Peggy the Seventh hemmed her
 frills she met with sore disaster,
 For a thimble she deemed
 Too cumbersome;
 But she squirmed and she screamed
 When she pricked her thumb—
 And the pages hustled and flew for
 the Lord of the Royal Sticking-
 Plaster.



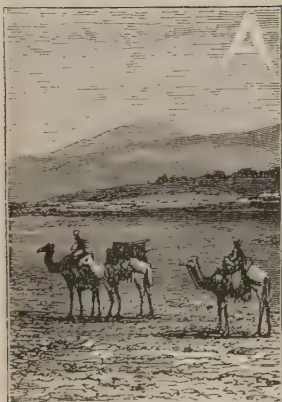
That Queen Peggy
 the Seventh vex-
 ed the court is
 a reasonable
 assumption.
 She was known
 to be
 A most try-
 ing dame,
 For we're told
 that she
 Never once
 laid claim
 To the services of
 the Lord of the
 General Com-
 mon Sense and
 Gumtion.

YAMOUD.

(*A Story from the Desert.*)

BY HENRY WILLARD FRENCH.

V.



LONG desert caravan usually moves at night, for various reasons; toward morning it is very cold on the desert, and action helps to keep them warm, while both Arabs and camels find the sunshine very conducive to sleep. Often one

sees a solitary rider asleep upon his camel; and often, too, the camel is as sound asleep. On the Arabian desert the writer once passed an entire caravan, in the middle of the afternoon, swinging and swaying steadily along, though every rider and every camel was absolutely sound asleep. When they move at night the caravans are much less likely to be taken by surprise by the robber bands which infest the interiors of all the great deserts. From their earliest history, too, the Arabs have been wonderful astronomers. A perfect knowledge of the stars is inevitable; and they can guide themselves over the beaconless sands much better by night than by day. But the chief reason, after all, for moving at night is that the camels, stupid, greedy, and idiotic creatures as they are, will not eat in the dark. In short journeys it does not matter much, for the hump on a camel's back is composed of fat stored up in times of plenty, as his stomach stores away water, to be used when times are hard; but it takes only a few days to exhaust these supplies, and, on long journeys, if they move by day they would lose an hour each night and morning, while the camels ate their

food, while when they move at night, the time is taken from their rest, instead. It is more economical.

The grand Mohammedan law of hospitality provided the little empty-handed stranger in the caravan with food and water. Shelter he did not need, beyond the friendly shadow of some willing dromedary; while the utter lack of curiosity, so common among his people, as far, at least, as questioning is concerned, allowed the lonely mite, wrapped in the mourning sarai, to move on with them practically unmolested. He knew it would be so. It is the custom of the people. It is always so.

They all knew very well that if they asked Yamoud whence he came, he would say, "From the desert." Or if they asked him where he went, he would reply, "To the sea."

They all knew, too, that if they had asked even the leader of the caravan precisely the same questions, he, too, would have answered in the same evasive way. It would have amounted to nothing. They would not have been any wiser at the end than in the beginning, so they saved their strength, and did not ask at all.

The very first lesson which an Arab baby learns, when he begins to talk, is to keep facts to himself. It does not sound very friendly, put in that way, but it saves a deal of trouble. Foreigners do not understand Arabs. They ask them pointed questions, and receive peculiar answers. They construe the answers to please themselves, and come away to tell the world that the Arabs are a nation of liars. They are not a nation of liars. Perhaps, if they should tell the foreigners to mind their own affairs, and let them and theirs alone, the foreigners would understand them better.

At all events, no one thought of questioning Yamoud, and the white sarai grew dingy with the desert dust, and brown from the soil of the

rising plain, and torn and ragged in the mountain passes; and a sorry-looking atom the little wanderer was, as, with the very last of the caravan, he entered the massive gate in the great stone wall surrounding the City of the Sea.

There was excitement about the gate as the caravan entered. Two white men (the first Yamoud had ever seen), in brilliant uniforms were posting a glaring notice at the gate. It was blazing with bright colors, to attract attention, and decorated with the picture of a lion, with his mouth wide open, jumping up toward something, on one side, and on the other, an animal like a horse, though with a horn in his forehead, was jumping toward the same thing.

Yamoud looked at the picture for a moment, but he did n't think much of it, and was much more interested in looking at the white officers. He had seen pictures before, at the khan, on bales and boxes which caravans were carrying from the seaport into the interior. Indeed, he had seen that same picture more than once, and never thought much of it; for he knew very well that horses and lions did n't eat the same things, and that even if they did, and if that something in the center was really some strange thing which both lions and horses ate, even then he knew that the two would never take that way of obtaining it. They would stop on the ground and fight there, if, indeed, there was such a thing as a strange-looking horse with a horn in his forehead that would dare to stop and fight a lion; and as sure as fate, the lion would conquer, and first eat up the horse, and then climb quietly up and eat whatever it was on the top of the mound.

Yamoud could not read a word of the writing under the picture, any more than he could read the writing around the pictures on the boxes that were loaded and unloaded in the khan. He had only a general idea that such writing never amounted to much, and was paying his entire attention to the officers, when some one who could read read the notice aloud, for the benefit of many who were quite as ignorant as Yamoud; and as an Arab rarely lets anything be said within reach of him without hearing it, Yamoud's ears were as open as his eyes, and soon his eyes quite forgot what they

had been doing, while his ears were all that there was to him.

The notice proved to be an offer of a large reward for any information that should lead to the capture, dead or alive, of a great criminal who had been reported as being somewhere in that neighborhood. It gave a long description of the man, and several names by which he was best known.

Among the names was "Abu'l Hasham."

VI.

WHEN Yamoud heard the name of Abu'l Hasham his lips pressed very close together, to keep any involuntary word from coming out, and he fell back, more and more, as the caravan moved on, till presently he was left behind.

He did not mind that, for he had nothing more to do with the caravan. The question of being alone and helpless and of how he was to live did not trouble him. It did not even occur to him. He was not an adventurer looking for a fortune. He knew well enough that when there was a dire demand for food some way would appear for obtaining it. He was concerned only about the kismet (mark of fate) in his forehead which had brought him there, that was so closely associated just now with Abu'l Hasham.

He tried to think, but he was still walking along the principal street of the city, to which he was little accustomed. He was hustled and jostled about and bewildered by such noises and confusion as he had not known even in the busiest hours of the khan. He was shouted at in more languages which he could not understand, and pushed out of the way for more kinds of people, and more strange things trundled about on wheels than he supposed could be found in all the wide world together.

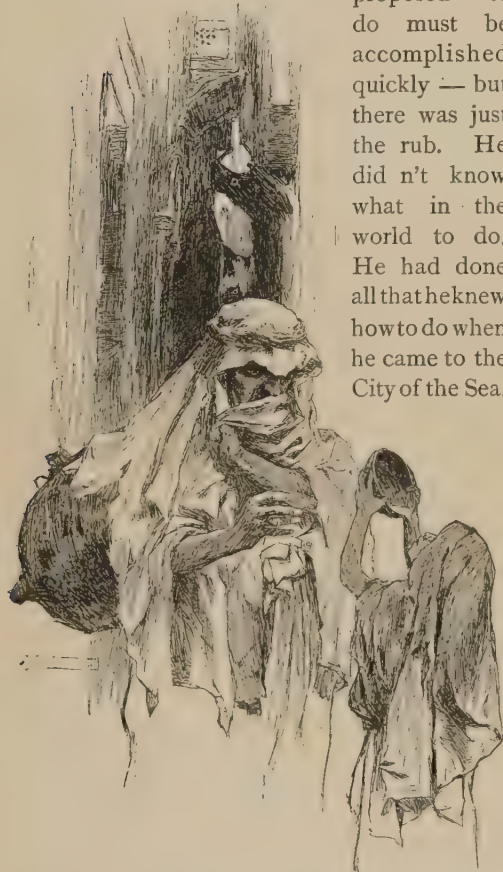
There was no such thing as thinking in such commotion, and he turned into the first byway, and on and on, into narrower and narrower alleys, till at last he was almost alone.

Possibly he was the only one in the city, outside of the slave-collector's own people, who knew, to a certainty, that Abu'l Hasham entered the gate less than twelve hours before. He was sure that as soon as the slave-collector

read those notices he would find some way to go out again, and would go as fast and as far as possible, when there would be little hope that a desert boy could follow him or find him, or ever know where to find his mother.

Common sense told him that whatever he

proposed to do must be accomplished quickly — but there was just the rub. He did n't know what in the world to do. He had done all that he knew how to do when he came to the City of the Sea.



"YAMOUD DRANK IT AFTER THE ARAB FASHION."

He was there. He had accomplished so much, and he had not another plan or idea. He knew that his mother would be where Abu'l Hasham was, and that the only way to look for her was to find Abu'l Hasham. He was sure that they were both in the city, and that he was in the city; but the city was a very different place from what he had supposed. It was not at all like the town about the khan, where one could stand at one gate and see everything clear to the other gate, and in ten minutes find any one who was inside the walls.

The great graystone walls of the houses rose

so close on either side of the alley that he could almost touch the two at once. They rose so high that the sun never found its way down to the pavement, which was damp and cold and slimy—so different from his desert sand.

It was the first time in his life that he had ever been in a city, but Yamoud walked on and on without noticing anything, only trying to think what he could do and do quickly.

A water-carrier brushed past him, in the narrow alley, almost knocking him down with a rude bump from the dripping water-skin slung over one shoulder,—for the alley was hardly wide enough for a boy and a goatskin full of water to pass, especially if the goatskin was not obliging enough to turn out a little. Yamoud looked around indignantly at the carrier, who was hooded and cloaked in rags, with bare feet, bare arms, and bare legs; but on second thought the boy was more attracted by the dripping water-skin.

In a caravan water is the most precious commodity, and as Yamoud had depended upon charity for everything, he had never asked for water when he could help it; which meant not more than twice in twenty-four hours, notwithstanding the parching, burning sun and sand.

The patient endurance of thirst is a faculty marvelously developed in every desert Arab, and to admit of weakness in this is almost as bad as being a coward. But the sight of the water-skin reminded Yamoud that he had reached a city, and that one of the chief things which the children of the desert were taught was that there was no end of water there. It made him realize that he was very thirsty, and he called after the carrier to give him a drink.

He was sure that the man heard him, but he hurried on without paying the least attention. The great desert code of hospitality was outraged by such an act. Yamoud's blood rose, and he called again, indignantly, and started and ran after the man, catching him, at last, by his ragged girdle, an act which a Mussulman would hardly dare to disregard,—if any one was looking on, at least,—and repeated in a shrill, angry voice:

"Water! Water! In the name of Allah give me water!"

With a savage grunt the carrier stopped, filled a gourd with water, and handed it to

Yamoud who drank it after the Arab fashion, throwing back his head, opening his mouth and pouring the water into it from the gourd held almost as high as he could reach.

In this position his eyes looked up under the *effie*, or head-dress, that was pulled well down over the water-carrier's face, and rested on a scar—the scar which he saw in the desert khan as he looked up into the face of the Moor who was purchasing his mother's fruit.

Even then, with the ever-ready self-control

snatched from his hand, and saw the carrier hurry on.

For a moment little Yamoud stood there, motionless and dumb. Could any child of the desert have stood all alone looking into the face of Abu'l Hasham without terror? In a moment, however, he had gathered himself together enough, at least, to realize that in the disguise of a water-carrier the Terror of the Desert was stealing through those narrow alleys intending to make his escape from the city.



"SHE LIFTED HIM TO HER SHOULDER, WHILE THEY HAILED HIM THE HERO OF THE DESERT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of his nation, the little fellow did not so much as stop drinking lest he should betray something. He finished his drink, whispered the Mohammedan form of thanksgiving, not to the carrier but to Allah, for water, felt the gourd

So far as the notices were concerned they were no affair of Yamoud's. The only importance they had to him was in the thought that they would frighten Abu'l Hasham away. Now they had frightened him, and he was going. For the officers who wanted to capture Hasham, and for the reward they offered for his betrayal, Yamoud cared nothing at all. Instinctive opposition to the white race would have led him, as it would have led any of his people, to aid the man's escape. But Abu'l Hasham must not escape—not till Yamoud had found his mother. If the boy lost sight of him he would escape. He must not lose sight of the water-carrier.

Only this one thought possessed Yamoud, and, frightened as he was, he fastened two bright eyes on the retreating figure and hurried to get nearer to it.

The man walked rapidly on, and Yamoud more than once thought that a sudden turn had hidden him forever. As they twisted about through the alleys it began to appear to Yamoud how utterly helpless he was. A dozen times he thought he had lost the man, and when the carrier came in sight again what good did it do? What good could it ever do? The man would surely escape him in the end—and even if he did not escape, what was Yamoud accomplishing?

While he was dodging along, filled with these troubled thoughts, with his eyes fixed on the figure of the Moor, he ran straight into one of the officers who had been standing by the notice at the gate. The officer shook him off, roughly enough, but an idea came suddenly to Yamoud. He knew that those two men wanted to capture Abu'l Hasham, and that they, at least, were strong enough to keep him from running away. He wondered he had not thought of that before.

He could not speak a word of anything but Arabic, but catching the arm that was shaking him he spoke one word which both officers understood. It was "Hasham!"

Then breaking away he started on a run down the alley, for the water-carrier was losing no time, and Yamoud did not propose to lose him, whether the officers would understand and help or not.

Fortunately they did understand and followed him and in a short time the water-carrier was a prisoner, bound and chained, fully identified as Abu'l Hasham and waiting trial for his crimes. And Yamoud was carried in great triumph to the highest authorities as the boy who had won the reward.

They counted out more gold than the entire value of Muthah and the town about the khan combined, and told Yamoud that it was his.

He only looked at it a moment and then shook his head as he turned away.

"I don't want it," he said to the Arab interpreter. "I did n't come out of the desert for gold. I came for my mother, who was stolen in the night and brought here yesterday by Abu'l Hasham, with his caravan of slaves. I want him to tell me where he has left the slaves he stole, and then you can let him go. I don't want the gold."

If they had questioned Yamoud outright they would never have learned all this, for it would not have been natural for him to answer; but his little heart was about ready to break when he found that all he had accomplished was to put Abu'l Hasham further out of his reach than ever, and so he told his sad plight before he thought.

It was most important news to the officers. It was at the time when the combined nations were exerting their utmost strength to put down the slave-trade, and the discovery that a great caravan of slaves had been brought in only the day before was almost as important as the capture of Abu'l Hasham himself.

They were not long in discovering the slaves, and in arresting those in charge of them who had not already run away. Then Yamoud was taken in among the captives to find his mother and the rest of the people of Muthah, and to tell them they were free.

Oh, how they shouted for him when they heard it all and knew who had done it! How Umda clasped her son to her breast; and then she had to lift him to her shoulder and hold him where they all could see, while they hailed him the Hero of the Desert! And the money he had earned he gave to fitting out a caravan to take all of the captives back again, over the mountains, to their desert homes.

That the story is true any one will testify who has ever camped for a day at a desert khan along the trail between Algiers and Timbuctoo, and heard the tale they are always telling of the boy who was made the chief of Muthah before he could lift a lance, and whose name was Yamoud ebno'l Ahmad.



THREE DOGS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.



It was Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, I think who spoke in sincere sympathy of the man who "led a dog-less life." It was Mr. "Josh Billings," I know, who said that in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy, to wit: the wag of a dog's tail. And it was Professor John C. Van Dyke who declared the other day, in reviewing the artistic career of Landseer, that he made his dogs too human. It was the great Creator himself who made dogs too human—so human that sometimes they put humanity to shame.

I have been the friend and confidant of three dogs, who helped to humanize me for the space of a quarter of a century, and who had souls to be saved, I am sure; and when I cross the Stygian river, I expect to find on the other shore a trio of dogs wagging their tails almost off in their joy at my coming, and with honest tongues hanging out to lick my hands and my feet. And then I am going, with these faithful, devoted dogs at my heels, to talk dogs over with Dr. John Brown, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Josh Billings.

My first dog, "Whiskie," was an alleged Skye terrier, coming, alas! from a clouded, not a

clear, sky. He had the most beautiful and the most perfect head I ever saw on a dog, but his legs were altogether too long; and the rest of him was—just dog. He came into the family in 1867 or 1868. He was, at the beginning, not popular with the seniors; but he was so honest, so ingenuous, so "square," that he made himself irresistible, and he soon became even dearer to my father and my mother than he was to me. Whiskie, I am sorry to say, was not an amiable character, except to his own people. He hated everybody else, he barked at everybody else, and sometimes he bit everybody else—friends of the household as well as the butcher-boys, the baker-boys, and the borrowers of money who came to the door. He had no discrimination in his likes and dislikes, and naturally he was not popular, except among his own people. He hated all cats but his own cat, by whom he was bullied in a most outrageous way. Whiskie had the sense of shame and the sense of humor.

One warm summer evening, we were all sitting on the front steps, after a refreshing shower of rain, when Whiskie saw a cat in the street, picking its dainty way among the little puddles of water. With a muttered curse, he dashed after the cat without discovering, until within a few feet of it, that it was the cat who belonged to him. He tried to stop himself in his impetuous career, put on all his brakes, literally skimming along the street railway-track as if he was out simply for a slide, passing the cat, who

gave him a half-contemptuous, half-pitying look, and then, after inspecting the sky to see if the rain was really over and how the wind was, he came back to his place between my father and myself as if it was all a matter of course and of every-day occurrence. But he knew we were laughing at him; and if ever a dog felt sheepish, and looked sheepish—if ever a dog said,

before during our frequent journeyings about the world, the entire establishment being kept running purely on his account. Usually he did not mind the solitude; he was well taken care of in our absence, and he felt that we were coming back some day. This time he knew it was different. He would not be consoled. He wandered listlessly and uselessly about the house; into my mother's room, into my room; and one morning he was found in a dark closet, where he had never gone before, dead—of a broken heart.

He had only a stump of a tail, but he will wag it—when next I see him.

The second dog was "Punch,"—a perfect, thoroughbred Dandie Dinmont, and the most intelligent, if not the most affectionate, of the lot. Punch and I kept house together for a year or two, and alone. He was my only companion. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, Punch was in evidence. He came to the door to see me safely off; he was sniffing at the inside of the door the moment my key was heard in the latch, no matter how late at night; and



"WHISKIE."

"What an idiot I've made of myself!" Whiskie was that dog.

Whiskie was fourteen or fifteen years of age in 1882, when my mother went to join my father, and I was taken to Spain by a good aunt and cousins. Whiskie was left at home to keep house with the two old servants who had known him all his life, and were in perfect sympathy with him. He had often been left alone

so long as there was light enough he watched for me out of the window. Punch, too, had a cat—a son, or a grandson, of Whiskie's cat. Punch's favorite seat was a chair in the front basement. Here, for hours, he would look out at the passers-by—indulging in the study of man, the proper study of his kind. The chair was what is known as "cane-bottomed," and through its perforations the cat was fond of



"PUNCH."

tickling Punch, as he sat. When Punch felt that the joke had been carried far enough, he would rise in his wrath, chase the cat out into the kitchen, around the back yard, into the kitchen again, and then, perhaps, have it out with the cat under the sink—without the loss of a hair, the use of a claw, or an angry spit or snarl. Punch and the cat slept together, and dined together, in utter harmony; and I have often gone up to my own bed, after a solitary cigar, and left them purring and snoring in each other's arms. They assisted at each other's toilets, washed each other's faces, and once, when I asked Mary Cook what was the matter

with Punch's eye, she said: "I *think*, sir, that the cat must have put her finger in it, when she combed his bang." Punch loved everybody. He seldom barked; he never bit; he cared nothing for clothes, or style, or for social station. He was just as cordial to the beggar as he would have been to a king; and I have often thought that if thieves came to break in and steal, Punch, in his unfailing, hospitable amiability, would have escorted them through the house, and shown them where the treasures were kept. All the children were fond of Punch, who accepted mauling as did no dog before. I could carry him up-stairs by the tail, without a murmur of anything but satisfaction on his part; and one favorite performance of ours was an amateur representation of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," Punch being all the animals; I, of course, be-



"MOB" AND HIS MASTER.

ing the Prophet himself. The struggle for mastery was something awful. I seemed to be torn limb from limb, Punch roaring like a thousand lions, and treating me as tenderly as if I were a sucking dove. This entertainment — whenever I had young people at the house — was of nightly occurrence, and always repeatedly encored. Punch, however, never cared to play Lion to the Daniel of anybody else.

One of Punch's expressions of poetic affection is still preserved by a little girl who is now grown up, and has little girls of her own. It was attached to a Christmas gift, a locket containing a scrap of blue-gray wool. And here it is:

Punch Hutton is ready to vow and declare
That his friend Milly Barrett's a brick.
He begs she'll accept of this lock of his hair,
And he sends her his love — and a lick.

Punch died very suddenly; poisoned, I am afraid, by somebody whom he never injured. He never injured a living soul! And when Mary Cook dug a hole, by the side of Whiskie's grave, one raw afternoon, and put Punch in it, I am not ashamed to say that I shut myself in my own room, threw myself on my bed, and cried as I have not cried since they took my mother away from me.

We went abroad for a year's stay after Punch died, and rented our house to good people, whom I have never forgiven for one thing. They buried a dog of their own in my family plot in the back yard, and under the ailantus-tree which shades the graves of my cats and my dogs; and I feel that they have profaned the hallowed spot.

"Mop" was the third and the last of the trio of dogs, and he came to me like the Quality of Mercy. A day or two after the death of Punch, and while I was still unreconciled to my loss, I chanced to dine with a friend who noticed the trappings and the suits of woe which I wore in my face, and asked the cause. He had in his stable a Dandie, the very counterpart of Punch, whom he had not seen, or thought of, for a month at least. Would I like to look at him? I would like to look at any dog who looked like the companion who had been taken from me; and a call through a speaking-tube brought into the room, head over heels, with

all the wild impetuosity of his race, Punch personified, his ghost embodied, his twin brother. The same long, lithe body, the same short legs (the fore legs shaped like a capital S), the same short tail, the same hair dragging the ground, the same beautiful head, the same wistful, expressive eye, the same cool, insinuating nose. The new-comer raced around the table, passing his master unnoticed, and not a word was spoken. Then this Dandie cut a sort of double pigeon-wing, gave a short bark, put his crooked, dirty little feet on my knees, insinuated his cool and expressive nose into my unresisting hand, and wagged his stump of a tail with all his loving might. It was the longed-for touch of a vanished paw, the lick of a tongue that was still. He was unkempt, uncombed, uncared for, but he was another Punch, and he knew *me*. If that was my dog he would not live forgotten in a stable: he would take the place in the society to which his birth and his evident breeding entitled him, was my remark, and Mop regretfully went back to his stall.

The next morning, early, he came into my study, combed, kempt, cared-for, to a superlative degree; with a note in his mouth signifying that his name was Mop and that he was mine. He was mine and I was his, as long as he lived: some ten happy years for both of us. Without Punch's phenomenal intelligence he had many of Punch's ways, and all of Punch's trust and affection; and, like Punch, he was never so superlatively happy as when he was roughly mauled and pulled about by his tail. When by chance he was shut out in the back yard, he knocked with his tail on the door; he squirmed his way into the heart of Mary Cook in the first ten minutes, and in half an hour he was on terms of the most affectionate friendship with Punch's cat.

Mop had absolutely no sense of fear or of animal proportions. As a catter he was never equaled, and he has been known to attack dogs seven times as big as himself. He learned nothing by experience: he never knew when he was thrashed. The butcher's dog at Onteora whipped, and bit, and chewed him into semi-helpless unconsciousness three times a week for four months, one summer; and yet Mop, half paralyzed, bandaged, soaked in

Pond's Extract, unable to hold up his head to respond to the greetings of his own family, speechless for hours, was up and about and ready for another fray and another chewing the moment the butcher's dog, unseen, unscented by the rest of the household, appeared over the brow of the hill.

The only creature by whom Mop was ever really overcome was a black-and-white, common, every-day, garden skunk. He treed this unexpected visitor on the wood-pile one famous moonlight night in Onteora. And he acknowledged his defeat at once, and like a man. He realized fully his unsavory condition. He retired to a far corner of the small estate, and for a week, prompted only by his own instinct, he kept to the leeward of Onteora society.

To go back a little. Mop was the first person who was told of my engagement, and he was the first to greet the wife when she came home, a bride, to his own house. He had been made to understand, from the beginning, that she did not like dogs—in general. And he set himself out to please, and to overcome the unspoken antagonism. He had a delicate part to play, and he played it with a delicacy and a tact which rarely have been equaled. He did not assert himself; he kept himself in the background; he said little; his approaches at first were slight and almost imperceptible, but he was always ready to do, or to help, in an unaggressive way. He followed her about the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and he looked and waited. Then he began to sit on the train of her gown; to stand as close to her as was fit and proper; once in a while to jump upon the sofa beside her, or into the easy-chair behind her, winking at me, from time to time, in his quiet way.

And at last he was successful. One dreary winter, when he suffered terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, he found his mistress making a bed for him by the kitchen fire, getting up in the middle of the night to go down to look after him, when he uttered in pain the cries he could not help. And when a bottle of very rare old brandy, kept by me for some extraordinary occasion of festivity, was missing, I was informed that it had been used in rubbing Mop!

Mop's personal history I never learned. Told once that he was the purest Dandie in

America, and asked his pedigree, I was moved to look into the matter of his family tree. It seems that a certain sea-captain was commissioned to bring back to this country the best Dandie to be had in all Scotland. He sent his quartermaster to find him, and the quartermaster found Mop under a private carriage, in Argyle street, Glasgow, and brought him on board. That is Mop's pedigree.

Mop died of old age and of a complication of diseases, in the spring of 1892. He lost his hair, he lost his teeth, he lost everything but his indomitable spirit; and when almost on the brink of the grave, he stood in the back yard for eight hours in a March snow-storm, motionless, and watching a great black cat on the fence, whom he hypnotized, and who finally came down to be killed. The cat weighed more than Mop did, and was very gamy. And the encounter nearly cost me a lawsuit.

This was Mop's last public appearance. He retired to his couch before the kitchen range, and gradually and slowly he faded away before our eyes; amiable, unrepining, devoted to the end. A consultation of doctors showed us that his case was hopeless, and Mop was condemned to be carried off to be killed humanely by the society founded by Mr. Bergh, where without cruelty they end the sufferings of animals. Mop had not left his couch for weeks. I spoke to him about it, with tears in my eyes, one night. I said: "To-morrow must end it, old friend. 'T is for your sake and your relief. It almost breaks my heart, old friend. But there is another and a better world—even for dogs, old friend. And for old acquaintance' sake, and for old friendship's sake, I must have you sent on ahead of me, old friend."

The next morning, when I came down to breakfast, there by the empty chair sat Mop. How he got himself up the stairs nobody knows. But there he was, and the society which a good man founded saw not Mop that day.

The end came soon afterward. And Mop has gone on to join Whiskie and Punch in their waiting for me. How they can agree with one another I do not know; they never agreed with any dogs in this world. But that they *are* waiting together, all three of them, for me, and in harmony, I am perfectly sure.

THE PRIZE CUP

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



FRED MELVERTON LEAVES GID KETTERELL IN POSSESSION.

CHAPTER I.

GID KETTERELL'S CHARGE.

ON the outskirts of the village a little brook came gurgling down from the hills, gossiping among boulders and loitering in pools, light-stepping and blithe as a school-girl. It lingered a long while under a cool bridge, where its sandy channel was crossed by the village street, then went tripping and singing onward to the river, less than a quarter of a mile away.

Just above the bridge and a little back from

the street, with only the brook and its shady banks between them, were two as pleasant rural homes as you will find anywhere in a day's drive among New England suburbs. The one on the left (as you looked over at them from the bridge) was the old parsonage: a plain three-gabled white house, with a broad porch, a pretty garden of shrubbery and fruit-trees, a grassy front yard, and a background of wooded hillsides. This had been the home of the best beloved minister the parish had ever had, until his death two or three years before; it was still occupied by his widow, Mrs. Lisle, and their

three children, and the present minister, a young bachelor, boarded with her.

The residence on the right (you are still looking from the bridge) was more modern and much more pretentious. It was painted in soft contrasting buff and brown colors; it had imposing piazzas, bay windows and turrets, and large plate-glass panes, through which, when the Melvertons were at home and the house was open, you had charming glimpses of rich draperies.

But it was often closed in summer. Why anybody should wish to leave so lovely a country-home in the loveliest season of the year, was a mystery to many people. But Mrs. Melverton (she also was a widow) thought a change desirable for her children and especially for herself; and punctually on the fifth day of July of every year (the boys stayed for the boat-races on the Fourth) the house was shut up, and the family went off to spend a few weeks at the seaside.

Again this year, on the forenoon of the fifth, a wagon-load of family trunks was sent off early to be forwarded by rail, accompanied by the second son and two servants, who were to open the seaside cottage. Mrs. Melverton departed soon after, in her own carriage with the younger children, while Fred, the oldest son, was left to lock up the house and follow on his bicycle.

Fred had gone through the upper chambers, and at last stood before the sideboard in the dining-room, looking intently at a gold-lined silver goblet held in his hand: a beautiful prize which he had won in a race on the river the day before. It bore an engraved inscription commemorating the event, with a blank left for the insertion of the winner's name.

"I ought to have had this sent to the engraver's, after bringing it home to show to the family," he said to himself; "or I should have packed it for the beach. I don't like to take it on my 'safety' for an eighteen-mile run." Perceiving a movement behind him, he turned and saw a boy, about sixteen years old, standing in the open door that led into the back entry. This was Gideon Ketterell (commonly called Gid), who was to be left in charge of the house, and to whom the young

master had been giving instructions as to the care of it. Fred had not intended to exhibit the cup, and he was about to slip it quietly out of sight, when, reflecting that Gideon had probably noticed it in his hand, he concluded it would be better to take the boy a little into his confidence.

"Have you seen this, Gid?" he asked, holding it up in the light that came through the lace draperies of a window the blinds of which were still open.

"I saw it when it was presented on the boat-house float yesterday," the boy replied, approaching, as it was extended for his inspection. "The fellows all envied you then, I tell you!" he exclaimed, with a grin of bashful admiration. "Splendid, ain't it?"

"It will do," said young Melverton, with quiet satisfaction. "You can go now. I'll meet you outside."

He did not care to be seen locking the cup in the sideboard drawer. Yet the boy might have observed what was done with it if he had had the curiosity to turn in the dim entry, and look back through the half-open door. That Gid Ketterell was not altogether lacking in that very human trait will be shown in the course of our story.

The young master presently went out by the front door, taking the key with him, while Gid made his exit by a rear door, walked around the house, and met him at the foot of the piazza steps.

"Well, Gideon," Fred Melverton said, standing beside his shining wheel,—a fine, athletic figure, in his dark-gray bicycle cap and suit,— "you have your key, and I have mine, and now I am off. You think you understand everything I have told you?"

"I guess so," Gideon replied earnestly.

In a few minutes he would be left in a position of responsibility and advantage to which he had looked forward with anxious joy and pride; and now, at the last moment, he felt his heart beat with repressed excitement.

He had a good-natured face, a short nose with uptilted nostrils, a weak nether lip, and slouching manners,—all in singular contrast with the clear-cut features and resolute mien of the trim young prize-winner who stood before him.

"—If I don't forget," the boy added, feeling the other's keen blue eyes upon him.

"You *must n't* forget. One thing particularly. You 're a good boy, Gideon, as your mother says, if you only keep free from bad influences. There 's a certain class of boys that must n't come about this place while you are here. I don't mean such boys as Tracy Lisle; the more you see of young fellows like him the better."

"But he does n't care to see much of me," said Gideon, with a sheepish hanging of the head.

"I 'm afraid that 's more your fault than his," Fred Melverton replied. "It is because you see too much of the other class of boys. I mean those that take Oscar Ordway for a leader. Oscar, especially, you are to steer clear of. Have nothing whatever to say to him if he comes about the place. I suppose it is hardly necessary I should charge you to let nobody into the house unless he brings an order from my mother or me."

"Of course I should know enough for that," Gideon replied, with a foggy sort of smile playing about his irresolute mouth.

"Of course!" the young proprietor repeated. "Good-by!"

And, with a farewell wave of the hand, he remounted his wheel, and sped swiftly away. The boy's face brightened.

"I 'm master now," he said aloud; "and I 've got a snap!"

CHAPTER II.

GIDEON AT HOME.

HE said that to himself two or three times on his way home to dinner, he said it to boys he met in the village, and he said it to his mother, whom he found hanging clothes on a line in the back-yard.

His father also overheard the remark as he sat on a bench by the shed door, smoking his pipe, with his feet on a box; but it was n't meant for him. "Old man Ketterell" did n't count for much in his own household.

The mother was a woman-of-all-work who was very favorably regarded in the village for her excellent washing and ironing and scrubbing, for her stout frame and her equally stout

integrity, and for her tireless energy in supporting her family of four children, as well as the husband and father, who (as she herself declared, from bitter knowledge of the fact) was "too shif'less to breathe." She was of Irish parentage; and it was thought that Ketterell, who came of a good American family, sunk pretty low in the social scale when he married her. But now people wondered how low he would have sunk if she had n't (so to speak) kept his nose above water.

He got the nickname of "old man" Ketterell before he was forty, by which time he had contentedly settled down into a state of shameless dependence upon her industry. He was always "waiting for a job"; while for her jobs were always waiting—sometimes weeks ahead. She had red arms, greenish eyes, and tawny hair combed straight back over her head and down her neck.

The greenish eyes gave Gideon a contemptuous flash as he came bragging into the yard.

"A snap, is it?" she cried, stooping for a clothes-pin. "That 's your notion of exerting yourself to gain an honest living, as it has been your father's notion before you!"

Old man Ketterell took his pipe from his mouth with a scowling grimace, as if minded to answer the taunt, but merely changed the position of his legs on the box, sighed resignedly, and put his pipe back again. Mrs. Ketterell usually governed her domestic realm with exemplary patience and benevolence; but when there were signs of these fine qualities becoming overstrained, it was the part of wisdom (as the easy-going old man used to say) "to stand from under."

"A mighty poor notion it is!" she went on, pinning a wet garment to the sagging line, "—the worst possible way to take advantage of a chance that has come to you as this one has. Hold up that pail of clo'es-pins for me, will you? Don't be so tender of your own precious back, when you see me tugging and straining as I am now."

Gideon obeyed meekly.

"You are to have five dollars a week, without an employer's eyes to keep ye straight," she continued. "You can do much, or you can do little, according to your conscience:

make an honest job of it, earn your wages, and be gaining a good character into the bargain; or you can make a snap of it, slight your work, and begin investing your youth in the rotten bank your father has been putting his capital into all his life, with the results you know."

Gideon cast a glance over the pan of clothes-pins in the direction of his easy-going parent, who, I regret to say, gave him an indulgent wink.

"But let me tell you one thing most emphatically!" she added, standing with a wet and wrinkled skirt half unfolded on her hands. "If you misbehave in the matters the Melvertons have intrusted you with, out of the pure kindness of their hearts, and their respect for your hard-working parent—everybody knows which parent that is!—if you fool away your chance, or come out of it with a bad name, I promise you such a whaling as you have n't enjoyed the blessing of for many a day!"

Gideon looked hard at the clothes-pins, and waited for the squall to blow over. She resumed:

"I'm minded to administer it to you now, at the outset, to make sure of your excellent conduct. There's nothing under the broad canopy so wholesome and improving to you as a smart walloping. It corrects your bad tendencies, and just fills you up with goodness for a month or two. It's a sort of discipline that would work well, too, in another case I might mention; for I can see him nodding and winking at you now, through his everlasting pipe smoke!"

Old man Ketterell stopped signaling instantly, and looked discreetly serious; there being perhaps some grounds for the popular belief that the strong-armed washerwoman could handle her husband as a cat tosses a mouse, and that she had been known to do it at times of extreme provocation.

"What do you say for yourself—you son of your father, every inch of you?" she demanded, poisoning the last of the clothes-pins.

"Of course I'm going to do my best," said Gideon, as if he meant it; and no doubt he did mean it sincerely at the moment, with the green fire of his mother's menacing eyes flashing down upon him.

Her manner changed in an instant; the stern features softened.

"That's what I've been waiting for you to say; and now if you'll pledge yourself to keep that good resolution, you may come in to dinner; for I see Lucy has got the potatoes on the table. The deserving and the undeserving will sit down together," she added, with a grim look at her husband.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOY WITH THE LAWN-SPRINKLER.

THE Melverton house had been closed three days, or opened only to let in air and sunshine in fine weather, according to the instructions Mr. Fred had given the boy who was left in charge. It was fine weather on the eighth,—almost too fine,—for the early part of July that year was dry. The place that morning presented a pleasing picture; the brook plashed in the little ravine, under the rhododendrons that bordered it on the Melverton side; the jets of a fountain on the edge of the lawn glittered in the sun; birds flitted about among the firs and larches and fruit-trees; and a single human figure added life to the scene.

This was a coatless boy, in a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a pair of dark suspenders forming a large letter X on the back of his shirt—a homely boy with a short nose, uptilted at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and a loose under lip—in short, the boy we know. Not so handsome as some boys you may have seen; yet it must be owned that he gave a very pretty effect to the landscape, standing there on the edge of the lawn, before the banks of flower-beds in front of the house, holding the end of a hose which stretched its wavy length away across the green grass and graveled walk, like a preposterously long and slim black snake.

The head of the snake in the boy's hand was a lawn-sprinkler, which gave it a prodigious crest of silver spray, out-glittering the fountain itself, forming, indeed, a sort of movable fountain, that danced about on the lawn, and among the flowers and shrubs, at the boy's own sweet will.

He seemed to find pleasure in his task, if

ever a boy did. He sent the showers wherever his fancy led, now on the flower-beds, and now on the lawn, even occasionally on the fountain itself, to watch the curiously mingling jets; watering a good deal in the most convenient places, and neglecting too much some that could n't be reached without more effort than he cared to put forth. Sometimes he amused himself by making rainbow flashes in the spray, tossing it in the sunshine, regardless where it fell, even when it came down upon his own head. And all the while he indulged his boyish dreams.

He dreamed, for one thing, that the hose was long enough so that he could carry his sprinkler to the river, and make a mimic rain that might delude the fish into biting, as they are thought to do on wet days better than in fine weather.

He also dreamed that he was no longer the son of old man Ketterell and the village washerwoman, but one of the Melverton boys, and that this fine estate was his rightful home.

He would have liked very well to be Fred or Frank Melverton for a little while, but perhaps not all the time. He would have liked their guns and their bicycles, and some of their money to spend (or rather a good deal of it), and, instead of having them "boss" him, he would have much preferred to boss them. But as to the rest—the hard studying (Fred was in the Institute of Technology, and Frank was preparing for Harvard), the cultivated manners, and the kind of company they kept—he was n't at all sure but that he might just as well remain Gid Ketterell, with his own boy life unbothered by books, and with his own free-and-easy companions.

Steady occupation, or restraint of any sort, did not suit his constitution. But he now had a job about as much to his mind as anything in the way of employment could well be. He had been at it three days, and had n't got sick of it yet. Besides having a general care of the house, and watering the garden, he was to feed the cat and the chickens, run the lawnmower, and keep the flower-beds free from weeds, with other light duties usually performed by the coachman, now absent with

the family. Gid had not yet got so far as hoeing and pulling weeds, which, being the most disagreeable of his tasks, he naturally postponed as long as possible.

Having sprinkled some things that needed water, and several others that did n't, he was not the kind of boy to miss a chance of giving the cat a shower-bath. Puss darted away, shaking herself, to his immense delight.

"It did n't take her long to get her money's worth!" was his comment on this pleasant incident.

He bethought him next to look into the trees for a bird's nest, which could n't escape so easily. A nest of young birds with a pair of distressed old ones hovering and chirping about to defend them, would have been especially inviting. He found only a purple finch's nest, from which the young finches had fortunately flown; he was showering that, and imagining what sport it would be if the little half-fledged bodies were still there to receive the drenching (though Gid was not an exceptionally bad-hearted boy), when a chance for livelier mischief presented itself.

"There 's Midget!" he said to himself, turning his back, and pretending not to notice a child straying up through the shrubbery from the brookside. "I 'll give him Hail Columby!"

CHAPTER IV.

MIDGET AND HIS CHAMPION.

HE was a little fellow, not more than five or six years old, and small for his years. He wore a short frock like a girl's, that showed beneath it his bare brown legs and feet; he was bareheaded, and he had fine flaxen hair, the light locks of which strayed over his tanned face as the bushes brushed it, or the wind blew.

It was as bright and happy a face at that moment as the morning sun shone upon. Yet there was something strange about it, you could hardly have told what: there was something strange in all the looks and movements of this wandering elf. If he had been the only being in the world, he could n't have seemed more lonely or more deeply absorbed in his own little life. He drew down the drooping rhodo-

dendron branches as if he loved them, and held the glossy leaves to his cheeks and lips. And when he came to the flower-beds, he clasped his tiny hands as he bent over the blooms in mute rapture, touching and smelling.

He did not hear Gideon Ketterell, who came up behind him; he did not even hear the pattering of the hose-shower on the borders and walks. Alas! for more than three years those little ears had never heard a sound, neither the songs of birds nor the falling of the summer rain, nor the voice of any other child, of brother or sister, nor the words of endearment his mother bestowed upon him all the more passionately for his sad bereavement. He had forgotten to prattle, or even to call her by the dearest of all names.

His mother was the Widow Lisle, whose home was across the brook. This was her youngest child, Laurence, pet-named Laurie, but oftenest called Midget on account of his odd ways, small size, and restless and sometimes mischievous activity. He was an object of love and wonder and pity to almost everybody, only a few of the rudest boys making fun of his infirmity. Gid, I regret to record, was one of these.

Midget had plucked a sprig of heliotrope, and was holding it to his face in an ecstasy of pleasure, when Gid, who had been watching for a favorable moment, turned the hose full upon him. In a moment the child was completely drenched. But the result was n't just what Gideon had anticipated. Midget did not run away as the cat did; he did not scream—the hapless child had long since lost the power to scream. He turned, and with the water dripping from his hair and face and arms, gave Gid a look of such astonishment and distress, that it must have touched even that careless nature, for Gid immediately pointed the sprinkler away.

"You should n't be picking the flowers. I am here to take care of 'em," Gid said, by way of excusing himself to himself, rather than to the child, who could n't hear.

Having winked the water from his eyes, the child kept them fixed on Gid with an intense frowning gaze, full of unutterable grief and reproach, marvelous in one so young, at the

same time backing slowly away as from an object of dread. So he reached the rhododendrons, into which he darted and disappeared.

"What did the little imp look at me that way for?" Gid muttered, with an uncomfortable feeling, as he began to reflect seriously on what he had done. "The wetting won't do him any harm, though his mother may n't see it in that light. Anyhow, he won't come in here again very soon."

Gid was mistaken, however, about that. He was watering the flower-beds profusely, and trying to forget the unpleasant incident, when a rustling of the rhododendrons and a sound of footsteps attracted his attention; and there, emerging from the bushes, was Midget, dragging forward by the coat-skirt a boy of about Gid's own age and size.

It was Tracy Lisle, the little deaf-mute's elder brother.

"Hello, Trace!" said Gideon carelessly, as he proceeded with his sprinkling.

Master Lisle advanced with stern looks and determined steps to the graveled walk where Gid stood. He wore a somewhat soiled suit of gray, and a soft felt hat with the rim turned up in front, giving him a somewhat aggressive aspect, and he walked straight up to Master Ketterell. His blue eyes sparkled, and his naturally ruddy face had a flush of excitement in it, as he demanded:

"Gid Ketterell, what did you wet my little brother for?"

"Oh, him?" Gid replied, with a laugh. "I was watering when he came in the way of my sprinkler. That 's all there is about that."

"Gid Ketterell," the older brother replied, "if every true word you speak was a bushel of cherries on that tree, there would n't be enough to climb for. He got his wetting in a different way."

"How do you know?" Gid retorted, with sullen defiance.

"He says so."

"Says so? I never knew the little monkey could speak." And Gid giggled.

"Little monkey?—call my brother little monkey?" Tracy cried out, in blazing indignation.

"You must n't dispute my word then," said Gid, starting back in a belligerent attitude,

and pointing his hose aside. "Need n't double your fist and look so savage! Don't you strike me, Trace Lisle!"

"I 've no notion of striking you, much as you deserve it," Tracy replied. "My fist doubled itself, as any honest fist would, knowing what you 've done, and then hearing you deny it, and call him such a name as that; a child that can't even speak in self-defense!"

"Oh! I thought he *could* speak!" Gid jeered, still watering his flowers, while he stood ready to dodge a blow.

"He can't speak a word, and you know it. For all that, he can tell more truth in half a minute than you are apt to tell in all day. He ran home and told just how he got his drenching. Now he 'll tell you."

So saying, Tracy made a gesture to the child, who stood watching the disputants as eagerly and as intelligently as if he had understood every word. A brief communication by signs passed between the brothers; Midget ran to the edge of the flower-bed, pretended to pick a sprig of heliotrope and hold it to his nose, and then suddenly to feel the shower from Gid's sprinkler splash over him; acting the little pantomime with an amusing liveliness at which Gid had to laugh.

"He did n't come in the way of your sprinkler; the sprinkler came in his way," said Tracy.

"I guess that 's about the size of it," Gid answered. "He was 'hooking' flowers; I am here to protect the flowers, and I thought I 'd give him a lesson."

"*He* hooking flowers? I 'd like to hear you say that to one of the Melvertons!" Tracy exclaimed. "They encourage him to come in and pick all the flowers he wants. They 're as kind to him as if he was their own child, and they 're always sending bouquets to my mother. The idea of your protecting the flowers from any one of us, and especially from him!" And he made a motion for Midget to help himself to the heliotropes, which the child did, casting up at Gideon a glance of gleeful triumph.

"*You* can take the responsibility," Gid muttered, discomfited and surly. "The Melvertons did n't say anything to *me* about letting neigh-

bors come in and help themselves to things. I supposed I was here to prevent just that."

"Suppose you are," cried Tracy. "They expected you to use some reason and decency in guarding the premises. A good house-dog would do that much."

"Now look here!" broke forth young Ketterell, losing his temper. "I 've heard enough of your insults. Get off these grounds, or I 'll give *you* a soaking; and don't you ever set foot here again as long as I am in charge."

"You won't always be in charge," Tracy retorted scornfully. "You can give me a soaking if you think it will be wise to do so, but you 'll wish you had n't. You don't know the Melvertons so well as I do, and they don't know you. There 'll be an end of your insolence to neighbors and meanness to little children on this place soon as ever they find you out."

And, taking Midget by the hand, he walked off very deliberately, leaving Gideon stifled with feelings he did n't deem it safe to indulge.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE PARSONAGE.

DESCENDING into the cool ravine, Tracy caught the child up in his arms, and was crossing the brook with him, when he met their mother coming down the opposite slope.

"I heard high words," she said, with a look of pain in her gentle face, "and I am so sorry!"

"I 'm sorry, too," said Tracy. "I hate to get into a row, especially with a fellow like Gid Ketterell; but it was just as Laurie told us. He was picking a flower when Gid came up behind and showered him. I let him understand that he did n't own quite all the earth."

At the same time Midget, perched proudly on his brother's shoulder, with one little arm about his neck, held up in the other hand his bunch of heliotropes, as if to show that he had come off triumphant.

With the trees and shrubs of the brookside for a background, they formed a picture that made the mother smile, with moist eyes.

"Well, I hope it is all over," she said, "and that you won't go near him again."

"I sha'n't go near him, be sure! But it is n't all over. The Melvertons shall know how he

treated Laurie," Tracy declared. "The idea of punishing him for picking a flower, where he has always been as free as the birds are, and as welcome!"

"It *is* exasperating," said Mrs. Lisle, as they walked up toward the parsonage. "Gideon did n't consider. But I 've no doubt he is sorry enough now. Don't, my son, think for a moment of reporting him to the Melvertons."

"He deserves it," said Tracy, scowling at the recollection of the wrong. "Why did they ever engage such a fellow to take care of the place?"

"To encourage him, I suppose, and to help his hard-working mother. The Melvertons do a great deal for her, as they do for everybody who needs their help," said Mrs. Lisle; "and no doubt they thought it would be wise to help her in this way."

"It seems to me like encouraging laziness," replied Tracy. "Gid bragged to the boys the other day of his 'snap'; he was to have five dollars a week just for doing—what? I'd like to do all he does, and more, with no pay at all, merely as a return for what the Melvertons are always doing for us. They might know I would. What did they pass by me for, and get a Ketterell boy?—of all boys in this town!" he exclaimed indignantly.

They had reached the porch of the old parsonage, and Mrs. Lisle, seated in a porch-chair, was waiting for the child to bring a dry frock and a comb she had sent him for.

"I'm afraid you are a little jealous, my son," she replied. "If any good can come to one of poor Mrs. Ketterell's family, you should rejoice, as I do."

"If he would only do something to deserve it, and behave himself!" Tracy murmured, seating himself on the porch rail. "That 's all. How cunning he is, is n't he?" gazing intently at the child's forehead, as the hair was combed smoothly away from it. The little hand was still clasping the bunch of flowers.

Midget had returned in a dry frock, which his sister Ida had put on him, and his mother had taken him on her lap.

"The idea of anybody being harsh or mean with him!" exclaimed Tracy. "It makes me want to go right back and give that fellow a well-deserved thrashing!"

"What fellow? How did Laurie get wet?" inquired the sister, a girl of seventeen, with graceful ways, and a complexion like a peach, which contrasted charmingly with her plain house-dress.

She had followed Midget to the porch to learn the particulars of the story he had tried to tell her. Then a man's voice was heard, and Mr. Walworth, the young minister who boarded at the parsonage, mounted the steps. He, too, must know what had happened.

"Laurie has had a little shower-bath; nothing serious," Mrs. Lisle answered pleasantly.

She was willing to let the matter pass so. But Tracy, boy-like, still burning with indignation, poured forth his own version of the adventure.

Mr. Walworth, a slender, quiet young man, stood hat in hand, listening with interest, and watching the combing of the child's hair, then remarked dryly, lifting his eyes to Ida's:

"One might do Gideon a more substantial favor than to let Fred Melverton know of this."

"We won't let him know," said Ida, a warm color mounting to her cheeks. "Midget is none the worse for his little shower-bath. I should be ashamed to trouble the Melvertons with so trifling an affair."

"You are very forgiving," said the young minister, with a smile of admiring approval; for he had noticed how indignant Ida was while listening to the story.

"*I'm* not!" said Tracy, far from pacified. "But Fred sha'n't hear of it from me. Only, Gid Ketterell must keep his hands and his hose-sprinkler off from our Laurie in future."

It was n't long before Midget was playing about the Melverton place again, without paying much heed to Gideon. But Tracy took care not to cross the boundary brook.

CHAPTER VI.

"IT 'S DEAD AGAINST THE RULES."

ON the following Tuesday (we shall have reason to remember the day), Gid Ketterell was fitting his key to the back door of the Melverton house late in the afternoon, when a green apple came skipping along the walk and hit his foot. He turned suddenly, and saw

an unwelcome face smiling through the shrubbery above the grassy bank.

"Look here, Osk Ordway," he said, "there 's no market for green sass on these premises!" And he kicked the apple away.

"Oh, close your candy-trap!" said Osk, good-naturedly, coming over the bank.

He was a strongly built youth, with a bend in his shoulders that threw his head well forward, and gave him an air of peering curiously into things, with a pair of small keen eyes, from under prominent brows. He had a powerful neck, a white throat, and a short, curved nose. There was a humorous quirk to his mouth and he spoke with a sarcastic drawl as he came forward.

"You have n't got the deed of this property yet, Gid. The boys said you seemed to think you had; but I ventured to remark that you would n't play the Grand Mogul with me."

"There 's no Grand Mogul about it," Gid replied; "but I came here on one condition, as I told 'em—that I was n't to have any loafing about the place."

"But that don't apply to me, you know," said Osk, laughing.

"It applies to you particularly," Gid replied; and the two stood looking into each other's eyes, Gid with a weak assumption of authority, Osk with amused insolence.

"How have I gained that honor—me particularly?" Osk drawled.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" Gid asked.

"If you have n't been too long out of practice, and got rusty, give us a sample."

"Here it is, then! I hope you 'll like the quality and send in your order. Fred Melverton says to me, he says, 'You are not to have any loafers around, and I warn you against that Oscar Ordway particularly.' I did n't mean to tell you, and hurt your feelings," Gid continued, "but you forced me to."

"Oh, you don't hurt my feelings in the least. It 's too killing! I knew I should be entertained if I came to look at you on your throne, Gid, but I did n't expect this." Osk seemed choking with laughter. "Don't say another word, or I shall drop. A good smart fly might kick me over!"

"I 'm glad it amuses you," said Gideon, blushing very red.

"Amuses *me*? Why, I 'm thinking how it will tickle the boys! I know they 'll ask why Fred Melverton did n't put *me* in charge, and warn me against *you*, and I 'm bothered if I can tell 'em. But see here, Gid!" Oscar became less savagely ironical. "You and I are too old friends for this. We 've been on too many after-dark watermelon raids and grape-spoiling expeditions together. What are you going to do now?"

Gid could bear anything better than ridicule, and he was glad to escape from Osk's.

"I 've got to shut up the house," he replied. "I 've had the windows open to air it off; now I 'm going to fasten up and go home."

"I thought you 'd be going about this time; hurry up, and I 'll go with you," said Osk.

"All right," Gid replied, glad to get rid of him in that way, "if you don't mind waiting."

"I 'd sooner go in with you than wait outside," Osk said, making a motion to enter with him. "I 'd like to see the inside of this house; they say it 's out of sight."

"It is—out of sight for you!" Gid exclaimed, trying to keep him back.

"Oh, bosh!" Osk said, forcing his way in. "Where 's the harm?"

"If anybody knew!" Gid faltered weakly.

"Anybody ain't going to know," said Osk. He was already inside, peering about with his deep-set eyes, but taking care not to betray too much admiration. "It 's all very fine, as the toad said of the new garden-rake; but I 'd just as lief be in my own comfortable hole. A man can't more than live if you put him into a gold-and-silver house," he added philosophically.

"It 's dead against the rules, letting you in here!" Gid remonstrated, irritated and anxious.

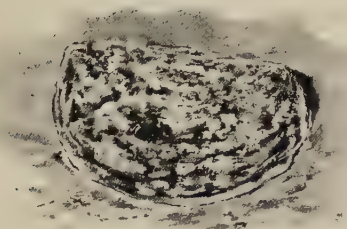
"I understand all that," said Osk, putting him carelessly aside. "By the way, speaking of gold and silver, I 'd give more to see that prize cup Fred won on the Fourth than all these fine fixings. Do you know where it is?"

"If I do," replied Gideon, "it won't do you any good." And he went on closing windows and blinds, followed from room to room by his persistent companion.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

BY HELEN HARCOURT.



"NO ADMITTANCE."

OF all the curious occurrences in this wonderful world, one of the most comical is suddenly to behold a small, circular piece of earth rise at your feet, revealing a round hole, with a black, hairy head protruding therefrom, in a cautious, knowing way. Your surprise keeps you motionless, and so the spider throws wide open the little door, and marches boldly forth. Once, you know,

There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away;

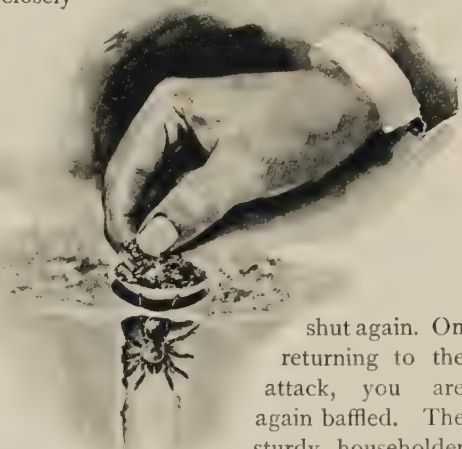
but, in your case, it is your funny little visitor who becomes panic-stricken, and suddenly vanishes into the earth. Then you wonder what it all means, and begin to search for your comical visitor's place of retreat.

But to find it is not an easy task, for so cleverly has the fat little workwoman concealed her gate, that, even after the most careful search, you are unable to detect a single spot where the surface of the soil appears to have been disturbed; so you do the wisest thing in your power—go quietly back to your seat, and remain there in perfect silence. By this time you have rightly suspected your shy visitor to be the trap-door spider, and you also may be aware that the night, which is rapidly approaching, will lure her again from her home in search of her evening meal. When the trap once more shows itself, by being lifted, you understand why you could not find it before. The cunning spider had covered it with moss, so that, when

shut, no trace of it was visible. This time silence is your motto; not a muscle must be stirred; a moment more, and that queer little house will be at your disposal—ah! that was an unlucky sneeze.

Back pops your fat friend, and down goes the door in a flash. Never mind, there is no harm done, after all; for this time you have marked the spot, and can pursue your investigations.

Open the door first, and look into the home that it guards; but how difficult it is to open that door! You succeed in lifting it gently, about an eighth of an inch, just enough to see the tenant hastily hooking her hind legs to the silken lining of the trap, and her fore legs to the sides of the tube itself, and then you are astonished to find the little door jerked from your fingers and closely



A TUG OF WAR.

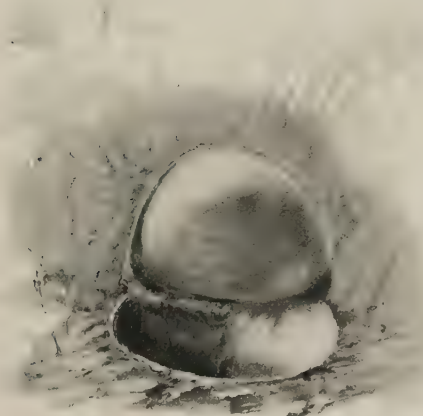
shut again. On returning to the attack, you are again baffled. The sturdy householder defends her premises with a desperate strength; so deter-

mined is her opposition, indeed, that you finally desist, lest the delicate hinge of the lid should be broken in the struggle.

Failing to take her house by storm, you try mining, and carefully set to work to dig away

the earth around the long, cylindrical nest, which you know extends below that funny door. Even this does not drive the spider to desert her home. Actual violence must be employed before this faithful freeholder will yield up her hard-earned burrow. And when she is finally forced to this extremity, your heart fails you, and you almost regret driving the brave little tenant away.

Full of life and activity when she first peered



KEEPING OPEN HOUSE.

out upon you, brave and determined in her defense of her home, the spider is no sooner compelled to desert her post than a total change comes over her. Though herself uninjured, she remains fixed on the spot whence her burrow has been removed, or else moves slowly about, without aim or purpose. Who will say that spiders cannot feel grief?

Before examining more closely into the tubular nest you hold in your hand, observe what a strange-looking architect constructed it. She is a chubby little worker, about an inch and a half in length, and with a large, round abdomen, from which project the spinnerets that manufactured the silken lining of her nest. The legs are short, but strong, and she is armed with a dangerous-looking pair of fangs, so much like those of a crab that the French call her a "crab-spider." She sleeps most of the day, and at night sallies forth on hunting expeditions, from which she never returns unsuccessful. She preys upon all insects, but especially beetles; and down there, in what you might call the cel-

lar, you will be likely to find some remains of this favorite game.

When the loose earth is shaken from the nest, one can see exactly how it is made. When the trap-door spider selects a site for her home (the site is invariably on sloping ground), she first sinks a tunnel—a straight, smooth, circular shaft. This task completed, she next begins a lining, that the earth may not fall in. The outer lining, as you will see, is rough, and of a brownish color; it is laid on in flakes, and is really so stiff and harsh that under other circumstances you would more readily believe it to be the bark of a tree than a web woven by a spider. But there is an inner lining to this outer one, and this is of a wonderfully different texture, being perfectly smooth, and of silky softness; moreover, it is white instead of brown, looking a good deal like unsized paper. If you were to apply a microscope to this lining, you would find that, like the outer one, it is formed of threads twisted together without order or regularity, and of very coarse threads, too,—*coarse* when compared with the webs spun by the majority of spiders. Examining the trap-door, you will find that it is made of the same materials as the tube, only somewhat thicker, and circular in shape. Is it not marvelous how exactly it fits the mouth of the tube, being neither too large nor too small?—and yet, incredible as it may seem, the inner edges of both the tube and the door are beveled, so as to make a certainty of their fitting tightly together. The very shape of this little door is wonderful, too. In the first place, no human workman could have disguised its location more thoroughly, had concealment been the chief object sought; for, not content with thatching her door with moss, the fat little worker has hidden its circular edge by a series of minute projections formed of moss and earth. Besides, this strange trap is so arranged on the slope of the ground that its own weight causes it to shut of itself when the lifting power is removed, its hinge being invariably on the upper side.

That hinge is another marvel of ingenuity. Instead of being let into the door, as a human carpenter might have arranged it, and so made liable to slip or become displaced, it is a continuation of the inner lining of the tube, and

will hold firmly to its place so long as the nest itself shall last.

The trap-door spider, whose odd home we have thus studied, lives in the tropics, holding cold-blooded Northerners in high disdain, and plainly it prefers Jamaica, the Mediterranean shores, Australia, and kindred climates.

A CLEVER LITTLE BUILDER.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

"OH! the horrid thing!" shrieks the little girl at the sight of a spider; and often older people are foolish enough to follow her example. But if that child could be induced to watch the insect's ways and methods carefully, she would never be tempted again to call it "horrid," but would soon be lost in admiration at the unwearied little worker's cleverness and ingenuity.

Spiders may be divided into two great classes — the Sedentary Spiders, who remain at home and set traps for their prey; and the Wandering Spiders, who roam busily over the earth, and rely upon their own agility for providing food. Sedentary spiders are of three main species: (1) those that set the ordinary radiating cobweb traps; (2) those that construct cavernous homes with traps set outside of them; (3) those that live in holes which they dig in the ground, and which they line with silk.

When during your summer vacation in the country you take an early morning walk, you will notice thousands of cobwebs resting upon grass and bushes; the weight of dew which hangs on them bears ample testimony to their strength. The spider's spinnerets are beautifully adapted to the work which they are intended to accomplish. If you want a lesson in patience and sagacity, watch her process of building, and note how cleverly she overcomes all engineering obstacles. It takes a spider perhaps about half an hour to construct a web in all its completeness. After choosing the most desirable spot, Madam Spider sets industriously to work to spin a thread of great length (large spiders make it as much as fifty feet),

which floats lightly about in the breeze until it is caught by some branch or bough. As soon as the little architect feels that her rope is attached, she draws it taut; the first step is then complete, the foundation of her dwelling is laid. Then the mistress of the mansion proceeds in her work by traveling rapidly along, and sending out lines at angles. She has frequently been known to throw these lines across running streams.

Once made, the web is furnished with a telegraph. Lines are stretched from all directions



ONE OF NATURE'S ODDITIES. TRAP-DOOR SPIDER'S NEST.

to her place of waiting; on these she rests her feet, and is thereby apprised of the approach of any prey. Once the victim is fairly caught there is no possibility of escape; the spider at once weaves a web around its body until it becomes perfectly helpless, and is carried off in triumph.

The den spider, who is liable to attacks from her enemies, is the most curious study of all. To have an idea of this creature's home, you must imagine a hollow tube in the ground, divided, at some distance down, till it is like the letter Y. One top of the Y is the opening; the other does not come quite to the surface, but forms a blind alley. At the opening is a lid, with a silken hinge, which our friend the spider generally keeps prudently closed. Suppose that an enemy discovers this door, and endeavors to open it. The spider, laying hold of

the door on the inside with her strong claws, holds it tight. It may be that this rebuff proves sufficient, and the assailant goes somewhere else in search of a dinner. But if the spider finds herself overmatched, she wisely abandons this defense, and rushes down the tube. Just at the fork of the Y she has an inner stronghold. To this she now betakes her-

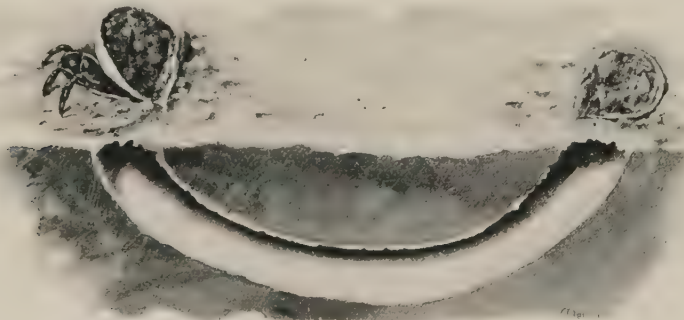


HOW THE SPIDER RETREATS UP A SIDE ALLEY.

self, closing it, and holding the door tight as before. Again a struggle takes place, and there is a chance that the adversary may retire. But if the spider finds her foe too strong she is still provided with a resource. She makes a strategi-

cal movement which rarely fails of attaining its purpose: suddenly rushing into the blind alley, she draws the door over the opening, thus hiding every sign of it. There she lies comfortably concealed, enjoying the confusion of her enemy. He rushes triumphantly down the stem of the Y, anticipating an easy triumph, and to his utter amazement finds it empty! He actually knew she was there. He pushes around, searching in every corner. Slowly and sadly he comes to the conclusion that he has been made a fool of, and finally departs, dinnerless, disconsolate, and deeply disgusted. How that clever spider must chuckle as she listens to his receding footsteps!

One of the simplest of nature's barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of wind or rain, the spinner shortens the filaments by which the web is sustained, and as long as the weather continues variable leaves it in that state. If the spider lengthens the threads, it is a sign of calm, fair weather. The duration of the fine weather may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain; if she continues to work during a shower, the downpour will soon be followed by clearing weather. Observation has shown that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours; if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will certainly be clear.



A HOUSE WITH TWO DOORS.



GRASSHOPPERS' BALL. THE GRAND MARCH.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER year of ST. NICHOLAS — its twenty-third — begins this month, my hearers; and I congratulate you and it truly and heartily. On the whole, I hardly know which should be most congratulated — for what would the young folk do without ST. NICHOLAS, or ST. NICHOLAS do without the young folk!

Well, success to you both, and many a happy return of readers and numbers and volumes. And now here is a pleasant letter lately sent in by your friend, Mercedith Nugent.

EDUCATED OYSTERS.

DEAR JACK: Lately I heard of a school that is not for boys and girls, neither is it for grown-up folks. It is on the French coast, and the pupils of this seaside school are oysters!

"Oysters?" you will say — "how can oysters go to school — and what are they taught?" Well, they are taught to stop gaping, — in other words, they are taught to keep their shells closed. When their education in this respect is complete they are ready to be sent to Paris.

Now it would never do to allow oysters to travel all the way from the coast to Paris with their shells wide open. They would die long before reaching that beautiful city, and that is exactly what uneducated oysters always do. Educated oysters know better. When these must travel to Paris they keep their mouths, so to speak, tightly shut, and they never gape during the journey. But how any living thing can keep from gaping with astonishment on arriving in Paris is more than I can understand.

Now as to the method of teaching: The newly dredged oysters are placed in water; then occasionally during the day the water is run off, leaving the oysters uncovered and otherwise incommode. During the first time the oysters are uncovered a great number of them open their shells, and these probably feel very uncomfortable until the water covers them again. After a few lessons of this kind the oysters slowly learn not to open their shells when they are expected to keep them closed. From be-

ing at first only a very short time out of water, they are taught to bear longer and longer exposures to the air until they have thoroughly learned the lesson of keeping their shells closed. Then, when they are sent to the Paris markets, they arrive with closed shells and in a nice, healthy condition.

Yours truly, M. NUGENT.

LICORICE-WATER.

I'LL venture to say that hardly a member of this congregation does not know licorice-water, — how easily it is produced, — how dark, frothy, and delicious it is, and how very few grown folk have the courage to taste it!

Yet many of the grown men and women would be astonished to learn the truth, that licorice-water is a favorite and valued beverage for persons of all ages in the Eastern world! Well, it is not your Jack's business to instruct them — poor things!

But you young folk, what else do you know about licorice? You probably suspect that it grows from the soil — for you often carry bits of licorice-root about during recess.

But what of the plant — Is it a tree? a bush? a vine? Does it bear flowers? Does it grow on, year by year, till it is as big as a mighty oak? And is black licorice made from berry, or bark, or root? Also, is it of any importance to man? Any correct bit of information on this subject will be heartily appreciated, my hearers.

A NEW NOISE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: With your permission, I should like to submit this tempting subject to the boys of your large congregation.

Granted most gracefully. So, boys, here is a way by which you can make a new noise — new, at any rate, to this part of the world. It has been heard many a time over in South Australia ever since I do not know how long ago. And very likely those who love peace and quiet have often been saying: "Boora gaboor-boora corroboree!" which Jack is informed means "Stop that racket!" or something of the sort.

Now look at this picture, and do as the young Australian does when he takes it into his woolly head to make a *perboregan*, and you will have something to see and especially to hear. Get a stout stick of stringy-bark wood (or, if you can't manage that, some other stout wood, like ash or hickory, will do), and see that it tapers like a whip-handle and is about eighteen inches long. Next, cut from a shingle, if you can't get a good slice of Australian wattle bark, a three-cornered piece, about four inches long, of the shape shown in the sketch. When he has these two ready, the young black-fellow asks his mother to make for him a cord out of the twisted sinews of a kangaroo's tail. If your mother does n't find it convenient to do this, probably a bit of stout fishing-line will answer the purpose. Tie your three-cornered piece of shingle to one end of the cord, and then tie the other end of the cord around a groove in the top of the handle so that it will turn freely, and so



that the lash will be about as long as the stock of this whip. Now your perboregan is made, and you are ready to begin having fun with it. Get off by yourself,—in the middle of a ten-acre lot would be about right,—and swing the thing around your head as hard as ever you can. Then stop it suddenly with a peculiar twist or jerk, and it will crack like a horse-pistol. They say it can be heard two miles on a still day; but perhaps it would be well to prove this, if you can, by going about that distance away from other folks whenever you practise.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

READING BY LETTER.

SOME kind friend of this congregation has sent to my pulpit a newspaper clipping which will prove quite a joy to little folks who cannot yet read, but who know their letters.

Try it, big brother, sister, or friend, as the case may be. Take the little one on your knee, and ask him or her to help you to read it. Then, reading each line aloud, you pause at the final capitals, which must be given by the little one, and the meaning of the (before) senseless line will come out with great effect. Although baby's services are not required for every line, there will be quite enough work to satisfy so young a member of the literary world.

QUITE A SPELL.

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE,
And study nature with his II
And think of what he CC.
He hears the clatter of the JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree DKK
It makes a home for BB.
A yoke of oxen he will UU,
With many haws and GG,
And their mistakes he will XQQ
When plowing for his PP.
He little buys, but much he sells,
And therefore little OO;
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

AMERICAN TEA-GROWING.

I AM told that the tea-plant can be cultivated to great advantage in one of the United States,—perhaps in more than one,—but South Carolina, they say, has produced a fine brand, and will continue to do better and better in its cultivation.

The dear Little Schoolma'am says this does n't specially concern boys and girls; but the Deacon thinks it does. "For," says he, "when the dear little milk-consumers and cambric-coffee-drinkers grow up they will not have to go to China or Japan or any foreign country for their tea."

Why not look into this matter?

ADOPTING A KITTEN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is a true story for your "chicks:"

One day not long ago a small black and white kitten wandered into the grounds of the Institute at Flushing. Its fur was rough, and it was sad and wretched because its own mother had deserted it. It seemed to have not a friend in the world; so for companionship, or perhaps to secure a bite of food now and then, it began to associate warily with the chickens at the barn. Among a number of hens with a horde of small chickens, was one old hen in particular, who possessed a brood of four chicks. Something about this old hen attracted the motherless kitten, and the two became friends.

Of all this, however, little was known by the people of the house. But one day, somebody (perhaps it was Mr. Northrup, who has especial charge



AN ADOPTED KITTEN.

of the garden and the stables, and all that) reported that one of the hens was curiously engaged.

Several persons went out, and there was the old Plymouth Rock hen on the ground, with her own brood crowding under one wing, while under the other was a little kitten whose head and shoulders could just be seen sticking out among the feathers, looking satisfied and comfortable, as you can see in the picture I send with this.

The kitten has now grown too large to be cared for by its strange foster-mother; yet almost any day for a long time, especially when light showers were passing over, one might have seen the little kitten under the wing of the good old hen.

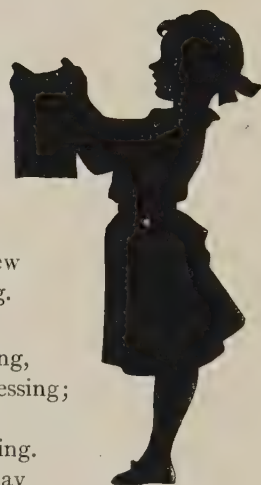
Yours very truly, TAPPAN ADNEY.



WEEK-DAYS IN DOLLY'S HOUSE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

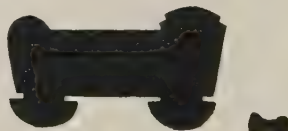
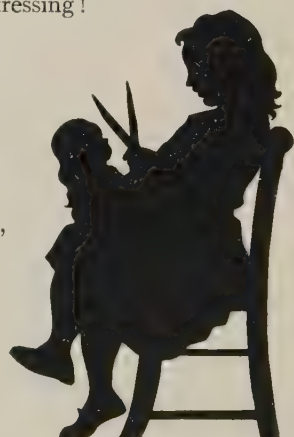
ON Monday morning Dolly's clothes
All need a thorough tubbing;
So Prue and I put in the day
With washing, rinsing, rubbing;
With boiling, bluing, bleaching, too,
As all good washerwomen do,
Till Dolly's clothes are clean as new
And we have finished scrubbing.



ON Tuesday comes the ironing,
The starching, sprinkling, pressing;
For doing gowns up prettily
Is half the charm of dressing.
And from our irons all the day
We have to coax the cats away,
For with them they will try to play—
And that would be distressing!



ON Wednesday thread and needle fly
With basting, whipping, stitching;
With hooks and eyes and buttonholes
To keep our fingers twitching.
And while the scissors snip, snip, snip,
We patch and darn and mend and rip,
Till all is trim from tip to tip,
And Dolly looks bewitching.



On Thursday afternoon
 we take
 A recess from our
 labors,
 Dress Dolly up in all
 her best
 And call upon the
 neighbors;
 So she may learn to sit
 up straight,
 Nor come too soon,
 nor stay too late,
 And always think to
 shut the gate
 At Tompkins's and
 Tabor's.

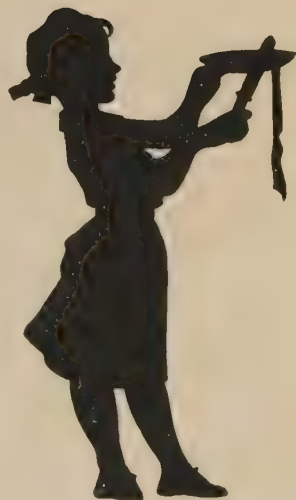


On Friday, dusting-rag in hand,
 We hurry up the sweeping,
 And air the household furniture
 While Dolly still is sleeping.
 We dust the mantels
 and the chairs,
 The closet-shelves and
 kitchen stairs,
 And shake the rugs
 and portières
 Like truly-true
 housekeeping.



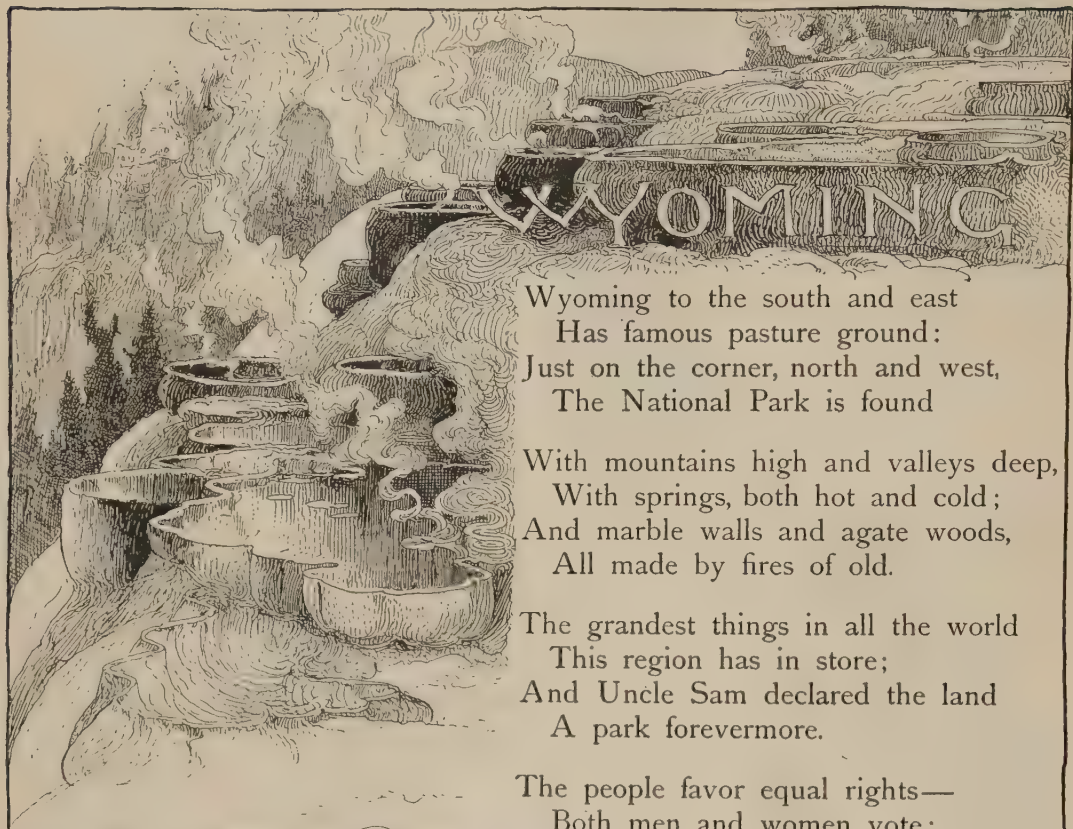
On Saturday we bake our bread,
 Enough to last till Monday,
 With sugar-pies and apple-
 tarts

For Dolly's dinner
 Sunday;
 With doughnuts round
 as napkin rings,
 And cookies fit for
 queens and kings—
 For oh! it takes just lots of
 things
 To feed a dolly one day!



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

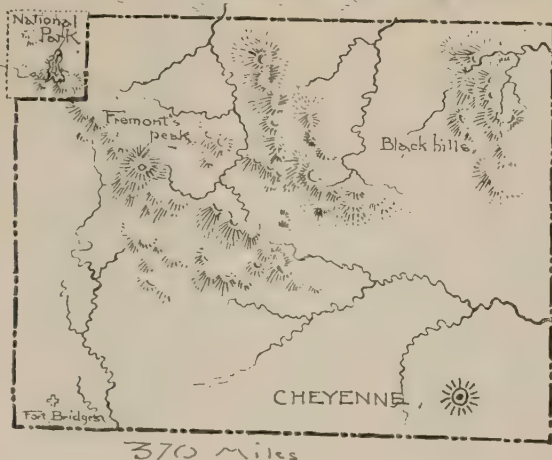
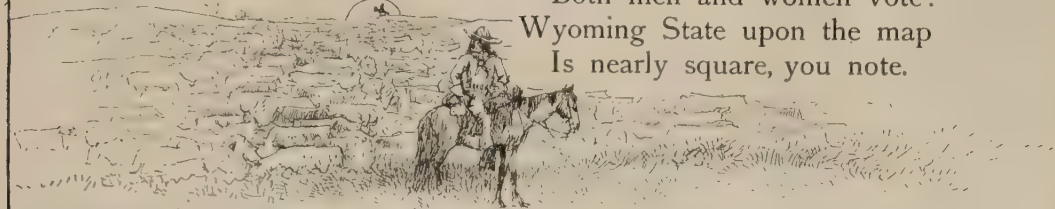


Wyoming to the south and east
Has famous pasture ground:
Just on the corner, north and west,
The National Park is found

With mountains high and valleys deep,
With springs, both hot and cold;
And marble walls and agate woods,
All made by fires of old.

The grandest things in all the world
This region has in store;
And Uncle Sam declared the land
A park forevermore.

The people favor equal rights—
Both men and women vote:
Wyoming State upon the map
Is nearly square, you note.



COLORADO

This State has plains along the east,
And westward mountains high,
Where Pike's Peak lifts his snowy head,
Aloft to greet the sky.

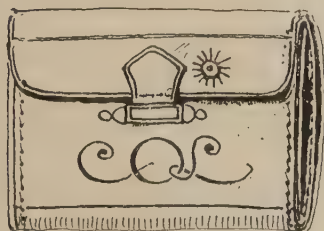
Now all of these west mountain States
Have gold- and silver-mines;
Where great machines break up the ore,
And furnace fire refines.

And Colorado's mines are rich:
Her scenery, too, is grand;—
To make the valley farms produce,
They irrigate the land.

The Arkansas and Platte are fed
By little streams, that flow
From showers upon the mountain-sides,
And melted mountain snow.



Pike's peak
from the Garden
of the Gods.



THE LETTER-BOX.

By a mistake, which we regret very much, the name of the author of "The Dragonfly's Ball" was wrongly printed when that bright story in verse appeared in our September number. We now gladly correct the error—with all due apologies to our clever contributor—by stating that the author of the poem is Katherine Berry di Zerega.

ANDREWS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was greatly interested in the article called "Carrier-Pigeons of Santa Catalina," in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS, as I own a very pretty pair of carrier-pigeons. One is pale blue, with dark-blue feathers on its neck, wings, and tail. When it moves about the feathers on its neck change from a beautiful purple to green and blue. The other one is pink, with a pale-blue cast, and white in its wings and tail. They are young, and at this writing have their first eggs. They are not trained to fly far yet. I often wondered what I should name them; and out of the many names mentioned in ST. NICHOLAS I have named the female "Vesta" and the male "Blue Jim." I also own a beautiful pair of old fantails that are snow-white, and they have young about a week old. A flock of these white fantails make a very pretty sight. I remain your constant reader,

ALICE C. B.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twins twelve years old, and we were born in Tokio, Japan. Our father is a missionary in that country, and we have always traveled about with him. It is great fun to see all the heathen who try to push past each other going into the mission-house; for each one wants to get in ahead of the other. They have long benches in the mission-house for the people to sit on, and those who get there first get a seat, but the later ones have to stand; so that is why they all want to get there first. We have heard lots about the war between China and Japan, and of course we wanted Japan to win. We are visiting friends in America now, and we like it very much. We brought a little Japanese girl over here with us, and we like her very much; she is our only good friend over in Japan. She thinks the American ways very odd, and it took her a very long time to learn English well enough to make people understand her. Her name changed to English means "Light of the Morning." We think it is quite pretty, don't you? Mother and ourselves are going back to Japan in the fall. We remain your little friends,

DOROTHY AND ELIZABETH B.—.

P. S. We can't write very well in English, but you will excuse that, dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

LOWVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day a friend and myself were riding our bicycles, when we met a drove of cows. We did not dare to pass them, so we took our bicycles over a fence, through a field, and a farmer's yard. When we were on the road again we looked for the cows, but they had gone.

I am thirteen years old, and have taken you four years. You will always be just as dear to me as you are now, even if I live to be a hundred. Your loving friend,

JULIA M. D.—.

FORK'S CREEK, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two years ago last Christmas my grandpa made my sister Louise and me a present of the ST. NICHOLAS, and we have taken it ever since, and enjoy reading it very much.

I have three sisters and a brother, and we are spending this summer at my father's ranch, which is about twenty-five miles west of Denver. The nearest post-office to our ranch is about five miles away, and to reach it we have to go on horseback over a steep, rocky trail. When we get within a mile of the post-office we turn down a deep gulch. We ride down the bed of the creek quite a way, and then tie our horses and walk the rest of the way. There are great, high mountains all around our house; and right in front of it is a spruce-tree which is about eighty feet high.

A while ago we used to go out and get great bunches of columbines, but it is rather late for them now. There are lots of stumps of trees around here, and the birds build their nests in them. One day we found a turtle-dove's nest with three eggs in it. We used to go and look at it almost every day. One day we went to see it, and found, instead of the eggs, three little birds without any feathers on them; and a little later, when we went to see them, they had all flown away.

I remain yours truly,

MADELEINE S.—.

LOUISE SCHLOSS, HOMBURG-V.-D.-HÖHE,
GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day we were watching a wasp run up and down the window, faster each time, in wasp's fashion, of course trying to get out. After many vain attempts it fell suddenly on to the window-sill, buzzing and beating it with its wings in a very wild way. Then it lay perfectly still, and we thought it was dead. In the evening we were standing by the open window enjoying the cool air after a hot day, when, wanting to throw the dead wasp out, we found that it was fastened. The creature in its fury, probably at not being able to get out, had wedged its sting so firmly into the wood that it was unable to pull the sting out again. It just shows the great strength such a tiny animal has.

I thought this little incident might interest your readers, so I write, hoping to see it printed soon.

Your faithful reader,

L. E. R.—.

WARMINSTER, WILTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I thought I would write and tell you how much we like your magazine, the stories in it are so nice. I have just been reading "Jack Ballister's Fortunes." I have a little brother and a little sister. We live in Wiltshire, at a little town called Warminster, quite close to the downs. It is so nice on the downs we often go up there. It is nothing but green hills for miles and miles. Sometimes people lose their way if they are on the downs when it is foggy or dark. We used to live in Salisbury. There is a beautiful cathedral there which has the highest spire in England. The downs near here are called Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge is on Salisbury Plain. It is said to have been a Druids' temple. The

stones are so large that no one can put there. They were once all strung in a circle, but most of them have fallen down.

Your loving little reader, KATHLEEN C—.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama has taken your magazine twenty years for my sister who is now married, and I always look forward to your coming with great impatience. I have a little dog named "Guy." I have taught him how to play hide-and-go-seek, tag, house, and to beg for his dinner. He is a cocker spaniel. We have had him since he was a little puppy, and he is almost six years old now. The lady from whom we got him brought him herself all the way from New York to Oregon. Then he used to have a little red jacket and cap, and sit on a chair, put his paws on the back of the chair, bend his head and say his prayers. It was very cute, I think. I enjoy reading the letters from foreign lands, in your magazine, especially from Germany, as I am very fond of German. Hoping to see your magazine prosper for a long time to come, I am your loving and faithful little reader,

EDNA S. O—.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you eight years, and my mama took you when you were "Our Young Folks." I have eight hundred stamps, and nearly as many traders. Wishing you a famous life, I remain yours, loving you like a friend,

EDWIN B. D—.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been learning of the Japanese at school, so I am going to write and tell you about them. Japan is situated on four large and three small islands. The people always take off their sandals before they go into their houses. They sit on the floor almost all of the time, but some of the most modern have chairs and more furniture than the other people. They are very fond of bright colors. They wear blue and yellow, mostly. Their shoes that they wear when it rains are called clogs; and they look something like little stools with two legs. They make their houses and furniture out of bamboo. They generally have only two rooms in their houses, and when they have a great deal of company they put screens around the walls of the rooms, and leave a space between the wall and the screen large enough for some one to sleep. They eat rice.

Your little friend, ALICE C—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought your readers would like to hear about my trip to Mexico. It took us five days to go to Mexico. We stayed at Hotel Iturbide first, and then we went to Orizaba. While we were at Orizaba we stayed over Palm Sunday. The children paraded around with palms in their hands; and from our hotel window my brother and I saw three mountains on fire. And from there we went to Vera Cruz. It was so hot in Vera Cruz that my brother got sick, and we went up the mountains to Jalapa. There the streets were queer and narrow, and they were very steep, so that buggies could not go on them; everything was carried on a donkey's back. From there we went to Puebla. When we were in Puebla it was Holy Week; all the stores were closed, and people were having a nice time. And then we went to the city of Mexico. There we saw them on Good Friday burn images of Judas Iscariot on the streets. They put powder or fire-crackers in the images, and set fire to them.

Your loving reader, JULIA HELEN D—.

JEFFERSON PAVILION, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a rice-plantation about eighteen miles from New Orleans. I suppose you would like to hear how rice grows. In February or March the farmers plow the ground, and after that they sow and harrow the rice. When it is up they have to put water on it. The water is brought into the fields by means of pumps and siphons. If the Mississippi River is low the pumps are worked both day and night to keep the water by the levee for the siphons to take over the levee. If the river is high the siphons only are used. When the rice is about one foot high, people go in the field to pull the grass out. After that the rice is threshed and sent to New Orleans on boats.

They also grow sweet and Irish potatoes, corn, peavines, and other things.

A friend of mine, named Stuart L—, lends you to me. The stories I like best are "President for One Hour," "A Boy of the First Empire," "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and "Fighting the Fire." Every evening my cousin and myself go swimming in the river. I have a horse named "Bill." I will close, wishing you *bon succès*.

Your monthly reader, HENRY H—.

GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw, as I was reading your magazine for August, a letter to you from a little girl, who wrote that during the founding of Kentucky by Boone, his own daughter and two other girls were stolen by the Indians; and as I was reading it, mama said that one of those other girls (Elizabeth Calloway) was my great-great-grandmother, and that the Indians stole the girls to have them teach the Indians how to make butter.

I am sorry I don't know more about them, but I don't.

Your affectionate reader, SUSIE S—.

COPALIS, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending my vacation at the North Beach near Boon Creek.

Half a mile from us is the Copalis Rock, which is half a mile out in the Pacific Ocean.

On July 21 the tide was so low that I, with a party of others, touched it.

On top of it is a house made to shoot the sea-otters from.

Last week some of the Indians went out in their canoes, and brought in three sea-otters, which are valued at from three hundred and fifty dollars upward apiece.

One day we drove up the beach twelve miles to Grandville Point, and the scenery was beautiful all the way—high cliffs rising up on one side, with the ocean on the other side.

There is a rock with an arch through it, and another rock that is very high and large, and has a great many holes in it, in which the sea-birds, sea-parrots, and sea-pigeons build their nests. The swells come up behind some of the smaller rocks, and then break over them in foam; and then the water runs down in little cascades and little waterfalls.

I have gathered a great collection of moonstones, agates, and shells.

Your loving reader, FANNY W. P—.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been living in Fredericksburg a little over a year, and find it a very old-fashioned town, having a good many relics of the war.

A little while ago papa found an old bayonet stuck in a tree-stump, about three miles out of town.

The National Cemetery, the site of the great battle of Fredericksburg, is beautifully kept by the United States Government, and contains the graves of about fifteen thousand soldiers.

One woman who lived next the battle-field said that the night after the battle was fought the field was blue with Union soldiers.

I live only two doors from the house where George Washington's mother lived; and two squares below us is a big stone with a step cut into it which is worn down by the number of negroes who stepped up there to be sold at auction.

I am a Northern girl, so it is all very queer to me, especially the great number of negroes. It seems to me as if there are about four negroes to every white man.

Mama says she has either bought or subscribed for the ST. NICHOLAS for twenty years.

Hoping to see this letter in print,

I remain your admirer, BEATRICE Y—.

VERA, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year I have taken you, and I think you are a fine magazine. I live in Kansas, on a ranch, where you can see thousands and thousands of horses and cattle every day. In the fall

are all corn; husks and stalks are all used for power when green, and kept until winter for cattle. We store the fodder in a large shed where in the winter time we keep all the implements that are used in the summer. The ranch is called the "Q. G." ranch, because some years ago, when branding cattle was greatly done, this was our brand.

I would rather live on a ranch than in a city, for when I visit a city I always feel so cramped up, some way, and I long for the country again. When my papa ships his loads of cattle and hogs, I love to watch the ranchmen load them at the stock-yards.

I remain your loving reader, BENJAMIN J. B—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Grace Guernsey, Hortense Heath, Cyrus Brewster, Jr., Leila R., F. X. Williams, "Virginia," Blanche E. Sayre, R. J. Clemens, Louisa Pearce, Bessie R. T., Margaret A. M., Bessie Moulton, Pansy K., Dora, May C., J. Leoni P., Bella Mehler, Emma Stuver, Will B. Weston, Y. Ethel B., Eleanor Haywood, Helen Van A. Schuyler, Rosamond Underwood, Mabel W., Mamie Baird, Elsie W., Constance E. Bradford, Beth Opp.



BASEBALL IN AFRICA.

RHINOCEROS. "Come on, Gi, let's buy tickets."
GIRAFFE. "Why waste your money?"

THE RIDDLE BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

HIDDEN GRAINS OF CORN.—1. Corn-el-ia. 2. Corn-et. 3. A-corn. 4. Barry Corn-wall. 5. Corn-er. 6. Corn-ucopia. 7. Corn-ice. ZIGZAG. Mediterranean. 1. Mouse. 2. Sense. 3. Laden. 4. Merit. 5. Treat. 6. Comet. 7. Parts. 8. Error. 9. Adder. 10. Annoy. 11. Freed. 12. Cream. 13. Vixen.

QUINCUNX. Across: 1. Lear. 2. Eat. 3. Rave. 4. Eve. 5. Ides.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Scrap. 2. Chair. 3. Raise. 4. Aisle. 5. Preen.

INTERSECTING WORDS. From 1 to 2, granted; 3 to 4, leaning; 5 to 6, dinners. Cross-words: 1. Gradual. 2. Broiled. 3. Granary. 4. Slander. 5. Quieted. 6. Entries. 7. Guessed.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Holmes. Crosswords: 1. Hornet. 2. Bottle. 3. Collar. 4. Hammer. 5. Goblet. 6. Walrus.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "M. McG."—Paul Reese—G. B. Dyer—"Jersey Quartette"—"Three Dews and a Crew"—Paul Rowley—Horton C. Force—Florence and Flossie—Kenneth C. McIntosh—James Maynard, Jr. and his Father—"Tod and Yam"—L. O. E.—C. E. Coit—Robert W. Haight—Helen O. Koerber—Mary Lester and Harry—Jo and I—Emily B. Dunning—Clive—Josephine Sherwood—Alexine—Sigourney Fay Nininger—"Shrimp"—Ida and Eloise R.—"Camp Lake"—Isabel H. Noble—Clara A. Anthony—Charles Travis—Effie K. Talboys—"Dee and Co."—Mai E. Hackstaff—Geo. B. Fernald—"Fallsburg"—"The Trenton Trio"—"Jacobii"—Two Little Brothers—M. M. McG.—Blanche and Fred—"The Butterflies"—"The Kittiwake."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Eliza H. F., 1—"Wisdom," 2—"Brynild," 2—"M. S. Turrill, 1—May H. D. and Mary A. C., 1—Mary K. Rake, 1—E. A. Jobs, 1—Robert M. Mathews, 1—Ethel S. Clark, 1—Wm. P. Bonbright, 3—Mama and Nicholas, 9—C. Lester Overfelt, 2—Mary R. Page, 5—Alfred Thomas Easton, 1—Eugene T. Walter, 1—Florence Kiper, 1—Donald Cole, 1—Edgar Bamps, 1—Nicholas C. Bleeker, 2—G. A. Hallock, 2—Laura M. Zinser, 9—M. J. Philbin, 6—"She and I," 7—"Hollyberries," 5—Grace Busenback, 2—Helen Smith, 5—Bonnie B., 2—Clarence Anderson, 1—E. and B., 8—I. Honora Swartz, 6—Earl and Mabel Jackson, 4—"The Wicked Six," 8—Bob Bright, 7—Mortimer F. S., 7—Emily R. H., 1—"Mu Alpha," 7—Gertrude Klein, 5—"Buttercup and Daisy," 5—Christie F., 1—Edith Vandegrift Ivens, 8—F. Goyeneche, 1—"Merry and Co.," 9—"M. E. I. B.," 2—Helen W. Holbrook, 1—"Conanicut," 9—"Knott Innit," 6—G. B. D. and M., 6—Dickson H. Leavens, 3—"Clarissa Starrs," 6—E. C. C. E., 7—"Tip-cat," 9—W. Y. Webbe, 5—E. V. K., 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Franklyn Farnsworth, 8.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A GLOSSY fabric. 2. Part of an amphitheater. 3. Dogma. 4. Lifeless. 5. Spruce.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CHARADE.

WHAT heights unscaled, what depths explored,
What dangers braved my first to gain!
Men risk their lives, nay, sell their souls,
In the mad strife, so often vain.

My second looks to Tubal Cain,
If not for ancestry, for art,
And every nation, every age,
Assigns to him a useful part.

My whole,—how tenderly we scan
The foibles of this gifted man!
In not another can we find
The fun and pathos so combined.

M. J. W.

A HANDFUL OF PEAS.

EXAMPLE: Take a p from a certain shrub, and leave an iron pin. Answer, p-rivet.

1. Take a p from a wild animal, and leave part of a flower. 2. Take a p from an atom, and leave a particular thing. 3. Take a p from tropical trees, and leave a gift of charity. 4. Take a p from a jewel, and leave a nobleman. 5. Take a p from a certain country, and leave another country. 6. Take a p from a bird, and

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he who *thinks* himself the happiest man, really is so; while he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool."

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS. 1. Revel. 2. Spool. 3. Tuber. 4. Garb. 5. Drab. 6. Golf. 7. Live. 8. Slap. 9. Ward. 10. Star.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. T. 2. Rat. 3. Rapid. 4. Tapered. 5. Tiron. 6. Den. 7. D. II. 1. W. 2. Tag. 3. Tudor. 4. Watered. 5. Gored. 6. Red. 7. D. III. 1. Sedan. 2. Early. 3. Drums. 4. Almes. 5. Nyssa. IV. 1. S. 2. Cap. 3. Capon. 4. Sapolio. 5. Polyp. 6. Nip. 7. O. V. 1. S. 2. Pun. 3. Pages. 4. Sugared. 5. Nerve. 6. Sec. 7. D.

leave the hero of a novel. 7. Take a p from a fruit, and leave a valuable organ. 8. Take a p from an adherent to a party, and leave a mechanic. 9. Take a p from a surgeon's instrument, and leave a dress of state. 10. Take a p from a preacher, and leave a crime. 11. Take a p from to trifle with, and leave to change. 12. Take a p from an allegory, and leave fit for plowing or tillage. 13. Take a p from roasted over a fire, and leave curved. 14. Take a p from part of a horse's foot, and leave behind a ship.

JULIA B. C.

RHOMBROID.

ACROSS: 1. Dishonor. 2. To eat into or away. 3. Heroic poems. 4. A long, pliable strip of leather. 5. An important vegetable product.

DOWNWARD: 1. In furnish. 2. A pronoun. 3. A verb. 4. Kitchen implements. 5. Prepares for publication. 6. Having the color of unbleached stuff. 7. To settle from a vertical position. 8. A childish name for a parent. 9. In furnish.

GEORGE BANCROFT FERNALD.

OCTAGONS.

I. 1. ANYTHING small. 2. An ecclesiastical head-dress. 3. A fertile spot. 4. Stumbles. 5. A beast of burden.

II. 1. A chart. 2. Land belonging to a nobleman. 3. Imbecile. 4. Impelled by the use of a pole. 5. A color.

III. 1. To force in. 2. Swift. 3. A common fruit. 4. A city of Italy. 5. A lair. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the four objects in the accompanying illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of unequal length) written one below the other, the final letters will spell the name of a famous English Quaker.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. A letter. 2. A swamp. 3. One of a wandering tribe. 4. The musical scale. 5. A coin. 6. A small drum. 7. A memento. 8. To be disobedient to authority. 9. The principal post at the foot of a staircase. 10. Lawful. 11. Pertaining to Latium. 12. A lampoon. 13. A price free from any deductions. 14. A letter.

GEORGE L. HOSEA.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"1-2 does not consider that apples 2-3-4 below 1-2-3 even in strawberry time, so I will 1-2-3-4 a few for sauce," said 6-7-8 fond daughter of an aged 1-2-3-4-5-6. This she did, and afterward sewed up 2 3-4-5-6 in his coat. 7-8 said, "That 10-11 well done, 9-10-11." (She was still at school.) But perhaps that would have been understood without the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11.

MARY E. STONE.

A POETICAL PICNIC.

INSERT, in place of the stars, the name of a poem by the author whose name follows:

One hot morning * * * * *
* * * * * (Mrs. Browning)
next door led me to ask their tired mother
to let me take some of her little girls for a
day * * * * * (Bryant).
She gratefully complied with my request, and
immediately called " * * * * " (Tennyson)
" * * * * " (Tennyson) " * * * * " (Hood)
and " * * * * * " (Coleridge) "get
ready at once," cheerfully adding, "You will
meet * * * * * * * * * *
(Mrs. Browning), and she may go also."

My party was growing very large for the size of my lunch-basket, but knowing that there was another girl, I asked, "Does * * * * * (R. Browning) to join us?" "No," said her mother, "but you can let * * * * * (Tennyson) take her place."

We waited long in the lane by the mill, and at length we started, Bertha gaily singing * * * * *
(Wordsworth) as we filed over the bridge into the woods.

Then began our trials. It was noon, * * * * *

* * * * * (Longfellow) for lunch, and not till then did we learn that, in the confusion of starting, our well-stocked lunch-basket had been forgotten. We wandered on in the dense woods, the children tired and thirsty. We could find no spring,—not even * * *

* * * * * (Longfellow) we had lately crossed. The little hot hands were * * * * *
* * * * * (Bryant) they picked. We passed * * * * *
* * * * * (George Eliot) and * * * * *
* * * * * (Whittier) wearing a ragged * * * * * (Burns), and though * * * * * (Trowbridge) did not molest us, they frightened the children.

Just here, to my joy, we met * * * * *
* * * * * (Ingelow) who was * * * * *
* * * * * (Kate Putnam Osgood). By liberal payment I induced her to sell me a pail of milk, which I * * * * *
* * * * * (Ingelow) among my thirsty troop. Next came * * * * *
(Lowell) and drenched us to the skin. Gladly would I have sent in my * * * * *
* * * * * (Longfellow) while leading what proved to be a stormy * * * * * (Bryant) toward home, which we finally reached in safety, though quite exhausted by * * *
* * * * * (Wordsworth).

L. E. JOHNSON.

RIDDLE.

To make me, you have only to breathe;
Behold me, and still I 'm a breath;
Beheld again, a man I become
Who revels in pillage and death.
To cut off his head is surely no wrong
When quickly to wrath I transmute;
Another head lost, and when money you lend,
The interest I teach to compute.
The last head removed, I 'm a goddess of strife,
Who follows where discord and mischief are rife.

M. E. SAFFOLD.

MYTHOLOGICAL CUBE.

	I	*	*	*	*	2
	*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*	*
5	*	*	*	*	*	6
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	3	*	*	*	4
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
7	*	*	*	*	*	8

FROM 1 to 2, a daughter of Pyrgus, from whom the town of Lepreum in Elis was said to have derived its name; from 1 to 3, the mother of Apollo and Diana; from 2 to 4, the god of song and music; from 3 to 4, one of the Eumenides; from 5 to 6, the goddess of the morning; from 5 to 7, a Latin hero, who fought on the side of Turnus against Æneas; from 6 to 8, the open spaces where the gladiators fought; from 7 to 8, sea-nymphs; from 1 to 5, the moon; from 2 to 6, a grand division of the earth; from 4 to 8, a growth of which Ceres is goddess; from 3 to 7, the son of Faunus, who was killed by Polyphemus.

HULME.



HO, FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE!



VOL. XXIII.

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No. 2.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FRIENDS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

INTRODUCTION.

I SUPPOSE there are few boys and girls who have not heard of Robert Louis Stevenson, the great author. It was Mr. Stevenson's good fortune that his books should not only be widely read and admired, but that, as they read first one and then another, people began to like the man who wrote them, until he became not a mere name on the title-page, but the invisible member of many households and the personal friend of those who had never seen him; so that at last, when death stopped his pen forever, the light grew dim in many a pleasant home and the world seemed emptier to thousands who speak the English tongue.

It is due to this wide-spread feeling that the Editor of *ST. NICHOLAS* has obtained for the magazine, in the belief that they will interest its young readers, a number of Mr. Stevenson's letters to his ward, Austin Strong, and to several little girls in England. These letters were not written for publication, and were not expected to have more of a circulation than perhaps among Master Austin's chums, or the mamas and favorite aunts of the little English

lasses; but now they have been unearthed from desk and locker, to be read again in a bigger play-room than their author dreamed of. And as you read them you will wonder about this "Vailima" plantation, and the brown men and black; and how it was that Mr. Stevenson came to live in so outlandish a country, so far from civilization that nobody goes there except good missionaries, and other white men (not always so good) who barter cotton-print and knives and kerosene oil for dried cocoanut kernels. And you will wonder too, doubtless, as to this Master Austin—whether he had a gun or a pony, and whether he had lessons every day, and did sums, as little boys must everywhere, even in those far-off isles of the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. Stevenson knew as little as you do about Samoa and the remote South Seas when, several years ago, he came to San Francisco and set sail in a beautiful schooner yacht, hoping the Trade Wind would blow him to some pleasant isle where he might get well and strong again. The "Shining Ship" (for that was what the natives called her) poked her sharp nose into many a sweet bay and dark-blue lagoon, and

passed from island to island through calm and storm, and picked her way through surf-swept reefs where the sharks played like minnows beneath her keel, but she came no nearer the haven for which she was in search. At last she reached an island called Oahu, which was so pleasant to look at, and so agreeable to live in, that Mr. Stevenson thought his voyage was over. The King of Oahu was a very agreeable man, too, and wished Mr. Stevenson never to go away, but to stay with him all his life and be his friend. So Mr. Stevenson stayed many months in Oahu, and would have been very happy and contented had it not been for the Trade Wind, who was always telling him about the fine islands further on, until he was persuaded to say good-by to the king and set sail again. The Trade Wind took him a long road and through many queer and dangerous places before he brought him within sight of Upolu in Samoa, and told him to pack up and go ashore; which Mr. Stevenson was very glad to do, for he quite agreed with the Trade Wind that Upolu was the finest island in the whole ocean. Here he bought a large tract of land, which he called "Vailima," and built a big house, and planted bananas and breadfruit trees and cocoanuts and mangos and other trees with strange names, in order to feed the brown people who gathered about him and made him the head of their tribe. They called him "Tusitala," or the "Writer of Tales," for his own name was too hard for them to say. In a short time Mr. Story-teller grew well and strong, just as he hoped he would, and remained grateful all his days to the Trade Wind for bringing him to Upolu; and he always made a point of speaking kindly about it in his books.

The first three letters are to some little girls in a Convalescent Home in England, where a friend of Mr. Stevenson's had a share in the management of the institution. This lady used to hear so frequently of the "boys" in Vailima, that she wrote and asked Mr. Stevenson for news of them, as it would so much interest her little girls. In the tropics, for some reason or other that it is impossible to understand, servants and work-people are always called "boys," though the years of Methuselah may have whitened their heads, and

great-grandchildren prattle about their knees. Mr. Stevenson was amused to think that his "boys," who ranged from eighteen years of age to three score and ten, should be mistaken for little youngsters; but he was touched to hear of the sick children his friend tried so hard to entertain, and gladly wrote a few letters to them. He would have written more but for the fact that his friend left the home, being transferred elsewhere.

In Samoa the name "black boy" is used to distinguish the negroes of the New Hebridean, Solomon, and New Guinea archipelagos from the Samoan natives, whose color is scarcely darker than that of a Spaniard or a South Italian. "Bush" is another South Sea word, and is applied to the high, dense forest that covers all but a few square miles of Samoa.

LETTER I.

VAILIMA PLANTATION.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"Please salute your pupils in my name, and tell them that a long, lean, elderly man who lives right through on the underside of the world, so that down in your cellar you are nearer him than the people in the street, desires his compliments.

"This man lives in an island which is not very long and is extremely narrow. The sea beats round it very hard, so that it is difficult to get to shore. There is only one harbour where ships come, and even that is very wild and dangerous; four ships of war were broken there a little while ago, and one of them is still lying on its side on a rock clean above water, where the sea threw it as you might throw your fiddle-bow upon the table. All round the harbour the town is strung out: it is nothing but wooden houses, only there are some churches built of stone. They are not very large, but the people have never seen such fine buildings. Almost all the houses are of one story. Away at one end of the village lives the king of the whole country. His palace has a thatched roof which rests upon posts; there are no walls, but when it blows and rains, they have Venetian blinds which they let down between the posts, making all very snug. There is no furniture, and the king



APIA—THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA.

and the queen and the courtiers sit and eat on the floor, which is of gravel: the lamp stands there, too, and every now and then it is upset.

"These good folk wear nothing but a kilt about their waists, unless to go to church or for a dance on the New Year, or some great occasion. The children play marbles all along the street; and though they are generally very jolly, yet they get awfully cross over their marbles, and cry and fight just as boys and girls do at home. Another amusement in country places is to shoot fish with a little bow and arrow. All round the beach there is bright shallow water, where the fishes can be seen darting or lying in shoals. The child trots round the shore, and whenever he sees a fish, lets fly an arrow, and misses, and then wades in after his arrow. It is great fun (I have tried it) for the child, and I never heard of it doing any harm to the fishes: so what could be more jolly?

"The road to this lean man's house is uphill all the way and through forests; the trees are not so much unlike those at home, only here and there some very queer ones are mixed with them—cocoanut palms, and great trees that are covered with bloom like red hawthorn but not near so bright; and from them all thick creepers hang down like ropes, and ugly-looking weeds that they call orchids grow in the forks of the branches; and on the ground many prickly things are dotted, which they call pineapples. I suppose everyone has eaten pineapple drops.

"On the way up to the lean man's house, you pass a little village, all of houses like the king's house, so that as you ride by you can see

everybody sitting at dinner, or, if it is night, lying in their beds by lamplight; because all the people are terribly afraid of ghosts and would not lie in the dark for anything. After the village, there is only one more house, and that is the lean man's. For the people are not very many and live all by the sea, and the whole inside of the island is desert woods and mountains. When the lean man goes into the forest, he is very much ashamed to own it, but he is always in a terrible fright. The wood is so great, and empty, and hot, and it is always filled with curious noises: birds cry like children, and bark like dogs; and he can hear people laughing and felling trees; and the other day (when he was far in the woods) he heard a sound like the biggest mill-wheel possible, going with a kind of dot-and-carry-one movement like a dance. That was the noise of an earthquake away down below him in the bowels of the earth; and that is the same thing as to say away up toward you in your cellar in Kilburn. All these noises make him feel lonely and scared, and he does n't quite know what he is scared of. Once when he was just about to cross a river, a blow struck him on the top of his head, and knocked him head-foremost down the bank and splash into the water. It was a nut, I fancy, that had fallen from a tree, by which accident people are sometimes killed. But at the time he thought it was a Black Boy.

"Aha,' say you, 'and what is a Black Boy?'" Well, there are here a lot of poor people who are brought to Samoa from distant islands to labor for the Germans. They are not at all

like the king and his people, who are brown and very pretty; for these are black as negroes and as ugly as sin, poor souls, and in their own land they live all the time at war, and cook and eat men's flesh. The Germans make them work; and every now and then some run away into the Bush, as the forest is called, and build little sheds of leaves, and eat nuts and roots and fruits, and dwell there by themselves. Sometimes they are bad, and wild, and people whisper to each other that some of them have gone back to their horrid old habits, and catch men and women in order to eat them. But it is very likely not true; and the most of them are poor, half-starved, pitiful creatures, like frightened dogs. Their life is all very well when the sun shines, as it does eight or nine months in the year. But it is very different the rest of the time. The wind rages then most violently. The great trees thrash about like whips; the air is filled with leaves and branches flying like birds; and the sound of the trees falling shakes the earth. It rains, too, as it never rains at home. You can hear a shower while it is yet half a mile away, hissing like a shower-bath in the forest; and when it comes to you, the water blinds your eyes, and the cold drenching takes your breath away as though some one had struck you. In that kind of weather it must be dreadful indeed to live in the woods, one man alone by himself. And you must know that if the lean man feels afraid to be in the forest, the people of the island and the Black Boys are much more afraid than he; for they believe the woods to be quite filled with spirits; some like pigs, and some like flying things; but others (and these are thought the most dangerous) in the shape of beautiful young women and young men, beautifully dressed in the island manner, with fine kilts and fine necklaces, and crosses of scarlet seeds and flowers. Woe betide him or her who gets to speak with one of these! They will be charmed out of their wits, and come home again quite silly, and go mad and die. So that the poor runaway Black Boy must be always trembling, and looking about for the coming of the demons.

"Sometimes the women-demons go down out of the woods into the villages, and here is a tale the lean man heard last year: One

of the islanders was sitting in his house, and he had cooked fish. There came along the road two beautiful young women, dressed as I told you, who came into his house, and asked for some of his fish. It is the fashion in the islands always to give what is asked, and never to ask folks' names. So the man gave them fish, and talked to them in the island jesting way. Presently he asked one of the women for her red necklace; which is good manners and their way: he had given the fish, and he had a right to ask for something back. 'I will give it you by and by,' said the woman, and she and her companion went away; but he thought they were gone very suddenly, and the truth is they had vanished. The night was nearly come, when the man heard the voice of the woman crying that he should come to her, and she would give the necklace. He looked out, and behold! she was standing calling him from the top of the sea, on which she stood as you might stand on the table. At that, fear came on the man; he fell on his knees and prayed, and the woman disappeared.

"It was said afterward that this was once a woman, indeed, but she should have died a thousand years ago, and has lived all that while as an evil spirit in the woods beside the spring of a river. Sau-mai-afe* is her name, in case you want to write to her.

"Ever your friend (for whom I thank the stars),
"TUSITALA (Tale-writer)."

[Austin Strong, who is mentioned in the following letter, and whose portrait is printed on page 96, was a ward of Mr. Stevenson's. His fate was a sad one; for though his "fort" was stout, the palisade high, and his trusty air-gun and wooden sword lay ever within his reach, he was inopportunately captured and sent to Monterey in California, to labor like a black boy in the mental plantations of school.—L. O.]

LETTER II.

"VAILIMA PLANTATION, 14 Aug., 1892.

". . . The lean man is exceedingly ashamed of himself, and offers his apologies to the little girls in the cellar just above. If they will be so good as to knock three times upon the floor,

* "Come-a-thousand."



Robert Louis Stevenson

he will hear it on the other side of his floor, and will understand that he is forgiven.

"I left you and the children still on the road to the lean man's house, where a great part of the forest has now been cleared away. It comes back again pretty quick, though not quite so high; but everywhere, except where the wooders have been kept busy, young trees have sprouted up, and the cattle and the horses cannot be seen as they feed. In this clearing there are two or three houses weathered about, and between the two biggest I think the little girls in the cellar would first notice a sort of thing like a gridiron

on legs, made of logs of wood. Sometimes it has a flag flying on it, made of rags of old clothes. It is a fort (as I am told) built by the person here who would be much the most interesting to the girls in the cellar. This is a young gentleman of eleven years of age, answering to the name of Austin. It was after reading a book about the Red Indians that he thought it more prudent to create this place of strength. As the Red Indians are in North America, and this fort seems to me a very useless kind of building, I anxiously hope that the two may never be brought together. When

The above portrait is enlarged from a small photograph, never before published.



AUSTIN STRONG, WARD OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Austin is not engaged in building forts, nor on his lessons, which are just as annoying to him as other children's lessons are to them, he walks sometimes in the Bush, and if anybody is with him, talks all the time. When he is alone I don't think he says anything, and I dare say he feels very lonely and frightened, just as the Samoan does, at the queer noises and the endless lines of the trees.

"He finds the strangest kinds of seeds, some of them bright-colored like lollipops, or really like precious stones; some of them in odd cases like tobacco-pouches. He finds and collects all kinds of little shells with which the whole ground is scattered, and that, though they are the shells of land creatures like our snails, are of nearly as many shapes and colours as the shells on our sea-beaches. In the streams that come running down out of our mountains, all as clear and bright as mirror-glass, he sees eels and little bright fish that sometimes jump together out of the surface of the brook in a spray of silver, and fresh-water prawns which lie close under the stones, looking up at

him through the water with eyes the colour of a jewel. He sees all kinds of beautiful birds, some of them blue and white, and some of them colored like our pigeons at home; and these last, the little girls in the cellar may like to know, live almost entirely on wild nutmegs as they fall ripe off the trees. Another little bird he may sometimes see, as the lean man saw him only this morning: a little fellow not so big as a man's hand, exquisitely neat, of a pretty bronzy black like ladies' shoes, who sticks up behind him (much as a peacock does) his little tail, shaped and fluted like a scallop-shell.

"Here there are a lot of curious and interesting things that Austin sees all round him every day; and when I was a child at home in the old country I used to play and pretend to myself that I saw things of the same kind—that the rooms were full of orange and nutmeg trees, and the cold town gardens outside the windows were alive with parrots and with lions. What do the little girls in the cellar think that Austin does? He makes believe just the other way: he pretends that the strange great trees with their broad leaves and slab-sided roots are European oaks; and the places on the road up (where you and I and the little girls in the cellar have already gone) he calls old-fashioned, far-away European names, just as if you were to call the cellar-stair and the corner of the next street—if you could only manage to pronounce their names—Upolu and Savaii. And so it is with all of us, with Austin, and the lean man, and the little girls in the cellar: wherever we are, it is but a stage on the way to somewhere else, and whatever we do, however well we do it, it is only a preparation to do something else that shall be different.

"But you must not suppose that Austin does nothing but build forts, and walk among the woods, and swim in the rivers. On the contrary, he is sometimes a very busy and useful fellow; and I think the little girls in the cellar would have admired him very nearly as much as he admired himself, if they had seen him setting off on horseback, with his hand on his hip, and his pocket full of letters and orders, at the head of quite a procession of huge white cart-horses with pack-saddles, and big, brown native men with nothing on but gaudy kilts.

Mighty well he managed all his commissions; and those who saw him ordering and eating his single-handed luncheon in the queer little Chinese restaurant on the beach, declare he looked as if the place, and the town, and the whole archipelago belonged to him.

"But I am not going to let you suppose that this great gentleman at the head of all his horses and his men, like the King of France in the old rhyme, would be thought much of a dandy on

in my last) would be thought rather a poor place of residence by a Surrey gipsy. And if you come to that, even the lean man himself, who is no end of an important person, if he were picked up from the chair where he is now sitting, and slung down, feet-foremost, in the neighborhood of Charing Cross, would probably have to escape into the nearest shop, or take the risk of being mobbed. And the ladies of his family, who are very pretty ladies, and think



THE KING'S PALACE, SAMOA.

the streets of London. On the contrary, if he could be seen with his dirty white cap and his faded purple coat, and his long, loose trousers that do not reach his knees, and the bare shanks below, and the bare feet stuck in the sand-leathers—for he is not quite long enough to reach the irons—I am afraid the little girls and boys in your part of the town might be very much inclined to give him a penny in charity. So you see that a very big man in one place might seem very small potatoes in another, just as the king's palace here (of which I told you

themselves uncommon well-dressed for Samoa, would (if the same thing were to be done to them) be extremely glad to get into a cab. . .

—TOMMY.

[The German Company, from which we got our black boy Arick, owns and cultivates many thousands of acres in Samoa, and keeps at least a thousand black people to work on its plantations. Two schooners are always busy in bringing fresh batches of bananas, and in taking home to their own islands the men who have

worked out their three years' term of labor. This traffic in human beings is called the "labor trade," and is the life's blood, not only of the great German Company, but of all the planters in Fiji, Queensland, New Caledonia, German New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides. The difference between the labor trade, as it is now carried on under government supervision, and the slave trade is a great one, but not great enough to please sensitive people. In Samoa the missionaries are not allowed by the Company to teach these poor savages religion, or to do anything to civilize them and raise them from their monkey-like ignorance. But in other respects the Company is not a bad master, and treats its people pretty well. The system, however, is one that cannot be defended and must sooner or later be suppressed.—L. O.]

LETTER III.

"VAILIMA, 4th Sept., 1892.

"DEAR CHILDREN IN THE CELLAR: I told you before something of the Black Boys who come here to work on the plantations, and some of whom run away and live a wild life in the forests of the island. Now I want to tell you of one who lived in the house of the lean man. Like the rest of them here, he is a little fellow, and when he goes about in old battered cheap European clothes, looks very small and shabby. When first he came he was as lean as a tobacco-pipe, and his smile (like that of almost all the others) was the sort that half makes you wish to smile yourself, and half wish to cry. However, the boys in the kitchen took him in hand and fed him up. They would set him down alone to table, and wait upon him till he had his fill, which was a good long time to wait. The first thing we noticed was that his little stomach began to stick out like a pigeon's breast; and then the food got a little wider spread, and he started little calves to his legs; and last of all, he began to get quite saucy and impudent. He is really what you ought to call a young man, though I suppose nobody in the whole wide world has any idea of his age; and as far as his behaviour goes, you can only think of him as a big little child with a good deal of sense.

"When Austin built his fort against the Indians, Arick (for that is the Black Boy's name) liked nothing so much as to help him. And this is very funny, when you think that of all the dangerous savages in this island Arick is one of the most dangerous. The other day, besides, he made Austin a musical instrument of the sort they use in his own country—a harp with only one string. He took a stick about three feet long and perhaps four inches round. The under side he hollowed out in a deep trench to serve as sounding-box; the two ends of the upper side he made to curve upward like the ends of a canoe, and between these he stretched the single string. He plays upon it with a match or a little piece of stick, and sings to it songs of his own country, of which no person here can understand a single word, and which are, very likely, all about fighting with his enemies in battle, and killing them, and, I am sorry to say, cooking them in a ground-oven, and eating them for supper when the fight is over.

"For Arick is really what you call a savage, though a savage is a very different sort of a person, and very much nicer than he is made to appear in little books. He is the kind of person that everybody smiles to, or makes faces at, or gives a smack as he goes by; the sort of person that all the girls on the plantation give the best seat to and help first, and love to decorate with flowers and ribbons, and yet all the while are laughing at him; the sort of person who likes best to play with Austin, and whom Austin, perhaps (when he is allowed), likes best to play with. He is all grins and giggles and little steps out of dances, and little droll ways to attract people's attention and set them laughing. And yet, when you come to look at him closely, you will find that his body is all covered with *scars*! This happened when he was a child. There was war, as is the way in these wild islands, between his village and the next, much as if there were war in London between one street and another; and all the children ran about playing in the middle of the trouble, and, I dare say, took no more notice of the war than you children in London do of a general election. But sometimes, at general elections, English children may get run

over by processions in the street; and it chanced that as little Arick was running about in the Bush, and very busy about his playing, he ran into the midst of the warriors on the other side. These speared him with a poisoned spear; and his own people, when they had found him, in or-



ARICK, THE "BLACK BOY."

der to cure him of the poison scored him with knives that were probably made of fish-bone.

"This is a very savage piece of child-life; and Arick, for all his good nature, is still a very savage person. I have told you how the Black Boys sometimes run away from the plantations, and live alone in the forest, building little sheds to protect them from the rain, and sometimes planting little gardens for food; but for the most part living the best they can upon the nuts of the trees and the yams that they dig with their hands out of the earth. I do not think there can be anywhere in the world people more wretched than these runaways. They cannot return, for they would only return to be punished; they can never hope to see again their own people—indeed, I do not know what they can hope, but just to find enough yams every day to keep them from starvation. And in the wet season of the year, which is our summer and your winter, when the rain falls day after day far harder and louder than the loudest thunder-plump that

ever fell in England, and the room is so dark that the lean man is sometimes glad to light his lamp to write by, I can think of nothing so dreary as the state of these poor runaways in the houseless bush. You are to remember, besides, that the people of the island hate and fear them because they are cannibals; sit and tell tales of them about their lamps at night in their own comfortable houses, and are sometimes afraid to lie down to sleep if they think there is a lurking Black Boy in the neighborhood. Well, now, Arick is of their own race and language, only he is a little more lucky because he has not run away; and how do you think that he proposed to help them? He asked if he might not have a gun. "What do you want with a gun, Arick?" was asked. He answered quite simply, and with his nice, good-natured smile, that if he had a gun he would go up into the High Bush and shoot Black Boys as men shoot pigeons. He said nothing about eating them, nor do I think he really meant to; I think all he wanted was to clear the plantation of vermin, as gamekeepers at home kill weasels or rats.

"The other day he was sent on an errand to the German Company where many of the Black Boys live. It was very late when he came home. He had a white bandage round his head, his eyes shone, and he could scarcely speak for excitement. It seems some of the Black Boys who were his enemies at home had attacked him, one with a knife. By his own account, he had fought very well; but the odds were heavy. The man with the knife had cut him both in the head and back; he had been struck down; and if some Black Boys of his own side had not come to the rescue, he must certainly have been killed. I am sure no Christmas box could make any of you children so happy as this fight made Arick. A great part of the next day he neglected his work to play upon the one-stringed harp and sing songs about his great victory. To-day, when he is gone upon his holiday, he has announced that he is going back to the German Firm to have another battle and another triumph. I do not think he will go, all the same, or I should be uneasy; for I do not want to have my Arick killed; and there is no doubt that

if he begin this fight again, he will be likely to go on with it very far. For I have seen him once when he saw, or thought he saw, an enemy.

"It was one of those dreadful days of rain, the sound of it like a great waterfall, or like a tempest of wind blowing in the forest; and there came to our door two runaway Black Boys seeking refuge. In such weather as that my enemy's dog (as Shakspeare says) should have had a right to shelter. But when Arick saw the two poor rogues coming with their empty stomachs and drenched clothes, one of them with a stolen cutlass in his hand, through that world of falling water, he had no thought of any pity in his heart. Crouching behind one of the pillars of the veranda, to which he clung with his two hands, his mouth drew back into a strange sort of smile, his eyes grew bigger and bigger, and his whole face was just like the one word MURDER in big capitals.

"But I have told you a great deal too much about poor Arick's savage nature, and now I must tell you of a great amusement he had the other day. There came an English ship-of-war into the harbor, and the officers good-naturedly gave an entertainment of songs and dances and a magic lantern, to which Arick and Austin were allowed to go. At the door of the hall there were crowds of Black Boys waiting and trying to peep in, as children at home lie about and peep under the tent of a circus; and you may be sure Arick was a very proud person when he passed them all by, and entered the hall with his ticket.

"I wish I knew what he thought of the whole performance; but a friend of the lean man, who sat just in front of Arick tells me what seemed to startle him most. The first thing was when two of the officers came out with blackened faces, like minstrels, and began to dance. Arick was sure that they were really black and his own people, and he was wonderfully surprised to see them dance in this new European style.

"But the great affair was the magic lantern. The hall was made quite dark, which was very little to Arick's taste. He sat there behind my friend, nothing to be seen of him but eyes and teeth, and his heart was beating finely in his little scarred breast. And presently there came out on the white sheet that great bright eye of light that I am sure all you children must have often seen. It was quite new to Arick; he had no idea what would happen next, and in his fear and excitement he laid hold with his little slim black fingers like a bird's claw on the neck of the friend in front of him. All through the rest of the show, as one picture followed another on the white sheet, he sat there grasping and clutching, and goodness knows whether he were more pleased or frightened.

"Doubtless it was a very fine thing to see all those bright pictures coming out and dying away again, one after another; but doubtless it was rather alarming also, for how was it done? At last when there appeared upon the screen the head of a black woman (as it might be his own mother or sister), and this black woman of a sudden began to roll her eyes, the fear or the excitement, whichever it was, wrung out of him a loud, shuddering sob. I think we all ought to admire his courage when, after an evening spent in looking at such wonderful miracles, he and Austin set out alone through the forest to the lean man's house. It was late at night and pitch dark when some of the party overtook the little white boy and the big black boy, marching among the trees with their lantern. I have told you this wood has an ill name, and all the people of the island believe it to be full of evil spirits; it is a pretty dreadful place to walk in by the moving light of a lantern, with nothing about you but a curious whirl of shadows, and the black night above and beyond. But Arick kept his courage up, and I dare say Austin's, too, with a perpetual chatter, so that the people coming after heard his voice long before they saw the shining of the lantern. "TUSITALA."

(To be continued.)

HOW A STREET-CAR CAME IN A STOCKING.

BY HARRIET ALLEN.



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS. IT'S ALL ABOUT A STREET-CAR." (SEE PAGE 103.)

DAVID DOUGLAS wanted to be a street-car driver. That did not interfere in the least with his ambition to be a plumber with a bag of tools, or a doctor with a pocket-thermometer and a stop-watch. David was almost seven years old. He had been in love with the street-car profession for at least a year; and there was nothing he could n't tell you about that business which *can* be told to an outsider whose heart is not in it.

Yet there was nothing remarkable about David. He could read and write as well as other boys of his age, and he spelled with less originality perhaps than most. - He could run as fast, jump as far, and spin tops with the best. Although David had neither brother nor sister

to play with, and no nursery full of toys, he managed to have a good deal of fun, and he had a rather manly sort of character. As to playfellows—nobody could excel his mother. She rode in his express-train, and had her ticket punched till there was nothing left of it; and when the engineer struck a broken rail, she was a passenger in the wreck, and he bandaged her up with handkerchiefs and old string until you would n't have known her. Then, too, she had that rare faculty of knowing, from a boy's point of view, a funny thing when she saw it—and sometimes they laughed together till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Then there was "Jack." I nearly forgot him. He was David's beloved dog. Jack was a short-haired yellow dog without pedigree or family connections—what might be called a self-made dog. He owed his present home and success in the world to self-respecting enterprise and a kind heart. He was cheerful, fond of exercise and excitement, and always on hand.

Now, David's father had a habit of reading aloud to David's mother before breakfast, from the morning paper.

One morning, about three weeks before Christmas, David was transfixed by hearing his father read the following announcement:

CARS TO GIVE AWAY.

An Offer of the Street-Car Company.

General Manager Miller, of the Citizens' Street-Railroad Company, said to-day that he had on hand thirty or forty old box street-cars which he would like to give away. The company has no further use for the cars. Mr. Miller suggests that the cars would make good play-houses for children.

Do you wonder that such a notice sent David's appetite flying?

"Oh, papa," he cried, "let us get one of those cars!" whereupon his father made big eyes of astonishment at David, and pretended to be absolutely upset by the mere suggestion

of such an idea, and was in such wild haste to get out of reach of little boys who wanted to have full-grown, real street-cars for their very own, that David was unable to get in a serious word before he was gone. But David's eyes were shining and his fancy was building

David's face flushed; he certainly had hoped so; he had spent the morning thinking about it. "I did n't know," he faltered, with a sense of bereavement tugging at his heart.

"That's too bad! I do wish you could have one to play in, David!"

"Why can't I, mama?"

"It would cost too much, dear."

"Cost too much? Why, mama," he said, brightening up, "did n't you hear? The paper said they would give them away."

"So they will—but even a present is sometimes expensive. You see, it would cost a great deal to bring a street-car all the way over here and set it up in our yard."

"Why, mama?" and his lip trembled, — he did so want that car,—and it had looked so easy.

"Because a street-car is so large and so heavy, it would take strong horses, and a great big truck, and ever so many men to move it, and all that costs money—a great deal of money."

Very gently she convinced him that it was out of the question. If you could n't afford a thing—there you were! Yet it seemed a thousand pities—thirty or forty cars to be *given* away! It was very comforting at this point to have his mother thump him confidently



"YOU KNOW DAVID, IF CHILDREN ASK TOO MUCH SANTA CLAUS MUST DISAPPOINT THEM." (SEE PAGE 105.)

the most beautiful castles. He took his cap and disappeared with Jack.

Some hours later he came in glowing from the cold air, and saying enthusiastically, "Mama, I know where we can put that car, if we *should* get it—in our side yard! You can just come to the window and see! There's plenty of room—I've marked it out on the snow."

"My dear little boy! Did you really think we could ask for one of those cars?"

on the back, as she said that he was the bravest little man in all the world; and to be asked what he expected Santa Claus to bring him, and whether he meant to hang up Jack's stocking, too.

David had a good many Christmas wishes; a bob-sled for one thing, and skates, and a gun to shoot a dart; and he longed for a hook-and-ladder wagon, or, failing that, a police-patrol with a real gong on the front. It was quite impossible to choose, so he had sent the entire

list to Santa Claus in a letter just to see what would happen.

But that night, as his mother tucked him into bed, he held her back by the hand and said hesitatingly: "Mama, why could n't they bring the car around here on the track that runs in front of our house?"

"Because those cars have no wheels."

"No wheels!"

"Not a wheel, sir! It would just be a helpless old car all the rest of its life," and she shook her hand free, gave him a little pat—a good-night kiss—and was gone.

II.

Not far from David there lived a little boy whose name was Harold Wolfing; he was not quite five years old. He was a sturdy little fellow, with dark hair and eyes, and a fine red in his cheeks; and he carried his head

is a matter I never heard discussed; but certainly they loved and petted him, and he had four aunts and three uncles—all of whom seemed really to lie awake nights thinking what they could give him next.

Harold was very fond of having David come to play, and, it is needless to say, David was very fond of going. David liked nothing better than to ride the high-headed hobby-horse, and to work the fire-engine that squirted real water through a rubber hose.

One day, not long before Christmas, David went to spend the afternoon with Harold. He found the chubby little man bending over his nursery table, busy with pencil and paper.

"Do you know what I'm doin', David? I'm writin' a letter!" A moment was allowed for this fact to impress the smiling David, then—"Who do you think I'm writin' to?"

David said promptly that he could n't guess.



"THERE STOOD A STREET-CAR LARGER AS LIFE!"
(SEE PAGE 107.)

and shoulders in quite a military fashion. He was fortunate enough to live in the same house with his grandmama and grandpapa. Whether they were equally fortunate in this arrangement

"Santa Claus! You can read it if you want to," added the writer condescendingly. David took the letter, which was covered with mysterious, wandering pencil-marks. He was quite embarrassed to know what to say to such a baby, who could not even print; but Harold relieved him. "Can't you read, David?" he said pityingly. "Here, I'll read it to you." And he took the letter back into his fat little hand with an important air. After studying it very hard for a moment, he fixed David with his eye, saying: "It's *very* long, David—but never mind, I'll tell you what it says. It's all about a street-car. You see,



"WE 'LL HAVE TO LET THAT STRAP OUT A LITTLE, DRIVER, UNTIL YOU GET A TALLER CONDUCTOR!" SAID HIS FATHER. (SEE PAGE 107.)

I 'm goin' to have Santa Claus bring me a street-car for Christmas." He spoke of the arrangement with such assurance that David suddenly felt very young and inexperienced.

"Yes," he went on, highly pleased with the impression he was making—"Yes, I 'm goin' to have a street-car. Perhaps you think it 's goin' to be little, like that?"—pointing to a toy car. David did n't know.

"Well, it is n't. It is a *real* car, and as large—oh, almost as large as this house! You can come and play in it, David; and I 'll take you to ride, all the way out to the park, and clear out—clear out to the end of the world—and I 'll drive as *fast*—oh, so you can hardly hold on! Only,"—and he pulled in his fancy a little, lest David's go too far,—“you 'll be *inside*, you know, and I 'll ring the bell when you pay me.” Exciting as this picture was, David's mind flew back at once to the forty cars to be given away. Was Harold's car one of these? Hardly, he thought; since Harold looked to Santa Claus for his, and those cars belonged to the Street-Railroad Company. He decided to settle the doubt. “Where will Santa Claus get a street-car?” he asked. Harold gave him a look of astonished reproach.

“Why, don't you know Santa Claus can get anything he wants, and he 'll bring it to you if you ask him, and if you 're good?”

David did know something very like this, and now on a sudden an idea flashed into his mind that made his heart jump and sent the color flushing up to his short yellow curls; it was this: You see, if Santa Claus was giving street-cars away, there was nothing to pay for hauling. No need of money at all! You just wrote the right kind of a letter—and Santa Claus did the rest! In that case he could have a car as well as Harold.

That night when his early bed-time came, he handed his mother this letter to read:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS Harold says you are going to bring him a Street-car. Wont you please bring me one to. Not a little one but a Real one. I am trying hard to be a good boy, and I want one very much.

DAVID DOUGLAS.

“Why, David,” his mother said, “I thought you had given up the idea of having a street-car.”

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“Yes, mama, I had; but you 'see this is different!”

“Different?”

“Of course! Don't you see?” he explained joyously—“if Santa Claus brings it, it won't cost us any money at all—not even a cent! What makes you look so sad? Don't you want me to have a car—even if Santa Claus brings it?”

“Yes, dear, of course I would like to see you have one, but—”

“But what, mama?”

“You know, David, if children ask *too* much, Santa Claus must disappoint them.”

“Why?”

“Oh, for many reasons. You know mama has to say ‘no’ sometimes, much as she dislikes it.” He began to look troubled; then, suddenly recalling Harold's assurance, he took heart and said: “Harold's grandpapa told him if he wrote and asked Santa Claus for a car, he would get it—if he was a good boy; and I 'm sure if he brings Harold one, he will give me one too; please let me ask him!”

“Will you promise not to be unhappy if it does n't come after all?” Oh, yes! He could promise that with a light heart. And next day the letter, laboriously copied in ink with high-headed “h's” and short-tailed “g's,” was posted at “Harold's house” in a funny little Dutch house on the library-table. “Santa Claus comes down the chimbley and gets them,” Harold explained. After that David's hopes ran sometimes high—sometimes low. In the latter state of mind he put the matter before Santa Claus again and again with such entreaties and promises as desperate longing suggested. Here are some of the letters Santa Claus found in the little Dutch house:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS Mama says a Street-car is too much, but I do want it so much, and I 'll be better than I ever was if you will please bring me one. DAVID.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS You need n't bring me a Bob-sled if you will only give me a Car. I can use my old sled till next Christmas. DAVID DOUGLAS.

P S I will do without the Fireman's Helmet.

D. D.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS Please do bring me a Street-car. If I had a Car I would n't need a hook and Ladder wagon. I will be very careful of it. Mama says I am a good boy.

DAVID DOUGLAS.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS Mama says I must n't expect a street-car. But I want it more than Skates or Anything. If it is too much to ask for — please do bring it anyway — and I will give up the Skates, and the Police-patrol, and everything. You can keep the gun to.

Your loving DAVID DOUGLAS.

P S Even if it was a little broken in some places it would do. I could mend it. I've got a hammer and some nails. I pounded them out strate. I hope you will. Please leave it in our side yard. Good by.

DAVID DOUGLAS.

III.

CHRISTMAS morning David woke early; every one else was fast asleep. His windows looked out on the side-yard; if he had a car it was there now. That thought was too much for him. He slid out of bed and ran to the window; he had but to raise the shade; his heart was beating so hard he could fairly hear it, and he almost made a little petition with his lips as he put out his hand. One touch — it was up! He looked out upon a smooth, shining surface of snow. There was no car! The disappointment was too terribly desolating; he drew down the shade and crept back into bed, and there, since it was dark and no one would know, he shed a few hot, unhappy tears, fighting all the time against them, and never made a sound, although he could have sobbed aloud; he remembered his mother and his promise. Then, at last, he wondered if Harold had been disappointed too. The more he thought of it the more likely it appeared. He wished Harold no ill luck — but if there had been no distribution of cars whatever, it would alter the case considerably: it would be as though he had reached for the moon. He began to make the best of it, and to wonder what Santa Claus had left in his stocking, so that later, when he came down-stairs, and his father swung him up to kiss him good-morning, saying, "Santa Claus slipped up on that car business, David,— must be he had no cars this year,— but your stocking looks pretty lumpy and tight," David was able to smile quite cheerfully. A Christmas stocking is a Christmas stocking, after all — mysterious and exciting — whatever your joys or sorrows. To Jack the queer shape was matter for suspicion, to be defied and barked at, as it divulged one secret

after another; and when David tried on a fireman's helmet and new skates, with a lot of lesser treasures scattered all about, Christmas seemed pretty cheery.

Breakfast over, he and Jack set out, according to previous agreement, to see what Harold had in his Christmas stocking. They went in by the carriage-way. Just as they took the first turn in the drive, David's heart gave a great jump and then stood still. Through the leafless lilac bushes he could see a great yellow and white street-car in the midst of a sea of snow. It was a beautiful, heart-breaking vision; and there was Harold in brown reefer, leather cap, and leggings, leaning out of the car shouting, "Hello, David! Hurry up! this car is just ready to start — hurry! You see," he cried triumphantly, as David waded through the snow, "I told you Santa Claus was goin' to bring me this car — why don't you get in?"

David stood mute beside the step, stroking Jack's head. Then for the first time the little boy remembered that David had had hopes too.

"Did you get a car?" he asked.

David's eyes filled; he tried to smile, but he could not speak, and he only shook his head as he looked from Harold to Ellen. It was seldom Harold had to think of any one but himself, but he had a kind heart, and now he bestirred himself to make David happy. He let him work the change-slide and the doors, and gave him all coveted privileges. Then they went indoors to see the Christmas tree; the candles were lighted and all the wonderful new toys displayed for David's benefit. There was something on the tree for David, too. He flushed with pleasure and wonder when Harold's grandpapa handed down books, candy, and a dark-lantern, saying, with a twinkle in his eye, "Queer, these things were left here by mistake, David! Santa Claus must walk in his sleep."

But an hour or two later, as David went home, he was thinking that the ways of Santa Claus were very strange. His whole soul had been set upon a street-car; he was ready to give up everything else to have that one joy. Now Harold merely asked for that along with a lot of other new pleasures. Yet Santa Claus brought a car to Harold, and to David, none. It was matter to try the stoutest heart, yet he

was not envious. He had pluck and good sense and he felt somehow that he ought to be as happy as he could; he tried to think about his skates and fireman's helmet. After all, a street-car was a tremendous gift to ask, even of Santa Claus. He had realized when he stood beside that dear car that it was a good deal even for Harold, and Harold had so many treasures it was not easy to surpass them. The dark-lantern swung in his hand; it was a comfort, and he felt dimly that in a day or two he would play burglar and policeman with great effect; but it could n't keep away a very choking feeling in his throat when he remembered Harold winding up the brake. As he came around the corner near home with eyes fixed upon the slippery, trodden path, he had almost reached the house before he noticed that a part of the fence was down and wagon wheels had cut the frozen crust of snow going through this opening into their yard. Before he could be surprised at this he came in full view of—what do you think?—a broad strong truck, two strong gray horses with heads down, looking at him from their soft eyes, and blowing a little at the snow; four or five men standing about, and—well, of course you've guessed it! There stood a street-car large as life; a beautiful yellow and white car with No. 11 in gold figures on the side. A misty feeling swam before his eyes, through which the car seemed a beautiful dream, that somehow had men in rough overcoats, gray horses, all strangely woven in it as well as his mother smiling and holding her hands tight together, watching him. Then somebody said, "Well, sir, how do you like it?" and David went forward with feet that hurried and yet seemed slow,—exactly like feet in a dream,—and somebody swung him up over the dashboard to the front platform and said, "Let me off at 116th street, please, driver." And he found a big white placard hanging to the front brake, very neatly printed in black. David could spell out the words. They said, "For David Douglas from Santa Claus." And then David really came back to earth. He laughed and kissed his mother and held his father's hand in both his own; he

walked back and forth in the car, and took note of the familiar signs about no smoking and beware of pickpockets, and to use none but Quigley's Baking Powder. There was the cash-box and the brass slide for change in the front door. The brake worked and the bell-strap rang a real bell when his father held him up to reach it. "We'll have to let that strap out a little, driver, till you get a taller conductor." Well, it was perfect!—surpassing all dreams of joy and Christmas. Indeed, a bit of Christmas cheer had fallen to those rough-coated men who worked on Christmas day, for they were drinking coffee and eating gingerbread, and had cigars to smoke; even the horses, David noticed through his joy, had each an apple to eat. And Jack—Jack lost his head completely, and barked, and jumped on everybody with his snowy feet, and finally just tore round and round in a circle like mad.

Suddenly David's mother said, "Where is the letter, Tom?—did n't he give you a letter?"

"To be sure! I almost forgot the letter—let me see—here it is in this pocket"; and his father tore it open and began to read:

MY DEAR DOUGLAS: I have taken the liberty of asking Santa Claus to deliver one of our old cars on your premises. I was growing rusty, but Santa Claus has waked me up by showing me a one-sided correspondence he's been having with a young man by the name of David. I suddenly realized what a world of fun there was in Christmas, if you only knew how to get hold of it by the handle, as my grandfather used to say. I hope you and Mrs. Douglas will forgive me for getting my pleasure first and asking permission afterward. But when a man takes a holiday I suppose he may be allowed to take it in his own way. So please put this street-car into David's stocking! And I think this may not be a bad occasion for saying I've never forgotten the time your mother made Christmas in my heart when I was a poor youngster with scarcely a stocking to hang. God bless you! You have a fine boy.

Very truly yours, JOHN MILLER.

P. S. That correspondence is a confidential matter between Santa Claus and me. No questions answered at this office. J. M.

David wondered why his mother, who had been reading the letter over his father's arm, turned suddenly, while she was smiling, and cried on his father's shoulder.

BETTY LEICESTER'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS



by
Sarah
Orne
Jewett

THERE was once a girl named Betty Leicester, who was known first to the readers of St. Nicholas, and who afterward lived in a small square book bound in scarlet and white. I, who know her better than any one else does, and who know my way about Tideshead, the story-book town, as well as she did, and who have not only made many a call upon her Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary in their charming old house, but have even seen the house in London where she spent the winter: I, who confess to loving Betty a good deal, wish to write a little more about her in this Christmas story. The truth is that ever since I wrote the first story I have been seeing girls who reminded me of Betty Leicester of Tideshead. Either they were about the same age or the same height, or they skipped gaily by me in a little gown like hers, or I saw a pleased look or

a puzzled look in their eyes which seemed to bring Betty, my own story-book girl, right before me.

Now, if anybody has read the book, this preface will be much more interesting than if anybody has not. Yet, if I say to all new acquaintances that Betty was just in the middle of her fifteenth year, and quite in the middle of girlhood; that she hated some things as much as she could, and liked other things with all her heart, and did not feel pleased when older people kept saying *don't!* perhaps these new acquaintances will take the risk of being friends. Certain things had become easy just as Betty was leaving Tideshead, where she had been spending the summer with her old aunts, so that, having got used to all the Tideshead liberties and restrictions, she thought she was leaving the easiest place in the world; but

when she got back to London with her father, somehow or other life was very difficult indeed.

She used to wish for London and for her cronies, the Duncans, when she was first in Tideshead; but when she was in England again she found that, being a little nearer to the awful responsibilities of a grown person, she was not only a new Betty, but London—great, busy, roaring, delightful London—was a new London altogether. To say that she felt lonely, and cried one night because she wished to go back to Tideshead and be a village person again, and was homesick for her four-posted bed with the mandarins parading on the curtains, is only to tell the honest truth.

In Tideshead that summer Betty Leicester learned two things which she could not understand quite well enough to believe at first, but which always seem more and more sensible to one as time goes on. The first is that you must be careful what you wish for, because if you wish hard enough you are pretty sure to get it; and the second is, that no two people can be placed anywhere where one will not be host and the other guest. One will be in a position to give and to help and to show; the other must be the one who depends and receives.

Now, this subject may not seem any clearer to you at first than it did to Betty; but life suddenly became a great deal more interesting, and she felt herself a great deal more important to the rest of the world when she got a little light from these rules. For everybody knows that two of the hardest things in the world are to know what to do and how to behave; to know what one's own duty is in the world and how to get on with other people. What to be and how to behave—these are the questions that every girl has to face, and if somebody answers, "Be good and be polite," it is such a general kind of answer that one throws it away and feels uncomfortable.

I do not remember that I happened to say anywhere in the story that there was a pretty fashion in Tideshead, as summer went on, of calling our friend "Sister Betty." Whether it came from her lamenting that she had no sister, and being kindly adopted by certain friends, or whether there was something in her

friendly, affectionate way of treating people, one cannot tell.

Betty Leicester, in a new winter gown which had just been sent home from Liberty's, with all desirable qualities of color, and a fine expanse of smocking at the yoke, and some sprigs of embroidery for ornament in proper places, was yet an unhappy Betty. In spite of being not only fine, but snug and warm as one always feels when cold weather first comes and one gets into a winter dress, everything seemed disappointing. The weather was shivery and dark, the street into which she was looking was narrow and gloomy, and there was a moment when Betty thought wistfully of Tideshead as if there were no December there, and only the high, clear September sky that she had left. Somehow, all out-of-door life appeared to have come to an end, and she felt as if she were shut into a dark and wintry prison. Not long before this she had come from Whitby, the charming red-roofed Yorkshire fishing-town that forever climbs the hill to its gray abbey. There were flocks of young people at Whitby that autumn, and Betty had lived out-of-doors in pleasant company to her heart's content, and tramped about the moors and along the cliffs with gay parties, and played golf and cricket, and helped to plan some great excitement or lively excursion for almost every day. There is a funny, dancing-step sort of walk, set to the tune of "Humpty-Dumpty," which seems to belong with the Whitby walking-sticks which everybody carries; you lock arms in lines across the road, and keep step to the gay chant of the dismal nursery lines, and the faster you go, especially when you are tired, the more it seems to rest you (or that's what some people think) in the long walks home. Whitby was almost as good as Tideshead, to which lovely town Betty now compared every other, even London itself.

Betty and her father had not yet gone to house-keeping by themselves (which made them very happy later on), but they were living in some familiar old Clarges Street lodgings convenient to the Green Park, where Betty could go for a consoling scamper with a new dog called "Toby" because he looked so exactly like the

beloved Toby on the cover of *Punch*. Betty had spent a whole morning's work upon a proper belled ruff for Toby, who gravely sat up and wore it as if he were conscious of literary responsibilities.

Papa had gone to the British Museum that rainy morning, and was not likely to reappear before the close of day. For a wonder, he was going to dine at home that night. Something very interesting to the scientific world had happened to him during his summer visit to Alaska, and it seemed as if every one of his scientific friends had also made some discovery, or something had happened to each, which made many talks and dinners and club meetings delightfully important. But most of the London people were in the country; for in England they stay in the hot town until July or August, when all Americans scatter among green fields or seashore places; and then spend the gloomy months of the year in their country-houses, when we fly back to the shelter and music and pictures and companionship of town life. This all depends upon the meeting of Parliament and other great reasons; but even Betty Leicester felt quite left out and lonely in town that dark day. Her best friends, the Duncans, were at their great house in Warwickshire. She was going to stay with them for a month, but not just yet; while papa himself was soon going to pay a short visit to a very great lady indeed at Danesly Castle, just this side the Border.

This "very great lady indeed" was perfectly charming to our friend; a smile or a bow from her was just then more than anything else to Betty. We all know how perfectly delightful it is to love somebody so much that we keep dreaming of her a little all the time, and what happiness it gives when the least thing one has to do with her is a perfectly golden joy. Betty loved Mrs. Duncan fondly and constantly, and she loved Aunt Barbara with a spark of true enchantment and eager desire to please her; but for this new friend—for Lady Mary Danesly (who was Mrs. Duncan's cousin)—there was something quite different in her heart. As she stood by the window in Clarges street she was thinking of this lovely friend, and wishing for once that she herself was older, so that

perhaps she might have been asked to come with papa for a week's visit at Christmas. But Lady Mary would be busy enough with her great house-party of distinguished people. Once she had been so delightful as to say that Betty must come some day to Danesly with her father, but of course this could not be the time. Miss Day, Betty's old governess, who now lived with her mother in one of the suburbs of London, was always ready to come to spend a week or two if Betty were to be left alone, and it was every year pleasanter to try to make Miss Day have a good time as well as to have one one's self; but, somehow, a feeling of having outgrown Miss Day was hard to bear. They had not much to talk about except the past, and what they used to do; and when friendship comes to this alone, it may be dear, but is never the best sort.

The fog was blowing out of the street, and the window against which Betty leaned was suddenly flecked with raindrops. A telegraph boy came round the corner as if the gust of wind had brought him, and ran up the steps; presently the maid brought a telegram in to Betty, who hastened to open it, as she was always commissioned to do in her father's absence. To her surprise it was meant for herself. She looked at the envelope to make sure. It was from Lady Mary:

Can you come to me with your father next week, dear? I wish for you very much.

"There 's no answer—at least there 's no answer now," said Betty, quite trembling with excitement and pleasure; "I must see papa first, but I can't think that he will say no. He meant to come home for Christmas day with me, and now we can both stay on." She hopped about, dancing and skipping, after the door was shut. What a thing it is to have one's wishes come true before one's eyes! And then she asked to have a hansom cab called and for the company of Pagot, who was her maid and helper now; a very nice woman whom Mrs. Duncan had recommended, inasmuch as Betty was older and had thoughts of going to housekeeping in the winter. Pagot's sister also was engaged as housemaid, and, strange as it may appear, our Tideshead Betty

was about to engage a cook and buttons. Pagot herself looked sedate and responsible, but she dearly liked a little change and was finding the day dull. So presently they started off together toward the British Museum in all the rain, with the shutters of the cab down and the horse trotting along the shining streets as if he liked it.

Mr. Leicester was in the Department of North American Prehistoric Remains, and had a jar of earth before him which he was examining with closest interest. "Here 's a bit of charred bone," he was saying eagerly to a wise-looking old gentleman, "and here 's a funeral bead—just as I expected. This proves my theory of the sacrificial— Why, Betty, what 's the matter?" and he looked startled for a moment. "A telegram? Oh,—"

"It was so very important, you see, papa," said Betty.

"I thought it was bad news from Tideshead," said Mr. Leicester, looking up at her with a smile after he had read it. "Well, my dear, that 's very nice, and very important too," he added, with a fine twinkle in his eyes. "I shall be going out for a bit of luncheon presently, and I 'll send the answer with great pleasure."

Betty's cheeks were brighter than ever, as if a rosy cloud of joy were shining through. "Now that I 'm here, I 'll look at the arrowheads; may n't I, papa?" she asked, with great self-possession. "I should like to see if I can find one like mine—I mean my best white one that I found on the river-bank last summer."

Papa nodded, and turned to his jar again. "You may let Pagot go home at one o'clock," he said, "and come back to find me here, and we 'll go and have luncheon together. I was thinking of coming home early to get you. We 've a house to look at, and it 's dull weather for what I wish to do here at the museum. Clear sunshine is the only possible light for this sort of work," he added, turning to the old

gentleman, who nodded; and Betty nodded sagely, and skipped away with Pagot, to search among the arrowheads.

She found many hundreds of the white quartz arrowpoints and spearheads like her own treasure. Pagot thought them very dull, and was made rather uncomfortable by the Indian medicine-masks and war-bonnets and evil-looking war-clubs, and openly called it a waste of time for any one to have taken trouble to get all that heathen rubbish together. Such savages and their horrid ways were best forgotten by decent folks, if Pagot might be so bold as to say so. But presently it was luncheon-time; and the good soul cheerfully departed, while Betty joined her father, and waited for him as still as a mouse for half an hour, while he and the scientific old gentleman reluctantly said their last words and separated. She had listened to a good deal of their talk about altar-fires, and the ceremonies that could be certainly traced in a handful of earth from the site of a temple in a crumbled city; but all her thoughts were of Lady Mary and the pleasures of the next week. She looked again at the telegram, which was much nicer than most telegrams. It was so nice of Lady Mary to have said *dear* in it—just as if she were talking; people did not often say *dear* in a message. "Perhaps some of her guests can't come; but then, everybody likes to be asked to Danesly," Betty thought. "And I wonder if I shall ever dine at table with the guests; I never have. At any rate, I shall see Lady Mary often and be with papa. It is perfectly lovely! I can give her the Indian basket I brought her now, before the sweet grass is all dry." It was a great delight to be asked to the holiday party; many a grown person would be thankful to take Betty's place. For was not Lady Mary a very great lady indeed, and one of the most charming women in England?—a famous hostess and assembler of really delightful people?

"I am asked to Danesly on the seventeenth," said Betty to herself, with satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS WHITE ELEPHANT.

BY W. A. WILSON.

FRED was in a sad quandary. There were certain things in the house which managed themselves, that is, were attended to by Agnes, his wife. There were others which required careful and judicious treatment, he said. These were left to him, of course. He found them, usually, more or less disagreeable. This case, however, was particularly difficult to deal with; the more so as it was plain to him that not only his own feelings, but those of Cecie, his little five-year-old daughter, had become involved. Now, he was much attached to his only child, and, whatever might happen to his own feelings, he objected to hers being wounded in any way. The situation, therefore, became more and more perplexing. As a natural consequence, he put off, from day to day, deciding what was to be done.

Agnes had expressed herself with her customary decision. "We simply cannot keep it in the house," she said, one evening when Fred went into the matter once for all.

"That is true," admitted her husband.

"Very well, then; we may as well get rid of it at once," she concluded.

"Yes, but how?" asked Fred, with an air of clinching the matter with a question she would find it difficult to answer.

"How? That is simple enough, surely."

"Don't see it."

"Why, open the door and put it out."

"Wh-a-at!" cried Fred, "and let it *die* in the yard?"

"Why, yes. You don't need to be so silly about it."

"Silly about it! Silly about it!! It's all very well to say 'silly' about it, but I could n't do it. I could n't sleep at nights. It's a good thing Cecie is not here to hear her mother."

"Really, Fred, it seems to me that you are driving matters a little too far," remarked Agnes, in a tone of great severity.

"Driving! That's not bad. I am not driving. I am being driven," said Fred, pleased however that he seemed to have the better of the argument.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "You agree that it cannot stay, and yet you object to letting it go."

"I do nothing of the kind," said Fred, helplessly. "I only said it was n't feasible. It simply cannot be put out to die. It does n't cost much to feed it, you must admit."

"That is true," said Agnes; "but that has nothing to do with it. Surely there is no use going over all the reasons again."

"Then," said Fred, in desperation, "let us get a man to take it out into the country somewhere and leave it to its fate. Perhaps some one would take a fancy to it," he added, rising.

"That would cost more than it is worth. Besides, it is a good thing Cecie is not here to hear her father," laughed Agnes, and the subject was allowed to drop once more.

Fred felt that the matter was becoming serious. If Agnes were so unreasonable, what would Cecie say to a proposal to turn her newly found friend out of doors? If it had only not been so very large!

Cecie had become quite a personage of importance in the household. Her father was reminded so often of himself by things she said and did, that he strove in every way to protect her from being, as he called it, badly used: that is, from being misconstrued and misunderstood. A strong feeling had, consequently, grown up between them. This case, this Green White Elephant of a Christmas-tree, was a characteristic instance. Only Cecie could have caused such a fuss about such a trifle. The more he thought about it the more ridiculous

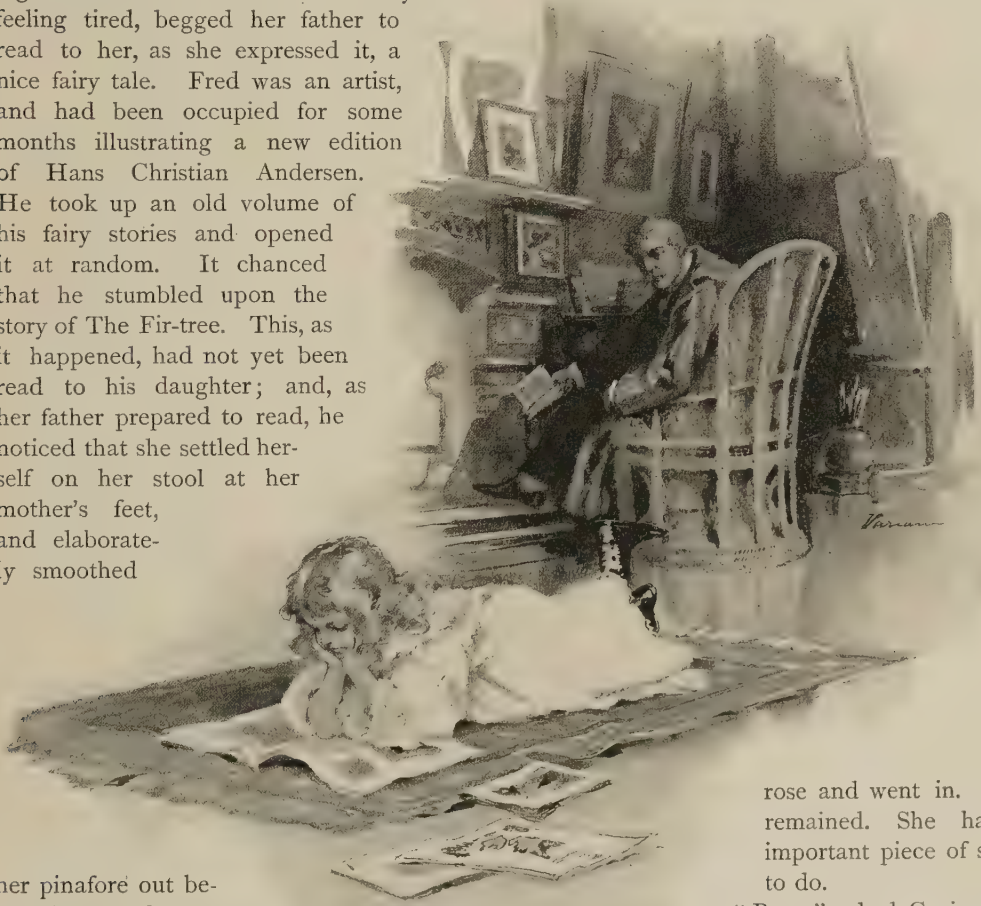
it seemed. Yet, as he said, it was easier to laugh than to say what was to be done.

Toward the end of the previous month, Robin, a friend, having sent a present consisting of a large Christmas-tree growing in an earthen pot, Fred went into town—unknown, of course, to Cecie—to purchase decorations for it. The same evening that young lady, having danced about the house all day and feeling tired, begged her father to read to her, as she expressed it, a nice fairy tale. Fred was an artist, and had been occupied for some months illustrating a new edition of Hans Christian Andersen. He took up an old volume of his fairy stories and opened it at random. It chanced that he stumbled upon the story of The Fir-tree. This, as it happened, had not yet been read to his daughter; and, as her father prepared to read, he noticed that she settled herself on her stool at her mother's feet, and elaborately smoothed

on, and Cecie listened. When he had finished she surprised him by saying nothing. She sat quite still, and seemed to have become very thoughtful. After a time she rose and went quietly into the room where the Christmas-tree was standing.

Presently a small voice called out: "Papa!"

Fred, suspecting what had happened,



her pinafore out before her, as she was wont to do on great occasions: for no occasion was so great to Cecie as the first reading of a new fairy tale.

He did not stop to think. It did not occur to him precisely what the result of reading that particular story at that particular time would most likely be. Otherwise, he would probably have kept it for another day. But he did not; he read innocently

rose and went in. Agnes remained. She had an important piece of sewing to do.

"Papa," asked Cecie, whose blond curls scarcely reached the lowest branches of the tree, "it never moves, does it?"

"No, dear."

"And it is alive just like us?"

"Yes. That is—well, yes; not

exactly, you know, but it is quite alive."

"What does it feed on all the time, then?"

"The juices of the earth," said Fred, with the air of an experienced gardener. "That is why we must give it water. It requires air,

"CECIE WAS DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN AN ILLUSTRATED SPELLING-BOOK." (SEE PAGE 115.)

too, for it sucks moisture in with these, as well." And he pinched the branch nearest him, and a few needles came off between his fingers.

"Does n't that hurt the tree?" cried Cecie.

"Oh, no; it won't mind that."

"Would n't it like some juices just now, papa?"

"I think not. The earth is moist enough."

"Oh, let me! I'll go and get some water," said Cecie, starting toward the door.

"No, no; it has sufficient."

"But perhaps it would like a long drink. I do, sometimes," pleaded the little girl, in tones which usually had the desired effect.

"No!" said the head of the family, to satisfy himself that he could be firm occasionally.

There was a pause. Cecie stood still, looking up at the handsome stranger as if she had never seen a tree before. "Do you think it hears us talking about it, papa?" she said after a moment.

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps it is asleep," she suggested, moving closer to her father and putting her little hand in his.

"Perhaps it is," said Fred, feeling that, after all, the tree might as well have had some water.

"But how does it sleep when it has no eyes?"

"Oh, it just sleeps in its own way."

"Standing up like that always?"

"Yes, just as, just as—let me see—as horses do, for example."

"Oh, but horses don't always," retorted Cecie; because the baker had told her, the other day, that his horse lay down on the straw and went to sleep whenever it got home at night.

"They sometimes do," observed Fred, in the interests of parental authority, meaning at the first opportunity to get reliable information on the subject of the private life of horses.

"Then will it like to live with us?"

Fred thought it would, if they were kind to it.

"And we will be kind to it, won't we?"

"Of course we will," Fred promised in the innocence of his heart, for he was a child of nature himself, fond of flowers and trees and everything that lived a free and healthy life.

Then Cecie said good-night to her tree, "and pleasant dreams"; and when she had closed the door for the night and left her new friend

alone, she went contentedly away with her nurse; and Fred sat down, blissfully unconscious that he had committed himself in any way.

The following forenoon, after struggling for an hour to get into his work, Fred had just got fairly settled when he was startled by a fall, a crash of crockery, and a loud wail in the room adjoining his studio. Laying down his drawing-board and pen, with a sigh, he went to the folding doors and opened them.

Cecie had already been picked up. She was standing like a little model for a statuette, holding out her limp and dripping hands. Her pinafore and dress were soaked with water, and there was a pond on the bright waxed floor, dotted with islands of broken stoneware jug. The cat in the center of the further room was excitedly licking its back. Cecie's lips were puckered up in great distress, and her eyes were lost in a spasm of tears, for she had startled no one more than she had herself.

Fred could not help smiling. He bent down and comforted her, and, after the tears had ceased, said that to prevent confusion in future, either he or mama, or at all events nurse, would see that the tree got sufficient water. Cecie was to give herself no concern whatever. There was no need to trouble herself about it. Would she be good and not do so any more?

"Y-y-yes," promised Cecie, feeling, however, that she was promising away her entire interest in life.

"Oh, I will tell you," said Fred. "Every evening at tea-time remind me that the tree is thirsty. Nurse can fetch us water, and we can give it some."

Cecie was led away for a change of clothes with an expression on her face like sunshine breaking through the clouds on an April day. Fred, with a reflection of it glistening in his eyes, went back to his room and took up his board.

That evening he was busy decorating the tree for some time after Cecie had gone to sleep.

The next evening was Christmas eve; but when the happy moment arrived, and the doors were flung open, disclosing the tree in a blaze

of light, Cecie did not seem to rise to the occasion quite so enthusiastically as her parents had expected; and yet this was not only the largest but the finest tree she had ever had. Cecie, however, was not one who could be gay to order; and with her the unexpected usually happened. This time it was not that she did not think her protégé beautiful. She was divided between admiration and another feeling. She was wondering if it would care to be lighted up with candles within an inch of its life like that, and covered with glittering ornaments till it could scarcely breathe; whether it liked to have molten wax run all over its fresh green branches; and whether it were being treated with proper respect in being made to hold up such a load of things.

Fred laughed heartily when she confided her anxieties to him, and said, "Oh, that won't matter. Don't mind that, little woman."

"But don't you remember that the story said when trees had barkache it was as bad as headache is to us?"

"Oh, but it is strong," said her father. "It does n't feel such little things."

"Well, I would have barkache — headache, I mean," said Cecie, laughing at her slip, "if I had to carry all these burning candles."

Later, when the little party had broken up and Fred was left alone, he sat down in an easy-chair. A question had occurred to him while Cecie was speaking. This tree of hers — what was to be done with it when its time came?

He and mama had no means of disposing of it, living in the city as they did, and it could not be kept in the house. Moreover, Cecie would require to know what had been done with it. Previous Christmas-trees had had their death-blows dealt them in the forest. With this one it was different. It was not only still living, but, thanks to Cecie, was becoming from day to day more and more a personality in the house.

Parents, he reflected, really ought to remember to tell their children, when talking of the duty of kindness to all dumb creatures, that there are exceptions to every rule — that is to say, if they wish to avoid drifting into ridiculous situations. To think of the father of a family hesitating about such a paltry thing as

this! He looked up at the moment, and his eyes fell upon the tree. How beautiful it certainly was, in spite of all the finery and tinsel!

Cecie was an odd child! However, when Christmas was over, other things would distract her attention, he hoped, and then it would be time enough to — well, that could be determined when the time came. Perhaps something would turn up before then. Perhaps the thing would decide itself in some way.

The next day, being Christmas, was a holiday. Fred sat reading in his easy-chair before the studio fire. Cecie, not far away, lay upon the floor, propping her head up with her arms, deeply engrossed in an illustrated spelling-book. For a few moments there was no sound but the grave beat of the old timepiece hanging on the wall and the nervous ticking of two modern clocks in the adjoining room. A thin fall of snow had slid down the studio windows and collected at the bottom of the panes.

Presently Fred laid down his book, and said, over his shoulder: "Where is Dolly to-day?"

"She 's asleep just now," she said, rising and going to her father's side. "She 's been making plum-pudding." Taking the watch from her father's pocket, and holding it sideways, she continued:

"What time is it?"

"A quarter past three."

"But you said it was twelve when the hands were together."

"Yes; but when they are together at the top."

Cecie gave it up. Replacing the watch, she said, in an altered tone of voice: "Papa!"

"Well, dear?"

"Trees don't care for anything but growing, do they?"

"Well, I don't know that they care much even for that. They have to grow just as you, just as I, must do."

"Must you grow, papa?"

"I? Well, I suppose I am done growing now," said Fred.

"Will you never grow, never any more?" asked Cecie, so seriously that her father turned around and looked at her, and smiled.

"Well, dear," he said, stroking her hair, "it

would n't do, you know, if we never stopped. Think how big we should get to be!"

Cecie burst into a gay laugh. "We could n't get in by the door, unless we bent down and crept in on our hands and knees, could we?"

"Of course we could n't," laughed Fred.

"But it is funny, too, that we have to stop growing. Tell me, papa," she continued, looking earnestly at him, "are you *very* old?"

"Who? I?" said Fred, aghast. "No—of course not. I am quite young."

"How old is old, then?"

"Old? Let me see. Fifty is old, or sixty—thereabouts," said Fred.

After a silence Cecie began again:

"Will I ever be old, papa?"

"Why, certainly, my dear," said Fred, cheerfully; "that is," he added, as if feeling guilty of some vague ungallantry, "I hope so."

"And never grow any more, like you?"

"Y—yes."

"But would n't you like to keep growing always?"

"I don't know. I feel pretty comfortable as I am. If I were a little girl like you it might be different."

"Do people only want to grow when they are young?"

Fred shifted in his chair, and then, drawing her closer to him, said: "Why do you ask about the tree caring to grow?"

"Because you read in the story that the tree said to itself: 'Let me grow, only let me grow; there is nothing so beautiful in all the world.'"

"I don't remember."

"Wait, and I will get the book," said Cecie.

She returned with the volume, which she had opened at the proper place, and declared that it was at the very beginning.

"How did you know that that is the place?"

"Because the picture of the tree is there," replied the child, simply.

Fred patted her on the cheek, and ran his eye rapidly down the page. At length he said:

"Oh, yes, you are right. Here it is:

"Be happy," said the Sunshine, "that you are young. Rejoice in your growth, and in the young life that is within you." And the Wind kissed the tree by day, and the Dew wept over it by night: but the Fir-tree did not understand."

"What did n't it understand?" asked Cecie.

"Oh, I don't know," said her father carelessly.

"I know."

"What, then?"

"That some day it would stop growing, like you, and might want to grow some more, and could n't," cried Cecie, breaking into a dance of joy; for she had a great belief that her father knew nearly everything, and it was a great treat to her to be able to tell him something he did not know.

Finally, as if by way of further relieving her feelings, she caught up one foot, and hopped round the studio, and out at the open door.

As she did so, Fred's book slipped from his knee and fell. He picked it up again, but laid it on the table. Resuming his chair, he sat for some time with his head resting on his hand, looking absently at the fire.

Cecie sometimes had fits of not knowing what to do with her limbs; or it might, perhaps, be more correct to say that her limbs had fits of not knowing what to do with themselves and her. At one moment she would be seen lounging about like a marionette, hanging on her father or mother or whoever happened to be near. The next minute she had gone. She was likely, however, to reappear at any moment, like a kitten, the innocent victim of some strange galvanic power.

These moods had the additional peculiarity of usually occurring when every one else was disposed to be quiet. This occasion being no exception, Fred was soon startled from his reverie by warm lips sending a sudden "Boo-o-o!" near his ear.

"What 's the matter?" he cried out, twitching as if from an electric shock.

Cecie applied her lips to his ear again.

"I don't know," he said, laughing, and rubbing that organ energetically.

"Guess!"

"Can't. There is n't anything forgotten."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Cecie, and whispering a second time.

"Oh, not just now, I think," said Fred, smiling, as she retreated a pace to watch the effect of the joyful communication.



"THE TREE WAS CEREMONIOUSLY AND MOST DELICATELY WATERED, TO THE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OF ITS PATRONESS."

"But you said you would."

"It won't require any water to-day."

"Oh, yes. You know it has all the candles and things to hold."

Fred rose resignedly, and went into the room, and the tree was ceremoniously and most

delicately watered, to the complete satisfaction of its patroness.

It was large enough, certainly (its top just touched the ceiling of the room in which it stood), but it was very kind of Robin, Fred reflected, to have sent such a handsome tree. If,

therefore, this newly born enthusiasm of Cecie's for growing were to be encouraged, it might soon be necessary to take her friend into the studio. But that was entirely out of the question. He could not afford the space. Sooner or later he must come to a decision. There seemed to be no resource but to break it up for fire-wood. Cecie could be sent for a walk while that was being done. Who was to do it, however? It was not work for his wife, and he — well, he did not care to do it. He was not accustomed to use an ax, for one thing; besides, work of that sort was bad for an artist's hands.

Nurse would do it. Why not? She was a great, strong woman.

It was not until the first week of the New Year, when the mistletoe and holly and other relics of Christmas were being cleared away, that the subject of their silent visitor came up again.

If Cecie would only tire of it, he would say to himself at times, or if it would only die! Of the latter, unfortunately, there seemed to be very little prospect, unless, indeed, it died by drowning. Thanks to Cecie's watchfulness, there seemed a distant possibility of that.

Once he pulled himself together, and, without daring to address himself directly to his daughter, spoke about the matter, in a seemingly casual manner, in her presence.

"What shall we do when the tree is away?" he said to mama.

"It is n't going away, is it, papa?" asked Cecie, looking up in great surprise. "You said it was to be allowed to stay."

"C-certainly, my dear. I mean, what would we have done if it had been going away?"

Cecie's calmness had quite disarmed him.

"Where could it have gone, poor thing?" asked Cecie, tenderly.

"I-don't-know," said Fred, hopelessly.

Again he and Agnes were talking obscurely about it, so that the child might not understand.

Presently Cecie said in a low whisper:

"S-sh, mama, s-sh! Don't talk like that. The tree might hear you, and think you were talking about *it*."

"But, my dear," said her mother, seizing the

opportunity, "we *are* talking about it." Suddenly lowering her voice, in response to an expression in Cecie's face, she added:

"Something must be done, you know. It cannot stay here always."

"Then," said Cecie in a hoarse whisper to her father, who had begun to crumble bread upon the table-cloth, "why did you let it hear you say it could, Papa?"

"Me, dear? I did n't."

"Yes, you did; the first night it came," persisted Cecie, her eyes filling suddenly.

"Did I? Well, but we don't need to chop it up, you know," said Fred, soothingly.

"Chop it up!" cried Cecie, horrified. "Who said we would chop it up?"

"Why, why,—nobody. Did nurse say so?"

"Nurse? Why, no. She loves it as much as I do now, ever since I told her," said Cecie.

"Oh! I did n't know," said the victim, feeling that the toils were closing around him, and beginning to wonder if Hunding found it inconvenient to have a tree growing through the roof of his abode. It might look picturesque at least, if the worst came to the worst.

"Poor thing!" said Cecie, turning to their helpless charge; "we promised to be kind to you, and we will, won't we?"

Neither Fred nor Agnes said a word. They felt that their best course was to wait.

Cecie, however, made it difficult for them at the outset by saying good-night to her tree that evening with even more kindness in her voice than usual.

Fred complained to Agnes afterward, as they sat alone together, that it was impossible to work when one was constantly distracted by the small things of life. Agnes said, "Stuff and nonsense!" Moreover, she added, laughing, it was absurd to call Cecie's tree a small thing of life. It was already too large, and, what was worse, seemed to be growing larger.

It was no wonder, therefore, that Fred was in a great quandary.

Whenever he chanced to see the tree, standing on its stool, so submissive or so indifferent, he could not quite make out which, but certainly so undeniably fresh and healthy-looking, his conscience gave a twinge. He began to

avoid the "prison," as Agnes jestingly called the room in which it stood; for when he met the tree face to face, he always thought of the Good Robber, and how he must have felt when he took the Babes by the hand and led them to the Wood; and when he heard nurse watering it and spraying its branches twice a day, he winced, for he had delegated the work to her in the steadfast hope that she would forget to do it.

Once, with a bitter remembrance of this, he said to Agnes, who had complained of her neglect: "Yes, she does nothing she is told to do, that girl."

"Oh, papa," broke in Cecie, who happened to be in a corner of the room, "you can't say that. Look at the way she keeps the tree. Why, there are buds upon it already!"

At another time, Agnes, who had just decided to take the law into her own hands and give orders for the execution, without say-

ing anything either to Cecie or her husband, was busy arranging her bookcase, when Fred looked up from the letter he was writing and said: "S-sh! Who is that in the next room?"

"It is only Cecie."

"But she is talking to some one."

Agnes laid down the book she was dusting, and, going softly to the door, stood still and listened. As she did so, a curious look, that was half smile and half something else, crossed her face.

"They are having a great time in there," she said in a lowered tone, coming away from the door. "Cecie is telling it a long story about a walk she had in the park with nurse."

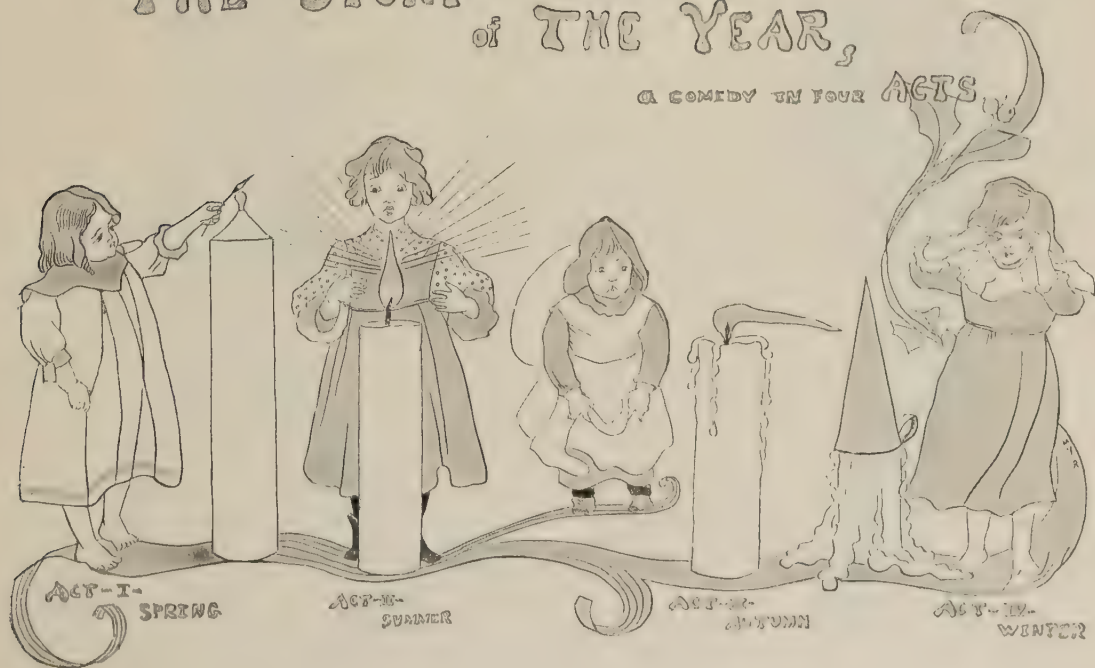
Agnes resumed her work amongst the books, and decided that in the mean time there was no hurry. The tree could remain where it was for a day or two longer.

At last, at the eleventh hour, quite unexpectedly, a solution of the difficulty arrived.

(To be concluded.)

THE STORY of THE YEAR,

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS





"DOWN BALAKLAVA'S WAR-SCORCHED SLOPE."



"JUST HENRY JONES."

JOHN HENRY JONES.

BY W. C. McCLELLAND.

You never heard John Henry Jones?
Well, I'll not fix the blame —
But it is sad you never heard
John Henry Jones declaim.

Up in the old Society
We often made it roar,
But all of us grew mute as mice
When "Jonesey" took the floor.

It did n't matter what he spoke,
The common or the rare,
When Jones referred to things, it seemed
Those very things were there!

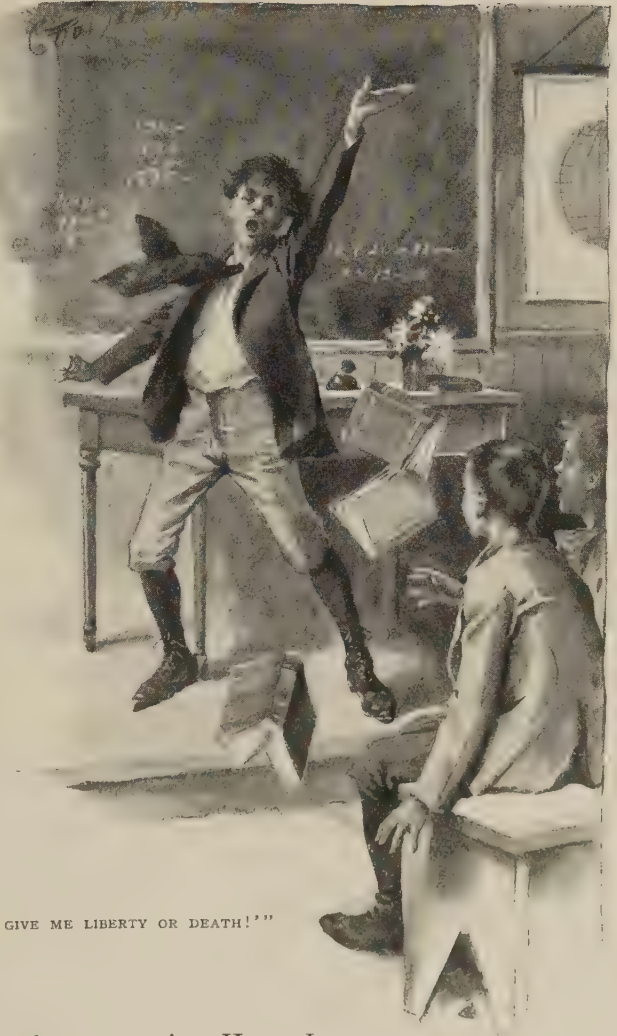
He made us see Phil Sheridan —
We saw that bounding steed;

We heard the guns, the clang of hoofs;
We felt the army's need.

Down Balaklava's war-scorched
slope,
Amid the iron rain,
We *saw* six hundred heroes dash—
A few come back again.

We never hated any one
So much, it seemed to me,
As that crank Jones was storming at
In "Woodman, spare that tree!"

I 've heard a hundred preachers
speak,
But none seemed half so grand
As Jones did when he made us
hear
Bozzaris cheer his band.

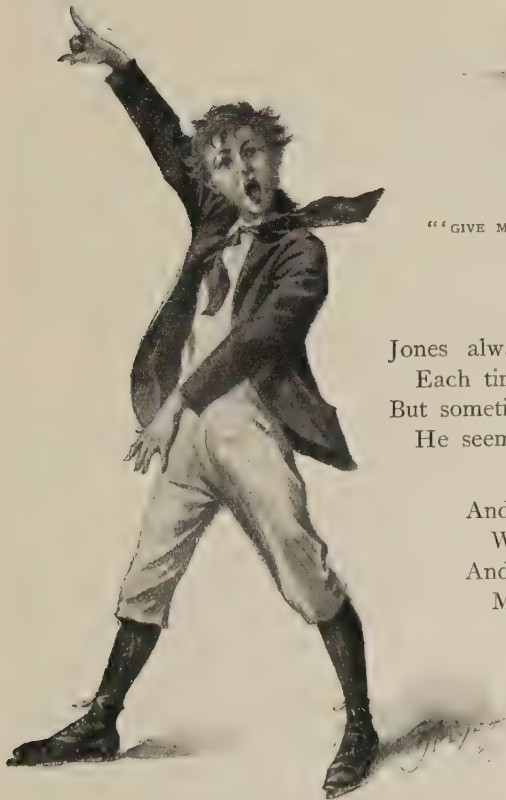


"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

Jones always was just Henry Jones
Each time that he began;
But sometimes in the second verse
He seemed another man;

And once we heard the clank of chains;
We thrilled; we held our breath;
And Patrick Henry shouted, "Give
Me Liberty or Death!"

There 's many a treat in store for you
(I hope), and joy and fame;
But still 't is sad you never heard
John Henry Jones declaim.



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER III.

CYRIL AND THE ROMAN SOLDIER.

CYRIL was now well out upon the battle-plain of Esdraelon. Too many people were coming and going upon the highways. They were not soldiers, nor pursuing him, but the young fugitive preferred the broad stubble-fields, from which the wheat had long since been reaped, and where now the tall growths of weeds concealed him very well. There were stone walls to climb and villages to go around, and the need for keeping under cover made the distances to be traveled longer. On he went, with a springing, elastic step, and he did not seem to feel at all the heat of the sun. It was his native climate and did not oppress him.

The many orchards and vineyards to which he came were those of his friends, for he did not seem to mind the husbandmen at work in them. As he made his way between the long rows of a luxuriant vineyard, he thought:

"It cannot be far now to the Kishon. Father says that there is always a Roman patrol up and down the bank, so that no one can cross, except under the eyes of the guards at the bridges. I shall have to keep watch for the patrol. Once across the Kishon, and no man in heavy armor can overtake me."

Ezra had said of him, "as fleet of foot as Asahel, the brother of Joab," and Cyril had already shown himself a very rapid traveler; but he might meet mounted men. He went forward more cautiously, among the sheltering vines, and as he paused, listening, there came a sound that startled him. It was faint and far, but he exclaimed:

"A trumpet? That must be a signal. Those camel-drivers on the road saw me, and they

must have reported me to the guard at the bridge. It is life or death, now!"

In a minute more, he was peering out from the northerly border of the vineyard.

"There is the Kishon!" he said. "There is a patrol, too; he is a legionary."

On the bank of the deep and swift river stood a fully armed soldier of that terrible power which overshadowed all the known world. To Cyril, that solitary legionary, stationed there to prevent such as he from crossing the Kishon, was an embodiment of all the enemies of Israel and Judah. The soldier stood erect, with his pilum, or broad-bladed spear, in his right hand. The vizor of his bronze helmet was open. He seemed to have understood the trumpet-note of warning, and was looking in all directions. His sword hung at the left side, ready for use, and on his left arm was a large round shield, now raised a little as he scanned the vineyards and the river-bank, as if he wondered from which of them an enemy could come upon him at that time and place. After a few moments, he turned away and strode slowly, vigilantly, along the river-bank, while Cyril watched him.

"Good!" exclaimed Cyril, at last. "He is far enough, now. I can reach the river."

Out he darted and sprang away toward the Kishon. Of course he was at once seen by the quick-eyed patrol, and hoarse and loud came the Latin summons to halt. To disobey was sure and instant death, if Cyril should be overtaken, and he would be followed with relentless persistence if he should escape; but he bounded steadily forward while the soldier ran toward him. The soldier ran well, too, considering the weight of arms and armor he carried, for all Roman legionaries were trained athletes; but he could not get between the armorer's son and the Kishon.

Not broad, but very deep and swift, was the

torrent that came rushing down from its sources among the Gilboa hills. A spring, a splash, and Cyril was swimming vigorously, though swept along down-stream by the strong current, while his left hand held his rolled-up robe high and dry above the water.

Fierce, indeed, were the threatening commands of the legionary, but on the brink of the Kishon he was compelled to halt and consider. No doubt he could swim, but not well with his heavy armor, his shield, and his sword.

Lightly and rapidly swam Cyril, and in a few moments more he was out on the northerly bank of the Kishon, sending back a shout of triumph and defiance. But he meant to send back something more. His eyes were swiftly searching the ground around him, while he drew out something which had been hidden among the folds of his robe.

It was a square of leather, as broad as his two hands, with corner-straps as long as his arm — a sling, such as David used of old. In that older day, all the tribe of Benjamin, to which the house of Ezra the Swordmaker belonged, were noted slingers; and here was their young representative, stooping to pick up smooth, rounded pebbles, as David had picked up his pebbles from the brook in the valley of Elah. In an instant he was erect again, sling in hand, while yet the soldier stood considering the risk of swimming the Kishon.

Whirl went the sling, with such a swiftness that it could hardly be seen, and away hissed the stone. No doubt the Roman had faced slingers, many a time; but the distance was more than fifty yards, and he may not have expected so true an aim. Up went his shield, indeed, a second too late, and well for him that he bowed his head, for Cyril's first pebble struck him full upon the crest. It did not knock him down, only because, in the heat of the day, he had loosened the fastenings of his helmet, so that the blow of the stone struck it from his head, and sent it rolling away in the grass.

No crossing of the Kishon now, with that slinger to practise upon his bare head all the way! Expert warrior though he was, he had enough to do for the next two minutes in warding off with his shield the well-aimed pebbles which rapidly followed the first.

Fast they came, and loudly they rang, one of them glancing from the shield to batter the brazen greave on his right leg.

"I must not delay," thought Cyril. "Other Romans may be coming. One more!"

Away flew the stone, but the blow on his leg had warned the soldier to kneel and guard now, and the missile made only a deep dent in the face of the shield.

When the bearer of it looked out again from behind the target of bull's-hide and metal which had served him so well, the slinger had disappeared; and there was nothing for the beaten Roman patrol to do but to go and report to his officer that one of the best slingers he had ever met had escaped from him. He could not have guessed how one Jewish boy's heart was dancing with delight and pride as he pushed along northward, thinking, dreaming, and even exclaiming enthusiastically:

"Oh, that the King would come to lead us against the Romans!"

No hunted wolf could have gone forward more cautiously than did Cyril. There were other streams to cross, and some of them were deep; but there were no patrols in his way, and the waters were no impediment. They were more like cooling baths provided for a wayfarer who was fond of them. If nothing worse should block his path, he would have no difficulty in getting to Cana some time during the next day.

The sun went down, and a cloudless night came on. The sky seemed to blaze with stars, and the young traveler could still find his way, somewhat more slowly, along the lanes which led from house to house and from hamlet to hamlet. It was toilsome journeying, and there was now added the danger of being taken by anybody and everybody for a prowling robber.

"They would make short work of me," he said, "or I might be sold for a slave. They would not crucify me, but they would surely scourge me."

It seemed as if Cyril gave hardly a thought to the fact that he had gone without any supper. Perhaps he was used to privation. At all events, he at last lay down under the shadow of a wide-branching olive-tree, and went to sleep as peacefully as if he had no enemies in the world. His last thought was:



WITH A PEBBLE FROM HIS SLING, CYRIL STRIKES THE HELMET FROM THE ROMAN SOLDIER'S HEAD.

"Father will escape them—I know that he will. To-morrow will be the fifth day of the week, and I shall see Lois before sunset."

CHAPTER IV.

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

ABOUT an hour after Cyril lay down at the foot of the olive-tree, that Wednesday evening, Lois was one of a joyous procession which set out

from the house of Rabbi Isaac, as soon as word arrived that the bridegroom was coming. Already, at the house of the bride's father, all the wedding formalities and ceremonials required by the Law or by Galilean custom had been fully performed, and the bridal procession from that place was winding its somewhat noisy way through the narrow and crooked streets of Cana. The bridal pair were escorted by all who had any right or will to accompany them. When the procession from Ben Nassur's house met

them, it faced about, forming one company, which increased as they went along.

The bride herself, closely attended by the bridegroom and his near friends, was the central figure; but of her nothing could be seen excepting the tresses of flowing hair which escaped from under her veil. Her robes, however, were glittering with all the jewels of her family for which a place could anywhere be found. There were many musicians,—flute-players, beaters of cymbals, and others,—and there were a number of fine singers among the girls who came dancing along in front of the bride and groom, singing the songs that befitted the occasion. Most of these were in praise of the beauty and good qualities of the bride. Among all the singers there was no voice sweeter than that of Lois. She was accompanied by her friends and neighbors; and each young girl carried in her hand a lighted lamp, and all were exceedingly careful lest it should go out, for an idea of evil fortune attached to such a happening. The lights of the little lamps carried by the dancing, singing maidens, however, were as nothing compared with that of the blazing torches borne by the young men who went before or at the sides of the procession. This was evidently no ordinary wedding, in the estimation of the people of Cana.

When the house of Ben Nassur was reached, most of the merrymakers were at liberty to return to their own homes; but a chosen few walked in with the bride and groom, and thereupon the outer door of the house was shut.

The fifth day of the week, Thursday, would be counted as the first day of the feast, and during seven days Ben Nassur would keep open house in honor of his son's wedding.

The fifth day of the week dawned brilliantly over Judea. Ezra the Swordmaker was just then cautiously emerging from an opening which, at a little distance, looked like a crack or furrow in the steep side of a hill. His place of refuge for the night had been one of the numberless caves, partly natural and partly artificial, with which all that region abounds. They form very safe hiding-places both for hunted men and for wild beasts.

Ezra stood still for a moment in the doorway

of his cave, and drew a long breath, glad to see the light and to breathe the fresh morning air.

"Cyril is safe by this time," he said. "He must have passed the border. So am I safe, but—of what use am I now?" He groaned as he lifted his right hand. "I can hardly call myself a man," he said. "I must go and hide in the wilderness of Judea. My days of service are done. There is no power on earth that can restore a withered hand!"

For withered it was: shriveled and crooked and gnarled. He could neither grasp with the nerveless fingers nor straighten them, and he let his arm fall loosely at his side, and, turning, speedily disappeared in the forest.

There were a great many people coming and going that day at the house of the wise rabbi Isaac Ben Nassur. They were not all Cana people, by any means. The bridal feast was spread in the large front room opening upon the porch, and all who had a right to enter were welcomed heartily. Food was plentifully provided, but the merriest hour of each day would be after sunset, when, the day's work being done, all the invited guests would come.

The bridegroom was continually present, to receive congratulations and good wishes. With him were several young men of his more intimate friends; but decidedly the most important figure in that room was Isaac himself. As master of the house and as ruler of the feast, he sat at the head of the long table provided for the occasion. His dress was as simple as ever, but it seemed to have undergone a change, he wore it with so grand an air. He appeared to be happy, and he received great respect from the throng of people who came to congratulate him upon the marriage of his son.

So the marriage-feast went on until the mid-day was past and the shadows began to lengthen in the streets of Cana. In the shade of Ben Nassur's house, hours before sunset, on the easterly side, stood two young people, half hidden by the vines and shrubbery, who seemed to have forgotten all about the wedding. Their talk was subdued but exceedingly animated, for Cyril had arrived and he was telling Lois of all that had happened since they had parted at Samaria so many months before. She was as earnestly patriotic as Cyril himself, and her

face said more than her words while she listened to Cyril's account of the doings of Samaritans and Romans, and of the deeds of her father and his friends. Then he told her of his own feat at the Kishon, and her bright black eyes flashed with exulting admiration of a brother who had actually struck off the helmet of a Roman legionary.

"Oh, Cyril! — what a soldier thou wilt be!"

"If the King were here to lead us!" broke in Cyril. "Oh, for the Messiah, the Captain! I could fight under him."

"Cyril," replied Lois, "I have somewhat to tell thee. Nathanael, Isaac's friend, was at the Jordan where John the Baptizer is preaching. That was several weeks ago. He came back with a report about Jesus of Nazareth, and how John had said of him that he was the Lamb of God. It is so strange!"

"Herod has imprisoned John in the Black Castle," said Cyril, "not far from the Dead Sea."

"But he is a prophet," said Lois; "Nathanael believes it. The carpenter's son is of the royal house of David. He will be here to-day with some of his friends from Capernaum and Bethsaida, and thou wilt see him."

Cyril listened in silence, for the tidings deeply interested him. He had dreamed and hoped and talked, as had all other Jews young or old, about a Prince of the house of David, an Anointed Deliverer; but it was quite another thing to be told that the man he longed for had already been found, and that he was to meet him at the house of Ben Nassur.

"Come," said Lois, "I will show thee his mother. She is there by the well, waiting for him. She is Hannah's near kinswoman, and we love her greatly."

"He is only a carpenter now," said Cyril.

"Rabbi Isaac said to Nathanael that Jesus is indeed a lineal descendant of David, but he is not a soldier. He reads in the synagogues, and he has been preaching much of late. Still, Isaac says he is not learned like a rabbi."

"I wish I could see him," exclaimed Cyril.

"Come," said Lois, again; and they went slowly, talking almost in whispers. Lois had not yet seen the son of the carpenter of Nazareth, and her eagerness to do so was quickly communicated to her enthusiastic bro-

ther. He felt his heart beat more quickly, and his breath came faster, as she told him of the various marvels that had been crowned at last by the testimony of John at the Jordan.

"Even while he was in the water," she said, "a beautiful white dove came down and alighted on his head, and there was heard a voice from the heavens."

"I wish I had been there!" exclaimed Cyril. "But is that Mary, his mother?"

"Yes; she stands there — there by the well," said Lois. "Is she not a noble-looking woman? And she says her son has never seemed just like other men."

But such was not the opinion of Isaac Ben Nassur and other leading residents of Cana and of Nazareth. They knew the young Jesus (or Joshua, as they more frequently called him), the son of Joseph. They had seen him from boyhood. They thought no less of him because he worked for a living: the wisest and greatest rabbis did so. Moreover, it was an important matter that he was of the royal line of David, now so nearly extinct; every Jew was ready to acknowledge so rare a distinction; but there their reverence ended, for otherwise he had neither rank nor power. The older and wiser they thought themselves, the less they were concerned about Nathanael's talk of the marvelous occurrences at Bethabara.

Cyril and Lois were young, and were neither wise nor learned. They, therefore, were more and more excited as they drew nearer the noble-looking matron who stood by the well, gazing expectantly down the street. Her face had just been lighted by an expression of pleasure; but now it suddenly clouded again, as if something whispered to her by a woman who came from the house might be unpleasant tidings. At that moment, also, the bridegroom himself appeared in the doorway, accompanied by his mother, Hannah; and his face, like her own, wore an anxious look.

"Such a disgrace, Raphael!" exclaimed Hannah, in a half-frightened tone — "to have the supply of wine fail on the first day of the feast!"

"The tax-gatherers are to blame!" he responded, in angry mortification. "They had secured almost every wine-skin that was for sale in Cana. So I sent all the way to Chora-

zin, and I provided abundance; but the tax-gatherers have stopped it on the way. They declared that it had not paid its full duty; but I know that is untrue. They have taken it—they are robbers!”

Raphael was sorely mortified. Anybody

the face of Mary. “The publicans took it,” whispered Lois; but her brother was gazing earnestly at the mother of Jesus of Nazareth and so did not reply. He could not explain to himself what it was that was so different in her manner from any of the other women



“‘CYRIL,’ SAID LOIS, POINTING, ‘LOOK! HE IS COME!’”

might have sympathized with him. Such a scarcity would be considered a disgrace to his whole family and to that of his bride.

“Do not tell your father, yet,” said Hannah. “But what are we to do?”

Cyril and Lois, out by the well, had now heard this news, the same which had so clouded

around her. Her face was so pure, so good, he thought; so full of light as she now turned again to look down the street. Then she exclaimed: “Hannah! He is coming! He will be here quickly.”

“Cyril,” said Lois, pointing, “look! There is Jesus of Nazareth! He is come!”

(To be continued.)

DREAM MARCH OF THE CHILDREN.

By
James Whitcomb Riley.

WAS N'T it a funny dream? — perfectly bewild'rin'! —

Last night, and night before, and night before that, —
Seemed like I saw the march o' regiments o' children,
Marching to the robin's fife and cricket's rat-ta-tat!

Lily-banners overhead, with the dew upon 'em,

On flashed the little army, as with sword and flame;

Like the buzz o' bumble-wings with the honey on 'em,
Came an eerie, cheery chant, chiming as it came:

*Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!
Where go the children, traveling ahead?
Some go to kindergarten; some go to day-school;
Some go to night-school; and some go to bed!*

Smooth roads or rough roads, warm or winter weather

On go the children, tow-head and brown,

Brave boys and brave girls, rank and file together,

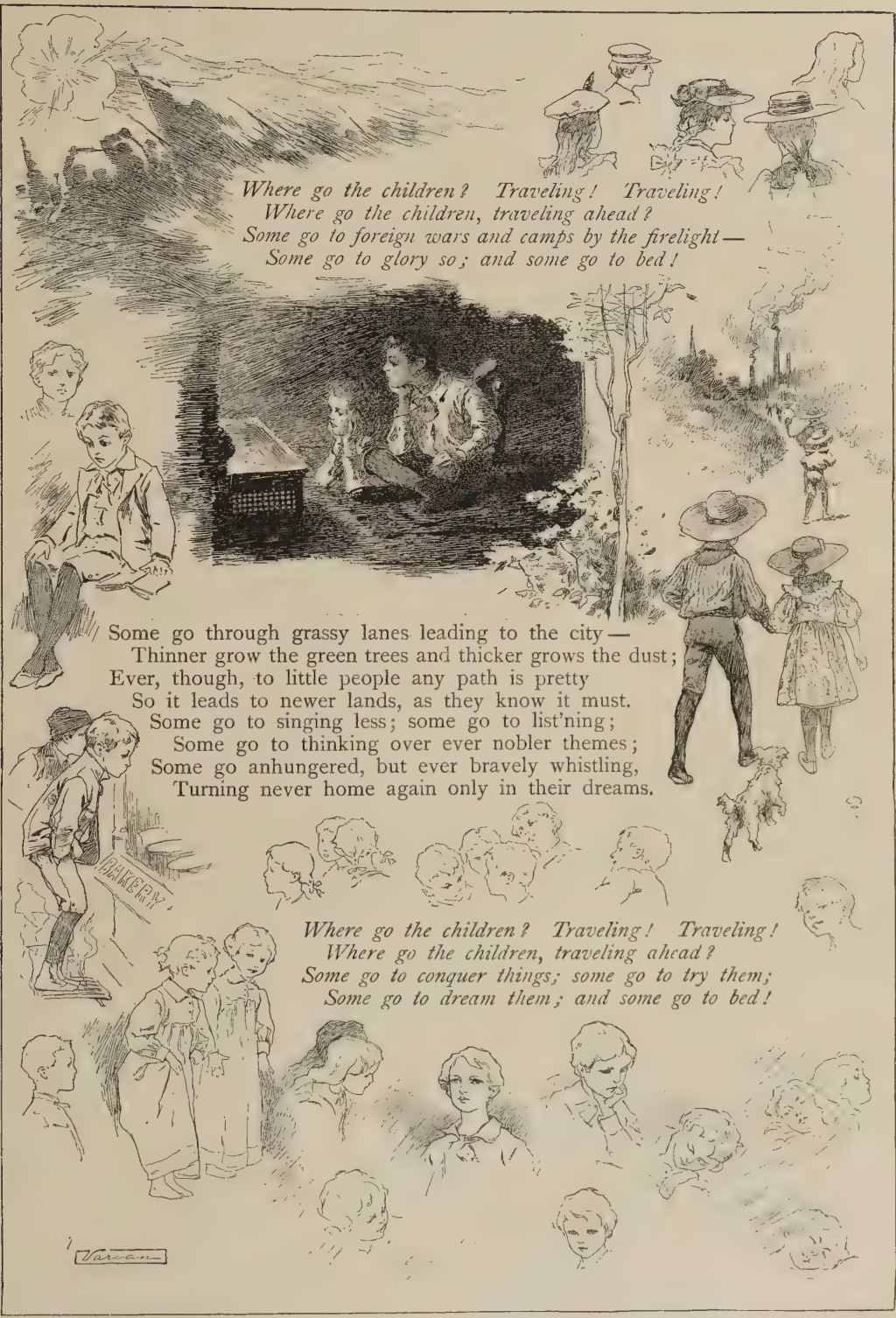
Marching out of Babyland, over dale and down:

Some go a-gipsying out in country places —

Out through the orchards, with blossoms on the boughs

Wild, sweet, and pink and white as their own glad faces;

And some go, at evening, calling home the cows.



*Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!
Where go the children, traveling ahead?
Some go to foreign wars and camps by the firelight—
Some go to glory so; and some go to bed!*

*Some go through grassy lanes leading to the city—
Thinner grow the green trees and thicker grows the dust;
Ever, though, to little people any path is pretty
So it leads to newer lands, as they know it must.
Some go to singing less; some go to list'ning;
Some go to thinking over ever nobler themes;
Some go anhungered, but ever bravely whistling,
Turning never home again only in their dreams.*

*Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!
Where go the children, traveling ahead?
Some go to conquer things; some go to try them;
Some go to dream them; and some go to bed!*

The Happy Holiday of Master Merrivein



BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"I 'LL hie me up to Durley Fair," quoth Master Merrivein;
"A day of rest and jollity, then hie me home again.
With shillings in my pocket, and the harvest work all done,
I 'll spend a happy holiday, then back by set o' sun!"



So blithesome Master Merrivein, all in his Sunday best,
Started straightway for Durley Fair, with energy and zest;
His stick upon his shoulder, most joyfully he sped,

But suddenly
a voice
from a
neighbor's
gateway said:



"Oh, Master, Master Merrivein!
As you go to the fair,
Will you take my tumbler-pigeons to the
pigeon fakir there?"
So, kindly Master Merrivein, he slung
them on his back,

The pigeons and the pigeon-cage.
(They made a goodly pack!)

"**H**OLD! hold, there, Master Merrivein! As you go through the town,
Will you leave this little donkey with brother Billy Brown?
The donkey is so gentle, and so tractable,
't is said,
That, if you do not beat him, he 'll just trot on ahead!"

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he added to his store,
By letting one small donkey just trot right on before.



"**H**o, there, you Master Merrivein! Go
you by Durley Fair?
Then please just take these candle-
sticks to cousin Betty Blair!

This bonnet, in the bonnet-box, I'll add, if you don't mind,
And these few little trifles I will just tie on behind!

"They're for my sister at the Inn, good sir; and
mother begs
To add this green umbrella and a basketful of eggs!"



So, kindly Master Merrivein, he took them on his arm,
For fear the bonnet and the eggs might straightway
come to harm.

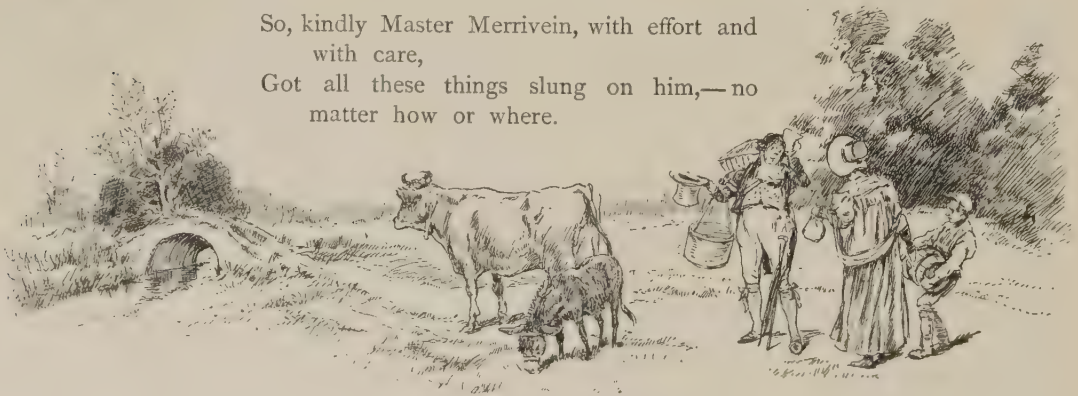
“**O**H, Master, Master Merrivein! just step around this way!
 If only you will drive a cow along with you to-day!
 She 's the gentlest, kindest animal that ever yet
 was seen,
 And I 've sold her to young Mistress Finch, who
 lives on Durley Green!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he hummed a little song,
 And the cow she switched her tail about and straight-
 way went along.



“**O**H, wait—wait, Master Merrivein! Please stop a moment where
 The cross-roads meet the school-house, well-nigh to Durley Fair,
 And give this keg of butter and bag of tarts so nice,
 And this shawl and woollen comforter, to good old Granny Gryce!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, with effort and
 with care,
 Got all these things slung on him,—no
 matter how or where.



“Is that good Master Merrivein? Three squawking geese have I;
I’ll hang them on your shoulder, and their feet I’ll tightly tie.
Just leave them with Dame Blodgett, anear the crooked stile,
The other side of Durley Green, about a half a mile!”



“Oh, stop — stop, Master Merrivein! Go you to Durley Fair?



Then I beg you take this finery for my daughter Meg to wear,
This flowered hat and tippet, the mitts and paduasoy.
She’s at Aunt Elsie’s cottage, and will welcome you with joy!”



WAIT, there, good Master Merrivein! If to the fair you go,
Please take my fiddle and my flute to Uncle Jerrygo!



The tuning-fork and music-rack, accordion and horn,
Are for his son, who leads the band at Durley Fair each morn!”



So, straightway, Master Merrivein, so good and true and kind,
Started him off to Durley Fair a day of rest to find.
But did he find it? Oh, dear me! Go ascertain, I pray,
Of all the curious country-folk who passed him on the way!

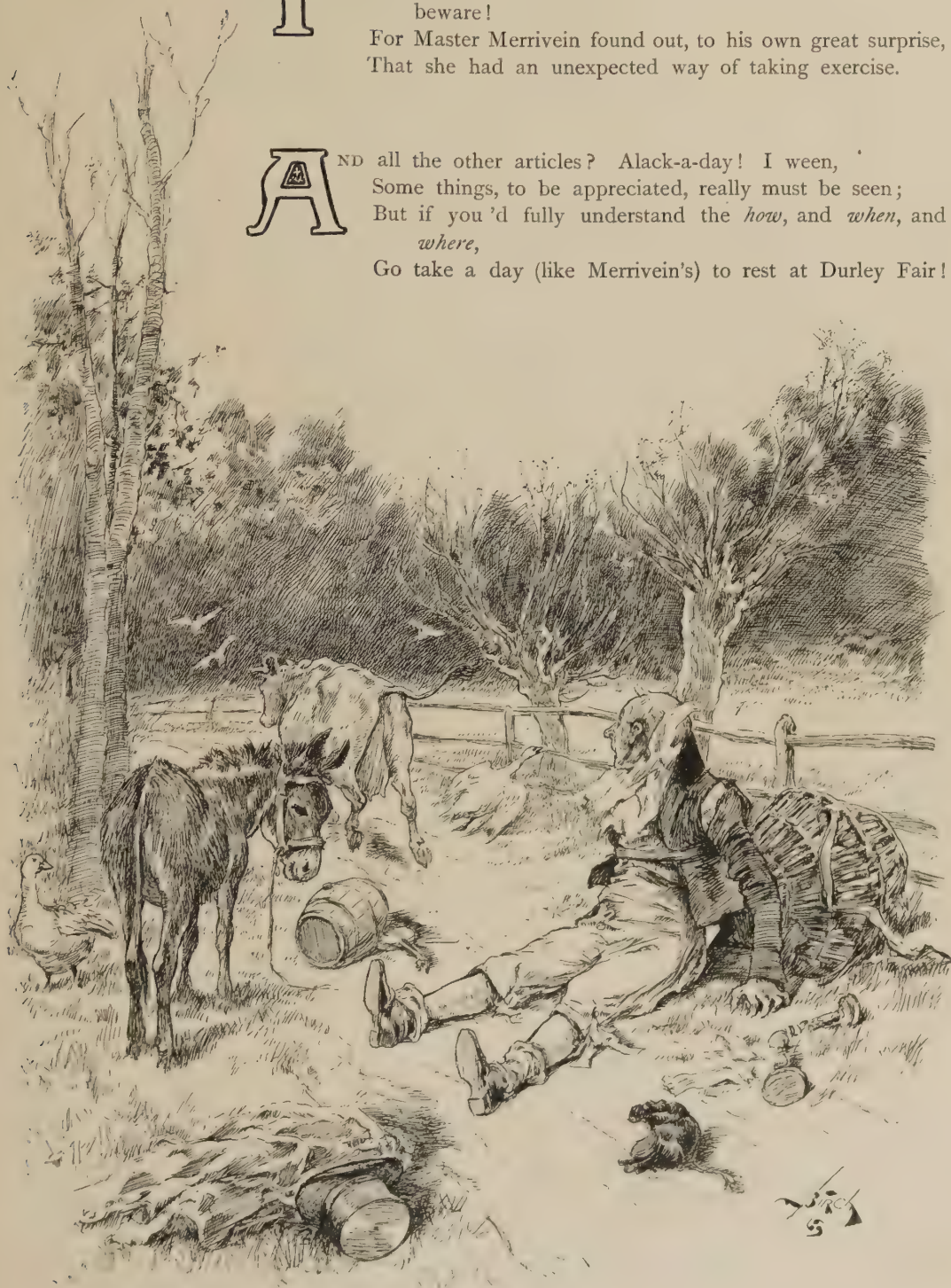
FOR the gentle little donkey,—that the sight you may not miss,
I'll say it took an attitude occasionally like this,—



While the pigeons and the squawking geese,
I really am afraid,
That one small picture could not hold the
havoc that they made!

THE cow (that *gentle* animal!)—to-morrow, at the fair,
Young Mistress Finch may try to sell; I warn you, then
beware!
For Master Merrivein found out, to his own great surprise,
That she had an unexpected way of taking exercise.

AND all the other articles? Alack-a-day! I ween,
Some things, to be appreciated, really must be seen;
But if you'd fully understand the *how*, and *when*, and
where,
Go take a day (like Merrivein's) to rest at Durley Fair!



TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

CARROTS'S CHARITY.

DURING the remainder of the day neither Carrots nor Teddy saw Skip.

It appeared very much as if Master Jellison had grown alarmed after seeing his intended victim conversing with the policeman.

The other merchants in the newspaper and the bootblackening business, neglecting everything else, discussed the very remarkable state of affairs brought about by the boy from Saranac, until the partners had succeeded in rolling up profits that made Carrots's eyes open wide with surprise.

Then their brother merchants began to realize that, while effecting nothing so far as the controversy between Skip and Teddy was concerned, they were losing an opportunity of earning money; and so they at once resumed their labors, and Carrots soon was aware of a depression in his department of the bootblackening industry which caused him no slight amount of sorrow.

"If Skip Jellison had hung 'round here the rest of the day, so 's to give the other fellows more chance to talk, we 'd have come nigh to earnin' enough to pay for the stand before night," he said, as Teddy returned from purchasing his fourth supply of papers.

"That shows how much a fellow can lose unless he keeps his eyes open," Teddy replied.

"That 's a fact," said Carrots. "It did n't seem much to loaf 'round a little while; but it counts up when you come to look at it."

"You can jest bet it does; an' if you 'll keep watch of yourself for another week, we 'll be in mighty good shape to set ourselves up in busi-

ness. There 's plenty of money to be earned 'round here, an' if a fellow does n't spend it as fast as he gets it, it won't be long before he 's on his feet."

Ever since he began to follow the occupation of a bootblack, Carrots had desired to own such an outfit as was in the possession of a certain Italian on Centre street. In his eyes it was simply magnificent. A chair, upholstered in red velvet, stood on a platform covered with sheet brass and studded plentifully with large-headed nails of the same metal. As foot-rests there were two deformed camels in bronzed iron, each bearing on its back a piece of iron fashioned in the shape of the sole of a boot. Even in his wildest dreams, however, he had never allowed himself to believe it was possible for him to become the owner of such a gorgeous establishment; for he had learned from a reliable source that the Italian's outfit had cost not less than twenty dollars — an amount which, in Carrots's eyes, was so large as to be within reach of only the very wealthy.

Now, however, he began to think such a thing might be possible, for he had realized what could be accomplished by industry. In his mind's eye he saw the firm's news-stand, in one corner of which could be placed a small stove during the cold weather, with a space under the counter sufficiently large for the two boys to sleep in, and the outside of the establishment painted a vivid green. Carrots was very particular as to the color. He had decided, as soon as the matter was broached by Teddy, that if they ever did succeed in buying a stand, it must be painted green; and this was because a friend of his in Jersey City had told him, in the strictest secrecy, that such a color was very "lucky."

How industriously he labored during the

remainder of the afternoon! So eager was he to reach the packing-case home in order to count the money on hand, that he proposed to stop work for the night an hour before the demand for bootblacks' services had wholly ceased.

"We 'll have to wait a while longer," Teddy said decidedly. "It won't do to knock off yet, 'cause we ought to make enough to pay for our suppers between now an' dark. S'posin' you take some of these papers? You can sell 'em when there 's no show for shinin'."

Carrots obeyed without a murmur, for the green news-stand and the brass-studded platform and chair still remained before his eyes; and not until eight o'clock was it decided that they could afford to "close up shop" by going home.

On gaining the packing-cases the proceeds of the day's work were thrown into one pile, and then began the very pleasing occupation of counting their earnings.

Carrots was well aware that they had done a good business; but he was really astonished on learning that the "firm" had earned two dollars and eleven cents, or, in other words, a trifle more than one tenth the estimated cost of the stand.

"There!" said Teddy, in a tone of satisfaction. "That is what I call humpin' ourselves! It won't take a great many days like this before we 'll be on our feet in fine shape."

"That is, if Skip don't bother us."

"Well, this time his botherin' did us good, 'cause while the other fellows were talkin' 'bout it we were jest shovelin' the money in. Now

we 'll put the two dollars away, an' use the 'leven cents for a supper. I reckon we can get enough bologna an' crackers for that."

"Ain't there anything on hand?"

"Not a crumb. Will you go and get the supper, or shall I?"

"I 'll go while you put the money away," and Carrots was out of the dwelling like a



IKKY BEFORE THE GROCER'S WINDOW. (SEE PAGE 138.)

flash; but he did not return as soon as Teddy expected from his hurried departure.

More than once Teddy went to the gate to listen for him; and at last it seemed certain Carrots must have met with an accident.

"I ought to have gone with him," Teddy muttered to himself, "'cause the chances are that Skip has turned up, an' is thumpin' him."

After waiting ten minutes more, Teddy decided that it would be necessary to go in search of his partner, who might be hurt and unable to get home; but just as he was about to climb

the fence, the sound of hurried footsteps in the alleyway told that Carrots was returning.

"Did you think I was never comin' back?" the young gentleman asked, as he arrived.

"Well, it did begin to look that way. What kept you so long?"

"Wait till I get in the box, an' I'll tell you all about it," Carrots replied breathlessly; and, when they were once more inside the improvised dwelling, he began his story, even before unrolling the packages he had brought.

"Say, do you know Ikey Cain, the fellow I bought that box and brushes of?"

"No."

"Well, he's a little fellow not much bigger'n Teenie Massey, an' I met him out here by the grocery-store. I tell you he's been in awful hard luck, an' he's all banged up."

"What's the matter with him? Some more of Skip Jellison's work?"

"No, it ain't that; but he got hurt a while ago down to Pier 10, where they was unloadin' bananas, and he was layin' for a chance to get some. Now there's a sore on his leg, so he can't hardly walk, an' he has n't been able to do any work for more'n three weeks."

"Where does he live?" Teddy asked.

"He stayed at the Newsboys' Lodgin' House till his money gave out, an' since then he's been stoppin' anywhere. Say, Teddy, he ain't had a thing to eat to-day."

"Why did n't you give him some of that 'leven cents?"

"That's what I wanted to do; but I was 'fraid you would n't like it."

"You ought to know better'n that. I've been hungry myself too many times since I left Saranac, not to understand how a fellow feels."

"I'll tell you what I was thinkin' of; but of course I don't want you to go into the plan 'less you're willin'. It struck me as how it would n't be any bother if Ikey stayed here with us till he gets better. An' jest as soon's he's well he'll be willin' to pay us back what it'll cost for his grub. He is n't much of an eater, anyway. I could put down three times more stuff than he, an' not half try. Why, he thinks he's filled 'way up to the chin if he gets one bowl of soup," said Carrots, scornfully.

"There was n't any need of your askin' me,

Carrots, if he could come here," said Teddy, smiling. "This is your shanty."

"It's as much yours as mine, since we went inter partnership."

"It does n't make any difference who owns it. I think we'd better let him in, if he's a decent kind of a boy, an' has been havin' hard luck."

"Then s'pose I go after him? He's down by the grocery-store, an' when I left was lookin' at a smoked herrin' 's if he'd draw the backbone right out of it."

"Shall I go with you?" Teddy asked.

"No; I can get him up here alone if you'll stand by the gate so 's to catch him when I h'ist him over," said Carrots, "'cause he's lame an' can't do much shinnin' himself."

Carrots, not waiting to make further explanation, ran out from the nest of boxes, clambered over the fence, and soon the sound of footsteps told that he was running down the alley.

Five minutes later an unusual noise warned Teddy that the invalid was approaching, and he took up his stand on the inside of the fence, ready to assist.

"Are you there, Teddy?" Carrots asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes; let him come!"

"I'll give him a boost, an' you catch hold of his hands," was Carrots's reply.

By moving one of the cases nearer the gate, Teddy was able to reach sufficiently high to grasp the hand of the lame boy; and then, by the aid of Carrots's "boost," the new member of the family was soon inside.

Teddy assisted the stranger to the box which served as a home, and when Carrots had lighted both candles he had an opportunity to see the boy thus introduced to the household.

Ikey could never have been called a prepossessing lad, and his recent hardships had in no wise tended to improve his appearance.

A pair of large black eyes seemed even larger than nature had made them, by contrast with his pallid face and the closely cropped hair, which literally stood on end in every direction, giving him an expression such as one fancies would be proper for some bloodthirsty revolutionist. But, although he looked so thoroughly ferocious, Ikey was by no means a dangerous character. As Carrots had said, he was

shorter than Teenie Massey, and the pallor of his thin face was emphasized by the many streaks and spots of dirt, and the ill-fitting, ragged garments gave him the appearance of being several sizes smaller than he really was.

"Jiminy! you 've got it swell here," Ikey said in a tone of admiration, as he gazed around at the snug quarters, and especially at the bottles used as candlesticks. It seemed to him that if they could afford double the necessary amount of light, their manner of living must certainly border on extravagance.

"Well, it *is* pretty fair," Carrots replied, with the air of one who thinks it modest to belittle his own property. "We manage to get along here somehow, an' are goin' to squeeze you in. You 're so thin, Ikey, that a sardine-box would make a first-rate bed for you."

"You 're awful good to help me, fellows. Jest before Carrots came along I was tryin' to make out what I was goin' to do," said Ikey.

"Well, take hold, an' fill yourself up with what we 've got here. P'rhaps we 'll find some way to fix you so 's you can walk better 'n you do now," Teddy said, as he unrolled the packages of provisions Carrots had brought; but finding there was not sufficient for three very hungry boys, he excused himself long enough to purchase a few additions to the collection.

His sympathies were thoroughly roused, and he determined Ikey should have, as he afterward explained, "one square, out-and-out feed," if no more. Three smoked herring, three seed-cakes, and a five-cent pie comprised the list of provisions Teddy brought back. That he was guilty of extravagance in purchasing these articles shows how deeply he felt for Ikey's sufferings.

"This is what you call livin' high," Carrots said, as he arranged the feast in the most favorable light. "I reckon you 'll get well if you stay here very long, Ikey."

"If I don't I ought ter be choked!" Master Cain replied emphatically, as he proceeded to devour one of the herring first breaking off the head and stripping, with the touch of an artist, each side of the fish from the back-bone.

"There 's one bad thing 'bout it," Carrots said, as he suddenly thought of what might be an awkward predicament for himself. "You

know, the folks what keep the store don't have any idea I 'm livin' here, 'cause if they did I 'd be fired mighty quick. Of course you can't go 'round town while you 've got that thing on your leg, an' you 're bound to stay till it gets well; but, you see, Ikey, it won't do to make the least little mite of a noise. Do you think you can manage it all day, with never so much as a squeak?"

"I reckon it would n't be very hard work," Master Cain replied. "I 'd be thinkin' how much better this was than loafin' 'round the streets, an' then I could n't 'yip' if I wanted to, when I 'd know I might lose the snap."

"And don't show your nose outside this box, 'cause that would be jest as bad as hollerin'."

"Don't you worry 'bout me! I 'll get along all right, an' won't make any fuss for you," the invalid replied decidedly, as he made a pleasing combination of the dried fish and pie, by way of a finishing touch to the meal.

When their guest's hunger had been satisfied, the hosts made arrangements for the night by giving to the crippled boy the entire pile of straw on which to lie, while they slept upon the bare boards of the adjoining box.

On the following morning Carrots was awake unusually early, for he thought of the necessity of finding something in which to bring water, that Ikey might be able to satisfy his thirst during the day; and, without arousing either of his companions, he attended to this important business.

After a short absence he returned with a clean tomato-can as a drinking-vessel, and this he filled from the hydrant.

Teddy was awake when this task was finished. There were provisions enough for the invalid's meals, and the two boys set out, intending to prepare for the day by purchasing two bowls of Mose Pearson's slate-colored soup.

"You won't have anything to do but eat, Ikey, an' there 's grub enough for that," Carrots said as he left the dwelling. "Take hold an' enjoy yourself. We sha'n't be back till pretty nigh dark, so don't worry 'bout us, an' be sure to keep your mouth shut."

"I 'll get along all right, an' nobody shall know I 'm here," Ikey replied; and an instant later the two merchants vaulted the fence.



It was near Gallows Lane, and the Judge of Probate was playing leap-frog with the Specialist in Diseases of the Eye, in front of our little Hidden Hut, while the Bank Director and the President of the Gas Company were off scouting in the dense woods to guard against surprise from imaginary Indians.

The woods were really very dense and dark, even on that midsummer day, but the danger from Indians was not at all real. Nevertheless, we regretted the absence of our valued colleague, the prosperous Hardware Merchant, who, we were confident, would effectually have defended our rear. Unfortunately the Hardware Merchant was unable to be with us, having been "kept in" after school because of unruly conduct and of gross failure in his arithmetic lessons. (He rarely makes any mistake in his arithmetic, now; or, if he does, his customers exact no penalty.)

Of course we did not know him as a hardware merchant, then. Neither was the Judge of Probate a judge, at that time. He was simply Bob Hanks; a sprightly, wiry lad of thir-

teen, full of fun and very larky. Nor had the Specialist in Diseases of the Eye chosen his profession as yet, being known, to a limited youthful public only, as "Rat" Burnham, his complete first name being Ratcliffe. We were boys, and did not know enough to call each other by the titles of our future occupations or business pursuits. But our situation *as* boys was, in our opinion, deep, dark, and murky; for a crisis impended and the Hidden Hut stood in peril.

The whole thing began with the President of the Gas Company—I mean Lorenzo Paul. Such was his romantic name, and his ideas were romantic enough to match it. He it was who first, incited by Cooper's novels which we had all been reading, drew for us ideal pictures and diagrams of cave-shelters, something like that which Deerslayer made use of at Glen's Falls, and then of more elaborate and fantastic underground dwellings. He drew careful designs of these abodes on his slate.

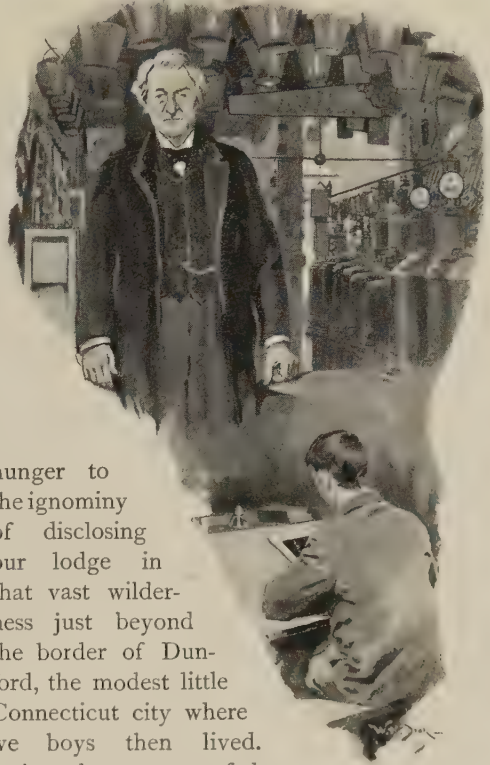
All these plans conformed to one general model. An opening in the earth was con-

cealed by a solid, but loose and tottering, granite boulder, which turned easily on its base and could be moved aside at a touch by one who knew just how. Under this stone a shaft plunged blackly down into the darkness. Access to the foot of the shaft could be had only by an upright log in which rude steps were notched. But, once at the bottom, you found ample excavated apartments, dimly lighted with candles, at your disposal. In one room, too, there was a fireplace for warmth and cooking, with a flue leading up through the solid rock, so tortuously crooked that no enemy could ever come down through the chimney—and probably no smoke could ever have gone up by it. Had we actually been able to construct that ideal cavern, we would have been stifled with smoke of our own making, the fumes of our own hearth-fire.

The realization of that sooty dream was beyond our power. And so we contented ourselves with building a hidden hut in the woods, near a rocky cliff.

In this way Our Secret Society came into existence. Having a retreat of this very evasive character, it became necessary that we ourselves should be extremely devious and furtive. We resolved to steep ourselves in a profound mystery; and we succeeded. No one, beyond the limits of our small and exclusive brother-

to make the three-mile run to our hut in the woods, when the classes were dismissed, without any fear of starvation at the end of the route. Therefore we were never reduced by



THE HARDWARE MERCHANT IS KEPT IN.

hunger to the ignominy of disclosing our lodge in that vast wilderness just beyond the border of Dunford, the modest little Connecticut city where we boys then lived.

A real paymaster of the navy had given us an old tin box from the United States war-ship "Sabine," duly marked with Uncle Sam's initials in white paint; and we filled it with remarkable mementos—such as tops, balls, twine, battered coins which we had found by experience could not be "passed" even upon the most indigent tradesman in town, and almanacs of the period. Then we buried it in the soil. This box we exhumed at intervals, with solemn rites; and no one among outsiders was aware either that we had buried or had exhumed it—a fact which we viewed as an extraordinary triumph of mysteriousness.

But, on this particular day, there was danger! We feared that our parents had "struck the trail," and might discover and destroy our secluded cabin. That was why our Bank Director and our President of the Gas Company



LORENZO PAUL'S DIAGRAM OF 'THE IDEAL CAVE.'

hood, ever gained knowledge of the damp and earthy lair we had established, because, when we went to the afternoon session of school, we always provided ourselves with an extra luncheon in our inside coat pockets, and so were able

were scouting through the shadowy woods, to ward off Indians. The Bank Director was doing wonderful work in the way of detecting invisible moccasin footprints on the moss or the brown, fallen leaves; and ever and anon the Gas President would pat the earth with his jagged wooden sword, then lift the blade to his nostrils, smell of it attentively, and — with a glare of wild intelligence — dart away through the underbrush in pursuit of some ferocious beast or other foe, whose scent he had discovered by this simple yet astounding process. Both these gallant warriors, likewise, gave token of their sagacity by raising their right hands, arched, to their right ears and listening intently to an incredible number of unheard but alarming noises.

Suddenly a wild whoop resounded through the dark arches of the forest. It came, evidently, from the side toward town, in our rear. Surprise and massacre seemed inevitable; and we doubted whether history had ever shown a more somber page than that which was about to be turned down over *us*. The Judge of Probate and the Specialist in Diseases of the Eye abruptly desisted from their peaceful exercise of leap-frog, and assumed the defensive. The President of the Gas Company and the Bank Director, quite as promptly, abandoned their scouting, and fell back upon the main-line. We were a unit; we were concentrated; but we were in abject terror.

The whoop turned out to be only the Hardware Merchant,—that is, Willard Jones,—who, having worked out his term of enforced confinement after school hours, had decided to give us a practical illustration of the ease with which we might be taken unawares and surrounded by an enemy of one, and perhaps conquered. We did not let the lesson pass unheeded. Thenceforth, each member of the society was subjected to severe tests of fitness. We also, for further discipline and profit, set up a winter lodge in one of the back yards of the city itself—a wigwam constructed of planks, under the mystic shadow of which we read our novels, and burned slow fires of smoky coal picked up from the winter supply of various houses belonging to our relatives, and to citizens generally. Here we instituted new and

special forms of initiation. One of them depended on a rude scrawl of what the society called its “patron saint”: the blurry outline of a human figure, painted on a hanging screen at one end of the awesome wigwam. This curtain-picture was smeared with grease or tar, or whatever other compound the society in its wisdom might deem especially unpleasant to the novice; and every candidate for admission was required to kiss it. As he did so, an artful member, concealed behind the curtain, pushed it forward, and enwrapped the candidate’s face, so as to daub him thoroughly with the tar or grease. But when he had been once inducted, the new member enjoyed the priceless happiness of smoking with the rest of us a Pipe of Peace, filled with that fragrant herb which the “Sweet Fern Committee” was particularly empowered and commanded to gather all through the summer for winter use.

And here in the wigwam we kept the bones of a pet hen that had inconsiderately died on our hands. For some reason we named this departed fowl “Mrs. Sill”; and we often went through certain dismal ceremonies of honoring her remains, with one of our chief officers acting as master of ritual, in a long gown and a volunteer fireman’s huge water-proof hat.

These chief officers were called “willers,” and whatsoever they *willed* us to do, that we were obliged to perform. Many were the feats of bravado or humility they forced us to accomplish. But alas for the power and vanity of human “willers”!—the pride of absolute rule led them, finally, to make decree that the winter lodge and all its relics should be destroyed by fire. We met sadly, for that purpose, but obeyed; and the precious little shanty rolled upward to the sky in a brief, black smoke. The Hidden Hut by the cliff in the woods, near Gallows Lane,—actually so named, because a witch had been hanged there in colonial times,—was suffered by our young despots to remain in existence. But as we grew older, and drifted apart into business or college, its uses lapsed and we left it untenanted.

Even so long as ten years afterward, the Judge, the Director, and I went out to visit the sequestered spot, and found a considerable part of our little structure still holding together

in good trim. Yet not through all the period of its prime, nor through those following years, did the parents of the members of our order—nor did those airy Indians whom we had dreaded—ascertain the fact of its existence. The whole affair was like a dusky charcoal drawing on a stray, forgotten sheet laid away in the recesses of our minds. What endless galleries of such

I met Bob Hanks, the Judge of Probate, only the other day: a dry, methodical man, with a forehead full of patient wrinkles. "Rat" Burnham, too, I have seen frequently. He is making a fortune by his curative facility in treating diseases of the eye, and never refers to that dark episode of our immaturity. The President of the Gas Company, once so full of



THE PRESIDENT OF THE GAS COMPANY AND THE BANK DIRECTOR.

twilight pictures are stored up in the brains of boys and men! And, unknown though it be to the rest of the world, it is all still as intense and clear as possible to the rest of us. That terrible moment when Willard Jones's whoop rang upon our ears in the vaulted darkness of the woods, and the fearful secrecy of our innocent gloom, and the deep shadow of our entirely inane proceedings altogether, linger with us now, and form a sober background to the recollections of our boyhood.

frolic and fancy, is now one of the most pre-occupied and even mournful-looking men in town; and the Bank Director has fallen a prey to dividends and coupons.

Can it be that the solemn remembrance of our juvenile recklessness weighs upon them all, and makes them look so sad and careworn? As I say, we rarely speak of Our Secret Society, in these days. But the organization was never dissolved; and I am wondering whether we still belong to it.



"LOUD THEY MOCKED AT THE CLUMSY CHURL."

THE CHRISTMAS SONG OF CAEDMON.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

THEY gathered round the tables,
In the rough, glad days of yore,
And their boisterous shouts made the
arches ring
At the sight of the smoking boar.

They passed the harp around the board,
And every one must sing
For the honor of his lady-love,
Or the glory of his king.

The page he lilted a tender lay
As he lightly touched the string;
The yeoman shouted a jocund catch
As he thumped the sounding thing.

But the herdsman looked at his knotted
hands:
"I should rend the harp in twain!
And never a song know I, save the shout
That calls the cattle again."

Then loud they mocked at the clumsy
churl,
Till he rose with
a w k w a r d
stride
And made his
way to the
cattle-sheds,
His shame and
grief to hide.



But lo! as he slept on the straw, he caught
 The glint of an angel's wing:
 God's angel placed in his hand a harp,
 And bade the herdsman sing.

"I cannot, Lord, for my clumsy hands,
 And my voice so harsh and loud,
 And I have no words."

"I will give thee words."
 And Cædmon obedient bowed.



The herdsman stood in his laborer's smock,
 Nor questioned, but ere long
 Like a child at the voice of his mother,
 He opened his lips in song.

The lilting page and the mocking knight
 And the yeoman went their way;
 Their deeds are done, their songs forgot,
 But the herdsman sings for aye.

THE LITTLE CARLTONS HAVE THEIR SAY.

BY CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

IN a house that was certainly comfortable, and according to some standards might have been called luxurious, two boys and a girl were engaged in animated protest against the decree of their mother, who had banished one of them from the luncheon-table because he had persistently grumbled against the food.

"I don't see why mama is so strict," said the offender, Hal, aged fourteen, to whom the sympathy of his younger brother and sister, Claude and Kathleen, was the more grateful because, for half an hour past, he had been swelling in solitary majesty in the play-room, trying to nurse his wrath, and secretly regretting the good plateful he had been compelled to abandon. "I don't see why a fellow has n't a right to prefer to eat one kind of thing more than another. All I said was, that compared to Jock Clayton's, where I lunched yesterday, we live like a boarding-house. Why, the Claytons had *entrées* in silver dishes, and fruit and flowers and candies on the table for everybody, exactly as if it were a dinner-party."

"I wish Jock would ask *me* sometimes," said Claude, enviously. "But I suppose I 'm too young for him. I agree with you, Hal, it 's pretty tiresome to have fare like ours week in and week out—plain roast, plainer potatoes, and plainest pudding!"

"So it is," chimed in Kathleen. "I 'm almost ashamed to bring one of the girls home to lunch. And I 'm sure our father could afford to have things a little more swell. We 're not poor, so it must be we are stingy."

"I don't think that," said Hal, who was a fair-minded boy, if a trifle inclined to self-indulgence. "My father is one of the most generous men that ever lived; you know how ready he is to give us whatever we ask for. I suppose it *was* n't very polite of me to speak so to mama, about her table."

"It is n't really a bit like a boarding-house,"

added Kathleen. "We have the nicest linen and silver, and the daintiest-looking table service I know anywhere. But it does seem to me ridiculous to make such a point of trying to bring us up with simple tastes, as mama does. One thing is certain, she 'll never do it."

"No, she 'll never do it," said Claude, who was rather an echo of his clever sister.

"A girl at school," went on Kathleen, importantly, "told me she heard a lady say to her mother that *our* mother was so overstocked with fads, she pitied her children."

"She did, eh?" put in Hal, wrathfully. "Well, I 'd like to tell that woman to keep her pity for herself. Our mother is just the—"

"What is our mother?" asked a lady, entering at that moment.

"The dearest, sweetest, precious little mammy in the world!" exclaimed Hal, his short-lived anger past, seizing her in a rough embrace. "I beg your pardon for the way I behaved at table, mother, and you did perfectly right to send me kiting out of the room."

"And do Claude and Kathleen also think I did perfectly right?" said Mrs. Carlton, archly, for it was never her way to follow up a victory by a lecture. "Ah! you dear children, though I did not hear one word you were saying, I see by your faces you were holding a little indignation meeting against the powers that be. And I think I can guess the subject."

It was more than Claude and Kathleen could do, then, to conceal their sense of shame at having been disloyal to one whom they in truth loved and admired heartily—who was the corner-stone of their lives and home. So Mrs. Carlton's answer was an onslaught of fervent embraces, Kathleen crying a little when their mother kissed her in token of amity renewed.

"Now I am going to see if I can get you all to understand a little bit of my reason for trying to make you share my own simple tastes.

And to do so, I shall have to go back to those days of my early youth you generally like to hear about: the days of that dreadful war of ours between North and South."

"When you were still a little unreconstructed rebel, mother, and papa was fighting in the Federal army, and neither of you had any idea the other was in existence," said Hal, drawing his mother to a seat on the

was the funniest kind of living. I had a little hall-bedroom on the fourth floor, and the front basement was my father's sleeping-apartment by night, and our eating- and sitting-room by day. Imagine that—after our great airy, spacious country home, with all the comforts and all the servants! Our only domestic, by the way, was a share of our own old black Esther, who had been my faithful nurse. She had



"‘WHEN YOU WERE STILL A LITTLE REBEL, MOTHER,’ SAID HAL.”

couch beside him, with his arm around her waist.

"Yes," said the lady, smiling brightly. "You know we had been living in Richmond during all the latter part of the siege, and as my poor dear trustful father had put his whole fortune into Confederate government bonds early in the struggle, the winter before the surrender of Richmond found us with little more money than enough for the bare necessities of life. We—your grandfather and I, his fourteen-year-old daughter—were inhabiting two rooms of a lodging-house crowded to the roof with refugees like ourselves. It

hired herself to do cooking and cleaning for the lodgers, in order to pay for her own support, and at the same time take care of us. Dear old black Esther sleeps under a little green mound in the forsaken burying-ground of our former home in Virginia, and I never again expect to find a truer, tenderer heart."

"Now, mother, none of the doleful part of war. We can't stand seeing it make you sad," said Kathleen. "Tell about grandpapa's bed hidden behind the screen, and the nice hot Maryland biscuits old Esther used to make you."

"She made them when we had nothing left but a little flour and salt; for lard in those

latter days was twenty-five dollars a pound, and butter likewise; and when the day came when flour was not, Esther was reduced to trying her skill upon all varieties of corn-meal cakes—dodgers, scratchbacks, hoe-cakes.”

“What names!” said Claude, laughing.

“Those were the names given by the negroes to dainties none but a negro hand can make in perfection. Day after day, week after week, my father, who had never recovered from his wound received early in the war, and was very delicate, and I, who was hearty and healthy and wildly hungry most of the time, sat down to the following bills of fare. Breakfast: corn-dodgers, with a little fat of fried bacon for butter; coffee, made of pulverized peanuts, with no sugar and no cream. Dinner: a bit of bacon twice a week; rice; and, as a great treat once in a while, a sweet potato. Supper: corn-dodgers, with sorghum molasses. No tea, no milk, no butter. Once, that winter, we tasted turkey; once, corned beef. A quart of dried apples was an elaborate treat, after Esther had introduced them into turnovers, sweetened with the inevitable sorghum syrup that, I must say, was very poor and sickly stuff. I remember a gentleman calling upon papa once brought me an orange; and I looked at it a whole day, unable to make up my mind to part with it to a soldier lying wounded in one of the hospitals. I *did* want that orange, children, *dreadfully*. There is no use in pretending I did not. Inside of me there was a little digestion-mill, forever at work, forever demanding, like poor Oliver Twist, ‘more.’ If I went out to walk, it grew more noisy. Going to bed was really the only way to stop its clamoring.”

“You poor little starved dear!” cried Kathleen. “Tell us the final fate of the orange.”

“A lady brought papa two fresh eggs, and when he told me to take those to the hospital, of course my orange went too. But really, when everybody we knew was living pretty much the same way, and no one thought of pitying himself or herself because of scant rations and poor fare, it did not occur to me to feel really depressed over mere hard times. Only, one day, I remember coming nearer to despair than ever before or since. My midshipman brother, on duty on one of the gunboats in the James

River, below the city, came up, on leave, to spend a day with us. (My two soldier brothers were with Lee, as you know, and whenever we thought of them half frozen and half starved during that long and hard winter, we never wanted to complain of anything.) However, Jimmie arrived, very proud of the gifts borne in his hand—a little paper bag of coffee, and another of brown sugar, that he had saved from his rations, as an offering to his father. To cap the climax, a maiden lady from the third story of a lodging-house volunteered to lend us a bare ham-bone to boil in our pea-soup, on condition that Esther, who cooked also for her, should put Miss Clark’s portion of peas in the same pot, and divide the results equally.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the children.

“Old Esther, when she had done hugging her beloved ‘Marse Jimmie,’ and admiring his looks and growth, had hustled off to make an especial effort in behalf of her darling’s dinner. Jimmie and I and “Aschenputtel,” the pet kitten that kept me company when papa was off at work as a clerk in one of the government offices, then had a regular old-fashioned romp, just as noisy, just as ear-splitting as those that go on in this room every day; and at the end of it Jimmie had a bright idea.”

“I’ll tell you what, Kate,” he said. “If you think you could hook a saucepan of molasses from old Esther, let’s have a candy stew upon the grate here. I did n’t mean to tell you yet, but I’ve got a lot of peanuts in my pocket.”

“Nut-candy?—oh, Jimmie!” I exclaimed, my mouth watering. It was so many months since I had so much as dreamed of candy. With joyous hearts we set about our preparations. Esther, who at ordinary times would have pursed up her mouth and frowned over this demand upon her precious sorghum bottle, yielded it to us without a moment’s demur. To please Marse Jimmie, I think the old woman would have cheerfully deprived everybody else in the family of needfuls. Refusing her invitation to let her boil the syrup in the little cuddly of a kitchen she possessed in the back yard, we set the saucepan upon the coal fire in the sitting-room. Aschenputtel, her tail curled over her back, looked on approvingly. Jimmie—you’d never have thought our dear youngster a

hero of battles, blockade-runners, and bombardments, to see him then — was chief cook."

"It is such fun to hear Uncle Jimmie and papa talk over the time when they were fighting on opposite sides, is n't it?" asked Claude.

"No, not that," answered the mother, a look of pain crossing her face; "that part of it I want to forget. We have done with it forever. God grant my children's lives may never be clouded by such a war as mine was. But the struggles, the ups and downs, the hardships that tried our souls and proved the stuff that was in us, are what we ought not to forget."

"The story, please, mama," urged Kathleen.

"I suppose I may have had as intense interest in the development of events that came later in my life," returned Mrs. Carlton, merrily, "but I recall none more absorbing than the progress of that nut-candy. When we had shelled the peanuts and added them to the boiling syrup, I found a tin plate, and Jimmie poured into it the contents of the saucepan. Then, scorning the juvenile indulgence of tasting the edges of our tempting mess, we went out to walk, leaving the plate in the open window, and it and the room in charge of the cat."

"I know what's coming!" exclaimed Claude.

"No, Claude, you *must n't* tell," pleaded Kathleen earnestly.

"It was a brisk winter's day, and our walk out Franklin street added to the insistence of youthful appetites. Jimmie declared if old Esther did n't hurry up the dinner when we got back, he should have to read the cookery-book to stay his hunger. But, secretly, we were dwelling in imagination upon the rich treat that was soon to come; and, on reaching home, both of us abandoned ceremony to rush pell-mell down the basement stairs. Jimmie opened the door with a sort of mild Indian war-whoop of delight. I responded in the same fashion, and then — there, on the window-sill, was indeed our plate of nut-candy as we had left it; but sitting in the middle of it, her little red tongue industriously traveling over every portion within her reach, was also Aschenputtel! Two cats, friends of hers, on their hind legs upon a barrel in the yard, their heads upon a level with the plate, were engaged in licking what the selfish hostess had left accessible to their attack!"

"That mean little Aschenputtel!" cried Claude, indignantly.

"Poor little Uncle Jimmie, and poor little disappointed mother!" commented Hal, giving his mother's waist a loving squeeze.

"Mama, what *did* you do?" asked Kathleen.

"I 'm afraid I cried — just a little bit. Jimmie, very red in the face, drove away the cats, and, taking up the plate, was just preparing to throw the whole thing into the yard, when a couple of small darky children came running down the street, looking so longingly at the dish that he changed his mind. 'Look here, you youngsters,' he said, 'the cats have been licking this; but if you choose to take it and pump on it, you're welcome to the lot.' With grins and bobs, the little negroes took plate and all, and scampered away. A moment later, my dear father came in from his office. As he shook hands with Jimmie and kissed me, we saw by his shining eyes that he had good news in store. First we thought it was a victory of our army; but it turned out to be a little pot of strawberry jam which a clerk for whom he had done a kindness had sent as a present to 'his little girl.'"

"I *am* so glad," said Claude, with emphasis.

"So were we," answered his mother. "I laid the cloth, and when presently old Esther brought in the dinner, what should she do but set before her 'Marse Jimmie' a dish containing three hot sausages! Where they came from, we could not induce her to reveal. It has always been my idea that out of the old creature's little store of coins laid by for a 'rainy day,' she purchased the dainties to regale her pet. And so, that day at least, we feasted like kings; every morsel put upon the table was eaten with hearty relish, and to this hour I love the memory of our poor little pinched 'refugee' banquet, where so much affection and gratitude and self-sacrifice went to furnish the meager board. One thing, especially, I remember of it. My father, pausing with a morsel of sausage upon his fork, sighed deeply and seemed to be looking at something we could not see. Jimmie and I knew he was thinking about his other children: the two boys who, upon hardtack and raw bacon, were then wearing out the end of a bitter and hard-fought

THE TOLL-GATE.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.

THERE is a toll-gate hidden away,
Half in the fields, and half in the trees,
Where the children, the elves, and the fair-
ies stray,
With footsteps facing the twilight breeze.

The fairies and elves can pass through free,
But a child must pay for the toll with
a song,

Before the fairy land it can see,
And this must be said, or it all goes
wrong:

"I believe in the Three Little Bears,
And the Prince that climbed the Moun-
tain of Glass,
And I know how the Wild Swan's sister fares,—
So open the gate and let me pass."





IN THE EARLY WINTER DAYS.

THE PRIZE CUP.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

"SHOW ME THAT CUP!"

"THIS is Fred's room, I 'll bet ten thousand dollars, or half I 'm worth!" Osk exclaimed, as they entered a chamber that particularly struck his fancy. "Does he fence? or are those foils crossed over the mantelpiece just for ornament? Now, say, Gid,"—without waiting for a reply—"is it here?"

"You mean the cup? No; it is n't," said Gideon, as he pulled down a curtain. "Come along, and I 'll show you a den that beats this—just a dandy, you 'll say yourself."

Osk Ordway, bending his brows and peering closely at everything, left the room reluctantly. Gid waited to close the door after him, and then ushered him into a smaller chamber across the entry.

"This is Frank's," said Gideon, proudly; "just a little tumbled up, for he left it in a hurry, I guess, the morning they went off, and his mother did n't have time to follow him around. These bronze horses take my eye—and these pictures of horses! Ain't they fine?"

"Y-e-s," Osk drawled, scrutinizing everything; "nice knickknacks in this room. Does he use the boxing-gloves?"

"Of course he does, and he 'll box you if you don't keep your hands off!" Gid declared, seeing that Osk seemed inclined to handle everything.

"What am I hurting?" cried the visitor. "You 're a fussy kind of a watch-dog. Don't you know a friend from a stranger?"

"Yes; but I don't want a thing moved out of its place," Gid replied, as he put his head out of a window to reach a blind.

Osk laughed quietly, and took up with his thumb and finger an embroidered silk handkerchief that lay in a rumpled heap on Frank Melverton's dressing-table. He had no intention of keeping it, but was actuated by idle curiosity, quickened, perhaps, by a reckless determination to do as he pleased in spite of Gid's warnings.

But the lifted handkerchief exposed an object that instantly and to a violent degree excited his cupidity. It was all he could do to keep from grasping it, as he would certainly have done if Gid had n't at that moment

closed the blind with a sharp click, and drawn in his head. Osk dropped the handkerchief again over the glittering temptation, and had a few seconds to reflect upon what he was about to do before Gid went to another window.

When at last Gid turned to his companion, he found him standing a little way from the dressing-table, with his hands behind him, in a most innocent attitude, puckering his brows in the subdued light, and whistling softly.

Gid noticed, as he led the way through the lower rooms, that his friend appeared strangely absent-minded by fits, and then again unduly hilarious; and finally said to him:

"What 's the matter with you, Osk, anyway?"

Osk was ready with an excuse for his moodiness.

"That prize cup," he replied. "You said it was n't in Fred's room; now, where is it?" They had reached the dining-room; he stood before Gideon, laughing maliciously. "You don't get me out of this house until you show me that cup."

"I can't. I don't know where it is," said Gideon, defending himself, for Osk grasped his neck with rough playfulness. "Let me alone, Osk Ordway!"

"You know where it is well enough," said Osk, pressing in his thumb over Gid's collar-bone, with a grim consciousness of his superior strength. "No use, Gid. I don't go out of this house, and I don't let you go, till I've seen that prize cup."

"I'll scream! You hurt!" Gid cried, trying in vain to shake off the ruthless clutch.

"I'll hurt more yet, and you won't scream twice," replied Osk. He loosened his hold, however. "See here, Gid, it's all in fun!"

"Pretty mean kind of fun, I say!" Gid muttered sulkily—"choking a fellow that way! Will you go now?"

"No, I won't," said Osk. "I'm in earnest about that. Oh, come now, Gid! Just give me a peep. I won't touch it, and I won't tell. I'll choke you again!" He laughed, but with a keen menace in his eyes.

"You'd no business to force yourself into the house the way you did, anyway," said Gideon.

"I made it my business; and here I am," replied Osk, with smiling arrogance. "I generally have my way about things, don't I? And I stand by the fellows that stand by me. I don't care *that* for the cup,"—snapping his fingers. "Only I've said I'll see it, and I will."

Gid expostulated; Osk wheedled, threatened, coaxed. And before long the weaker character yielded.

At the end of the dining-room was the handsome sideboard, with a few pieces of china on the upper shelf, and closed drawers beneath. Gid reached his hand under the large shelf, found a key somewhere at the back, and with it unlocked the drawer.

Osk uttered an exclamation of surprise as Gid opened the drawer and exposed the gold-lined silver prize, on a red napkin. He reached to grasp it, but Gid held him back.

"What you 'fraid of? I won't hurt it," he said. "A reg'lar old glory, ain't it? Open a blind, Gid, so we can see it better."

"Pshaw! There's light enough," said Gid, hesitating, yet pleased and proud to be able to excite his friend's admiration.

The room was indeed rather gloomy. Over the sideboard was a high window of stained glass, which subdued the light that came through it to a deep crimson tone. All the other windows had closed blinds. Two, on the side of the piazza, reached almost to the floor. Gid had just closed one of these; he now raised the sash again, a little way, and, reaching out, partly opened a blind, letting in a streak of brighter light, by which Osk reëxamined the cup.

"I ain't touching it," he said, in answer to Gid's remonstrance, as he took the prize up on the napkin. "There's a pile of silver in it, Gid. Do you suppose it's solid?"

"Of course it's solid," replied Gid. "Fred Melverton would n't have anything to do with it if it was n't."

"Just heft it," said Osk.

"I have," said Gid, with a scared sort of smile. "I know just how heavy it is."

"He has n't got his name on it yet," Osk observed. "But there's the rest of the inscription; so it would have to be melted up."

"What do you mean?" cried Gideon, alarmed.

"I was thinking. Suppose somebody not quite so honest as you and I should have the handling of it!" Oscar laughed.

"Come, put it back!" Gid whispered anxiously.

"That 's just what I 'm going to do; and you see your showing it to me has n't hurt it in the least. But I 'm glad I 've seen it," said Osk, replacing the cup in the drawer, with the napkin spread out under it. "Now, shall I tell you the fault I find with that cup?"

"That you did n't win it yourself, I suppose," replied Gideon, beginning to feel relieved.

"That it was n't made to drink out of—that 's its chief fault," said Osk, closing the drawer. "That ain't my idea of a cup. Splendid as it is, it would n't make your drink taste any better. Makes me thirsty, though, thinking of it. Gid," he continued, "my throat is dry as an ash-barrel. There must be something in this house to treat your friends with."

"I don't know anything about that," Gid muttered.

"It 's time you did know. Come, I 'll help you make discoveries. The expressmen used to bring out cases of bottled cider to the Melvertons. I bet we can find a pint or two left over. I 'm going to explore the cellar."

"No, you 're not!" And, as Osk started off, Gid hastened after him.

There was another dispute—a scuffle; and again the weaker character yielded to the stronger. We will not follow them to see what they found in the lower regions of the house. Osk was smacking his lips and looking complacent when they returned to the dining-room.

"Here, don't forget this key!" he said, taking it from the drawer and handing it to Gid.

"I guess not!" Gid exclaimed, startled to think how near he had come to leaving it in the lock; and he carefully returned it to its place under the shelf.

He looked around to see that he had left the dining-room in good order, and then accompanied Osk to the door by which they had entered.

"You must n't be seen going out of the house if you can help it," he said; "and I must n't be seen with you. Get over into the ravine, and I will follow, and maybe find you down by the river."

"I 'm going to look at that phoebe's nest under the bridge," Osk replied. "It 's time for the birds to be starting a second brood."

"There are eggs in it now," said Gid. "I 've seen 'em. But don't you touch one of 'em. Little Midget is there, looking into the nest, every day, and if it 's disturbed there 'll be a row."

"Who 's going to disturb it?" Osk replied. Leaving Gid to watch him from the doorway, he retired over the bank, and disappeared in the ravine.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PHŒBE'S NEST.

AFTER a little delay Gid passed out through the front yard, crossed the street, stepped down over a bank-wall near the bridge, and took a well trodden brookside path leading to the river—a path frequented by fishermen and rambling boys, from immemorial time.

On his right was the brook, which gurgled over its stones and pebbles. On his left, clumps of sumacs and barberries grew. Passing near a mass of these, Gid shied suddenly, like a frightened colt, and stepped off, splashing, into the water.

"What are you down there for?" said a mocking voice from the bushes.

"Osk Ordway!" Gid exclaimed, scrambling back to the path. "You scare a fellow! Seeing your head poked out from the bushes that way,—without your hat,—I did n't know you from a wildcat."

"I must have been a pretty tame wildcat to sit still while you passed near enough to brush my cat's whiskers, if I had had any," said Osk, peering up at him with his keen, curious eyes. "I 've got something to show you."

He was sitting on a rock, with his hat between his knees, and his hands spread over it with an air of mystery. Gid turned pale.

Ever since parting with Osk, he had been so

troubled with misgivings in regard to his own weak conduct in showing him the cup, that he was ready to imagine the most absurd consequences of his indiscretion. He firmly believed that if that daring and unscrupulous youth wished to get possession of so much solid silver, he would find sure means of doing so, since he knew where it could be obtained. And now for an instant the wild thought thrilled him, that, before his very eyes in the dining-room, or perhaps when his back was turned for a moment, Osk had by some puzzling feat got the goblet into his hat, and that he had it there, covered with his hands, in the bushes.

Of course, it was preposterous. Osk was n't a fool; and if he had succeeded, by any such hocus-pocus, in conveying the cup from the house, it was extremely improbable that he would have sat there, waiting to show it to anybody.

That was the conclusion Gid came to, after a moment's reflection. "What is it?" he demanded, with fluttering eagerness.

And Osk smilingly removed his hands. It was, after all, a relief to Gideon to see that what they had covered was not the cup. Yet what he saw roused his resentment.

"Oh, Osk!" he exclaimed, "how could you do that? You promised me you would n't!"

"No," replied Osk, coolly; "I said, 'Who is going to disturb it?' I put the question. I did n't answer it; if I had, I should have said *I* was going to. 'Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin.' Ain't it a daisy?"

"Yes — but —" Gid bent over the hat with looks of mingled envy and admiration, pity and reproach. "Why *did* you, Osk?"

What he saw was something more wonderful, rightly considered, than any gold or silver goblet the hand of man ever wrought. It was a nest of the common pewee, or phœbe-bird, containing three of those delicate, white-walled, orbic cells of life whose mystery the utmost ingenuity of man cannot even comprehend; each a miniature world in itself, a pearly drop of beauty inclosing a new creation, possibilities of life and joy, of song and wings — little marvels we call eggs!

Did you ever see a phœbe's nest? I will try

to describe to you this one, which is not at all a thing of the imagination, but an actual nest that I have just taken from a case where it is kept, and placed upon the table before me, where I write. It was first shown to me by the little deaf-mute himself, when I was visiting at the parsonage that summer; for it was Midget's delight to lead his friends, young or old, down the brookside to the bridge, and let them take one peep at the small tower-shaped structure under it, built against a beam, over the abutting wall. There, in the cool, cavern-like gloom, the phœbes had fixed their home, undismayed by the hoofs and wheels of the highway, clattering and thundering close above their heads. A single egg was in the nest, when I saw it dimly — undoubtedly one of the three Osk afterward carried away.

Midget would allow me to take only one little peep, for fear of worrying the parent birds; though they knew him so well as their small friend that they did n't appear to be much afraid. I can look at the nest all I wish to now.

The whole structure is a little more than three inches high, and four or five inches across from side to side; flat at the back, where it was plastered with dabs of mud to the beam, and flat also on the bottom, where it rested on the abutment wall. It is made of moss, hair, fine stems of grass, and twigs or roots almost as fine, with here and there a bit of string or fleck of wool, all woven together in a firm and compact mass, with a cup-shaped hollow at the top. This hollow is the nest proper, measuring about three inches across, and softly lined with the fibers and down of plants. When Midget climbed up on the stones to point it out to me, it looked like a bunch of moss growing on the side of the timber, the moss still green with the dampness of the place. But the moss is now faded, and the nest shows signs of rough treatment.

In this nest there were, when Osk carried it off, three eggs, as I have said; they were of a delicate creamy tint, with a few scattered reddish spots, chiefly about the larger end. These markings were unusually pretty, as Gid noticed. Kneeling down and looking into Osk's hat, he again exclaimed:

"What *made* you do it? Say!"

"I am going to start a collection," Osk replied.

"Your collection never 'll amount to anything; none of the boys' collections ever do," said Gid. "They get tired of seeing the nests knocking around; some of the shells get broken; then they kick the rubbish outdoors, or their mothers do. See here, Osk, take it back to the bridge, won't you?"

"What 'll I take it back to the bridge for, after I 've been to the trouble of bringing it away?" Osk retorted. "I thought the old birds would peck my eyes out. Did n't they make a fuss and flirt their tails!"

"Oh, take it back, Osk, before it is missed!" Gid pleaded, moved partly by compassion, but quite as much by his fear of disagreeable consequences to himself. "It won't be long before Midget will notice the trouble with the birds, and find out what has happened. There 'll be an inquiry, and I 'm afraid I 'll be brought into it. You know the law on birds and nests."

"Bah!" said Osk, contemptuously. "Why, the fellows around here are always getting birds and nests, and we never hear of one being complained of."

"We never have yet, but it 's going to be different now," Gid replied. "I don't dare to be seen here with you."

He looked anxiously up and down the brook and over the tops of the bushes to see if anybody was in sight. Osk demanded what he meant.

"Fred Melverton and four or five others have agreed together that this robbing nests and killing birds must be stopped; so Fred himself told me. They 're going to see that the first one caught doing it is prosecuted. There 's a ten-dollar fine, you know."

"But how am I going to be found out or complained of?" Osk replied. "Nobody saw me; nobody 'll know it but you; and you ain't going back on a friend, Gid. 'T will be all your neck 's worth, if you do."

"No," said Gid; "I sha'n't give you away. But I know Fred is in earnest; and his folks and the Lisles thought everything of this nest. I know I shall be hauled up and questioned."

"Confound it, yes!" Osk exclaimed. "And you 're one of the kind they can worm anything out of, whether you want them to or not. Why did n't you let on about this agreement when I told you at the door I was going for the nest?"

"I had no idea you would take it; you said as much. You won't dare to start a collection; there 'll be no fun in it if you can't show it; and if you show it you 'll get found out, sure."

"I don't know what I touched the thing for," said Osk, looking down with disgust at the contents of his hat. "Here, you may take it back to the bridge!"

"I don't dare touch it!" Gid exclaimed, recoiling with affright.

"Then I suppose I must," said Osk; "though I don't see how I am going to make it stay in place. It won't rest on the stone unless it 's made fast to the string-piece."

"Can't you stick it on with something?" Gid inquired.

"I don't know. I can set it on the stone; then if it tumbles off it will look as if it was an accident. I 'll manage somehow. And see here, Gid!" Osk laughed recklessly, ashamed of having betrayed such weakness. "If you tell on me—you understand!"

Gid promised solemnly. "I must go now," he said, and hurried away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TWO BICYCLE-RIDERS.

GIDEON did not see Osk again for two or three days, and he did not venture to look under the bridge to learn the fate of the phœbe's nest. He was only too thankful that Osk kept away from him, and he endeavored to forget the incidents of that single, compromising visit by giving stricter attention to his duties.

One morning, three days after that memorable Tuesday, he was running a light lawn-mower in front of the house, when two young men in trim bicycle suits, mounted on handsome wheels, whirled rapidly into the driveway, and dismounted at the piazza steps.

Gid stopped to lift his hat as they went humming past him, muttering to himself, "I 'm aw-

ful glad he happened to ketch me at work!" while his guilty breast swelled with anxious apprehensions.

The two riders turned their machines over on the turf; and when they stood erect, side by side, you could see that one was a full head taller than the other. The taller one was Fred Melverton. He wore his dark gray cap and suit, while his friend, a stranger to Gid, was clad in a suit of lighter gray.

The friend was no such young Apollo as Fred appeared. His shorter limbs, however, showed a rugged strength; he had a sandy complexion, and an expression full of a certain bright mirthfulness, which gave a peculiar allurements to features otherwise rather plain. Do you see him in your mind's eye, laughingly lifting his cap to pass a handkerchief over his face, showing a white forehead crowned by carelessly tossed locks of deep-red hair? Then let me introduce him: Mr. Canton Quimby, of Yale.

"Canton" is an odd name for a boy, you think. I remember once hearing him tell how he came by it. His father, during the early years of his married life, served his country abroad in various capacities, and his mother had named her children after the places in which they happened to be born. So the oldest girl was called Florence—a very pretty name. The second child (also a girl) saw the light when the father was secretary of legation at Vienna. The parents hesitated a little at the name; but Mrs. Quimby saw no good reason for objecting to it, and "Vienna" Quimby grew up so charming a girl that everybody wondered why no girl had ever been so christened before.

"Then my father was sent to Constantinople, and there my eldest brother was born. Constantinople was a poser! My father would n't hear of it, and my mother was staggered. But they finally compromised on Constant, which is a very good name for a good fellow. You will readily understand that I was born in Canton,—not quite so good a name, but good enough for the bearer. So far," young Quimby rattled merrily on, "the rule had worked very well, and my mother was triumphant. She has always been exceedingly tenacious of her ideas;

but when she had two children born, one in Copenhagen and one in Amsterdam, she acknowledged that the fates were against her. They are called Capen and Amy—quite a breakdown, you see, of her scheme. She could n't forgive the government for not sending my father to Paris, and afterward giving him the consul-generalship at Rome, when he asked for it; for 'Paris' and 'Roma' would have been very good names; and a little obligingness on the part of each administration would have saved her system. But administrations don't always consider!" he concluded, with a laugh.

But we are rambling from our story, which has nothing to do with the Quimby family, except that vivacious member of it, the Yale junior, who passed his babyhood and got his name in China.

Gid Ketterell, seeing the young master beckon to him, left his lawn-mower and hastened toward the house.

"How are you getting along, Gideon?" Fred inquired.

"All right, I guess," Gid replied.

"Any callers since we've been away?"

"Not when I've been here; I guess about everybody knows the house is shut up."

"Have you kept it well aired?"

"I've had some of the windows open four or five hours every good day."

"Are they open this morning?"

"No; it seemed so cool this morning," Gid said, growing more and more confident, as he found himself able to answer these simple questions, as he believed, satisfactorily.

"So cool?" Fred Melverton smiled, but not altogether in approval of Gid's judgment. "It is cool, and that is all the better for airing the house, as I thought I explained to you. A simple fact"—addressing his companion, without noticing Gid's blank face—"which it is very hard for some people to comprehend. A warm south wind let into a cool house, especially into a cellar, will often deposit more moisture than it takes away. The cold walls condense it; and the owners, who choose such days for ventilation on the theory that warm air must always be a drying air, wonder why their houses continue damp, and why the hard-wood floors hump, in summer weather."

The young man again addressed Gideon, who stood staring rather stupidly.

"Don't you remember, I cautioned you against opening the windows in muggy weather, even if the sun should be shining? But a cool dry air, like this to-day,—wind northwest,—admitted once or twice a week, will keep even a cellar in good condition. I tried to make the reason clear to you: that ordinary warm air let into a cool apartment shrinks, and, like a moist sponge when you squeeze it, tends to part with its humidity; while a cold current, passing through a warm space, expands, and tends to suck up any particles of moisture that come in its way."

"But you said it might be necessary to have a fire in the furnace, just to dry off the house—and that makes hot air," Gid murmured confusedly.

For a moment Fred Melverton appeared slightly discomfited. The young man who was named for a Chinese city looked as if he enjoyed Gid's answer, as he did everything that could be turned into a joke.

"Your philosophy has got a poke under the fifth rib, Melf!—if philosophy can be said to have a fifth rib," he remarked dryly, while his eyes danced with suppressed fun.

A hopeful smile dawned, struggled, and finally spread all over Gid's face, as for a moment he was made to imagine that he had really advanced an argument that had perhaps floored a Melverton.

But Fred was not entirely prostrate, as Canton Quimby was pleased to observe; he was pausing to think how he should shape an explanation that would enter even the dullest comprehension. Not so complimentary to Gid's wit as Gid supposed.

"You say I spoke of a furnace fire. I did; and I said I would send word to you if I thought it necessary to build one. Now, what does a furnace fire do? It takes the air from out-of-doors, even humid air, and expands it so that it becomes a volume of comparatively dry air when it is poured through the registers. Then all of the air in the house that is n't driven out by it warms and expands also, and becomes thirsty to absorb moisture. Do I make myself understood?"

Seeing the blank expression come again into Gid's face, Fred Melverton turned once more to his friend.

"A little common sense is a good thing to use on occasions!" he remarked, with an air that implied a conscious possession on his part of more than an average share of the quality in question.

"I 'll go in now and open the windows," Gid volunteered.

"Never mind," said Fred; "I am going to take my friend in, and I will attend to them. Come, Quimby!" producing a key from his pocket, turning it in the lock, and throwing the broad front door wide open.

Gid was n't greatly disturbed by the little lecture upon ventilation; any uneasiness that might have been caused by Fred's faultfinding being lost in a deeper anxiety. With a scared smile he watched the two young men as they passed on into the house, and then he returned slowly to his lawn-mower.

CHAPTER X.

"STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THIS HOUSE!"

"Ah, I like hard-wood floors!" said Canton Quimby, as he was ushered into the ample hallway of the Melverton mansion. "And these are fine ones!"

"If there 's anything my mother particularly prides herself upon," Fred Melverton replied, "it is her oak floors. They 're neat, but they require a vast deal of attention. They must be skilfully laid, and scraped, and dressed, in the first place. Then they have to be kept waxed, polished, and dusted—every hair or speck of lint shows; but all that is very well. The great trouble is that they shrink, and the seams open, when you have hot furnace fires in winter; and, on the other hand, they swell and bulge if the house gathers dampness in summer. Hence the need of careful management of your fires, and of a rational system of ventilation. I explained everything to that boy the first day he was here, and you see the result."

"We must n't expect too much of the average human biped's intelligence," said Quimby,

as the two passed on into the dining-room. "What a floor for a roller-skating rink!" he exclaimed, laughing.

"My mother would be horrified if she should hear you say that," replied his friend. "Sit down, old fellow, and I'll see if I can scare up a little refreshment. I think it will be acceptable after our eighteen-mile run, and with another eighteen miles before us."

He started to open a window on the side of the piazza.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed. "This sash is n't fastened. Nothing to prevent a person outside from pushing it up and walking right in! Pretty careless, I say, if it's true that boy has n't been in and unfastened it this morning. I rather think it's a good thing I took a run up here to look after matters."

"It's a magnif' old dining-room!" Canton Quimby remarked, casting an admiring eye over the walls and ceiling. Then, seating himself with a smile of content near the table of polished antique oak, he went on to praise the stained glass over the sideboard, the fireplace, and the carved mantel, in a way that made his friend pause and regard him with quiet satisfaction.

"Say all that to my mother if you wish to please her. This dining-room is her favorite room. Now sit and admire it, while I see what I can find. I can't promise much. I forewarn you that we've come to a poverty-stricken house."

"Beggars all, beggars all, Sir John!" quoted his friend, with a laugh.

"You'll find, to your sorrow, there's more truth in that, in our case, than there was in Master Shallow's," replied Fred.

From an adjoining china-closet he brought out a dish of crackers and a jar of olives that had been left behind by the family in its flight; and, putting a plate before his friend, bade him "nibble" while he went in search of something "moist"; at the same time winking suggestively, and making with his mouth a sound as of a popping cork.

"I'm glad I came," said Quimby, winking in return, and proceeding to harpoon an olive with the long-handled jar-fork. "Do you know," he called after Fred, who was departing

for the cellar, "in the six months we spent in Italy and France, we never saw such olives as these?"

"That's another observation that will please my worthy mama," Fred replied, pausing with his hand on the door-knob. "But that may not be saying very much; one never seems to see any first-class olives in Italy."

He went off in high spirits, was gone an "unconscionable while," his friend thought, and finally returned with a frown on his brow, and a solitary pint bottle in his hand.

"You'll think I'm a jolly fraud!" he declared. "I could have sworn there were at least three or four bottles of cider in the case. But the bottles of cider have been reduced to mere cider-bottles—all empty but this!"

"Well, that will be empty pretty soon; so don't worry," the guest replied gaily.

"But I'm astonished—I'm mortified!" Fred exclaimed. "It's like the fox inviting the crane to supper—though in this instance the fox is as badly off as the crane."

"You don't imagine that lubber outside—?" Quimby suggested. "I noticed he smole a smile, when he saw us coming in, not quite healthy; like a smile raised under glass—rather forced; not the smile of an easy-conscienced lubber."

"I did n't notice it." Fred opened the bottle, darkly musing. "I'll have him in here, and start an inquisition."

"There, there! Hold your horses!" cried the guest, as Melverton was filling his glass. "Don't give me more than my share, or I'll swap glasses with you. Good sparkle, hey? I'm glad he had the considerashe to leave us even one bottle!"

"I really can't think he has taken any," Fred remarked, seating himself opposite his friend. "He is n't that kind of a boy."

"There are always fewer bottles in a case than you think there are," the red-haired one suggested, as he nibbled and sipped. "To be quite confidensh with you, Melf, your little lunch is n't half bad! It goes to the right spot—if I've got a right spot, and know where to locate it. The cider's splendid; just the right age. And enough of it. I never take anything stronger. I'm a tee-tote, myself."

"So am I," said Fred; "though I think we might stand another bottle, without breaking a pledge. Now,"—he put a fragment of cracker into his mouth, and rose, leaving his glass unfinished,—“I’ve told you what my mother is proud of; what I’m proud of, is here.”

So saying, he pulled the drawer open, and then stood looking down into it with dumb amazement.

"What's the troub'?" cried the guest, also rising from the table, with an olive in his fingers.

"The cup!" ejaculated the dazed young



"THE CUP IS GONE!"

"Oh, your prize! I had n't forgotten that," replied the guest; that being, indeed, one thing he had made the morning's ride to see.

Melverton turned to the sideboard, reached under the shelf, found the key, fitted it in the lock, and uttered an exclamation. The key would n't turn!

"But it turns the other way," he said immediately. "Do you see?—the drawer was n't locked! Strange things happen in this house, in our absence!"

man, pulling the drawer well out, and staring into it. "The cup is gone!"

With hurry and trepidation Fred opened in turn all the drawers, then backed away from the sideboard, regarding it with brows contracted and lips compressed, in utter amazement and incredulity.

Then he turned to his companion.

"You'll think I'm a bigger fraud than ever!" he exclaimed. "But, by George! wherever it's gone, there *was* a cup!"

(To be continued.)



A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

OWNEY, THE POST-OFFICE DOG.

BY HELEN E. GREIG.

ST. NICHOLAS has already told you about "Owney" (in the number for March, 1894), and you all know that he is the queer traveling dog, who likes nothing so well as going on the trains with the mail-bags North and South and East and West.

He has traveled from Alaska to Texas, from Nova Scotia to Florida, from Pennsylvania to Missouri—making side journeys and "stop-overs" as pleased him, either for rest or feeding.

As you have been told, he first joined the Post-Office Department at Albany, New York. He either wandered in or was left there by some boy who came on an errand. Not being a letter, he was never advertised, and never called for.

Owney's pedigree is not worth bragging about; he is mainly what is known as a mon-

grel, but he has signs of some purer blood. Neither is he a handsome dog, but he has excellent qualities, and is kindly and intelligent.

When Owney found himself an uncalled-for package, he did not begin to whine, or bark, or fear he was unwelcome, but sought to make himself agreeable, and to win friends. Finding that Uncle Sam was willing to keep him in comfortable quarters, Owney gladly accepted the situation. And now, no matter how far away he may travel, he is known as "Owney, the Albany Post-Office Dog," and is everywhere considered as a popular member of the department.

"How do you know when Owney has gone on a trip?" I asked the man who especially looks after Owney's interests.

"Why, when the cat comes in the office, we

know that Owney is away," he replied. "And the dog is away from home so much, that the cat is seldom obliged to move out."

"Tell me how he begins a journey. Does he know which is the postal-car?"

"Know? Of course he does. He knows a postal-car as well as any postal-clerk. When the mail is sent to the station, Owney jumps on the wagon, and stays there until the last bag is thrown into the car. If he feels like taking a journey, he then jumps aboard the car, barks good-by, and away he goes. Once on the train, he is the guest of the clerks at the offices along the road."

He wears a fine silver collar, marked "Owney, Albany P. O., Albany, N. Y.," and with him is often forwarded a book in which is kept a record of places he visits; and a very interesting story the book tells.

The first entry is "New Westminster, British Columbia." Then comes "Seattle, Washington Territory." Next, Owney was the guest of the

While he was at Bozeman, Montana, and, I fancy, a little homesick, this letter was written for him to his good friends at Albany:

DEAR FOLKS: I arrived here last night safe and sound from Spokane. I go to Helena, Montana, to-morrow. I have twenty medals on my collar, am fat, and feel well. I start east on the 4th. I will be glad to see you all.

Your friend, OWNEY.

Detroit, Michigan, contributed this short bit of doggerel:

Owney is a tramp, as you can plainly see.

Only treat him kindly, and take him 'long wid ye.

Baltimore joins in with this:

Once there was a dog that took it in his head
Never to stay at home, ever to roam instead.

You have him now: send him on ahead.

At Seattle Owney was so well treated that he stayed a long time—for him. In fact, he jumped from the postal-car and returned there for another good time. A blue ribbon was attached to his collar by an admiring friend.



OWNEY.

post-office at Portland, Oregon, after which he is found at Hardacre, Minnesota, under which name occur these lines:

On'y one Owney,
And this is he;
The dog is aloney,
So let him be.

A letter from the Railway Clerks' Association at Atlanta, Georgia, says:

Owney received an ovation here. After consenting to sit for his photograph, and answering several questions, he was decorated with a medal bearing the inscription, "Compliments of the R. R. Club," and was carried by members to the postal-car.



"WHEN OWNEY SAW THE MAIL-POUCH HE MADE AN EXCELLENT SITTER."

Among Owney's chiefest trophies is a duplicate of the seal of the Postmaster-General. A tag made of California tin was given to him in San Francisco.

Postal-clerks everywhere are loud in their praises of the dog. One of them writes:

Owney is excellent company. When we arrive at stations where the train stops "twenty minutes for refreshments," the dog walks into the station and barks for bones. When the bell rings "All aboard!" he is the first one on the train.

He can tell the difference between a whistle for a crossing, and that for a station; while he ignores the first, he is up and ready when the station whistle blows. He takes his place on the platform, and waits until the mail is thrown off, and then goes back to bed on the mail-bags.

There was some talk of sending Owney to the World's Fair at Chicago, with all his medals,

and I am sure that, on his merits, he would have taken first prize.

At a San Francisco kennel exhibition, Owney received a very handsome silver medal as the "Greatest Dog-Traveler in the World."

But the little dog is more than a mere curiosity. He is a faithful friend and companion. It is said that several times a sleepy and worn-out postal-clerk, who had fallen asleep, forgetful of the stations, has been wakened by Owney's barking, and has thus been reminded to throw off the mail-bag.

Owney has never been "held up" by train-robbers, but he has been in more than one wreck. Except for the loss of the sight of one eye, however, the dog is still in good trim.

You have heard of his wanderings — now you shall hear of his home-coming.

When he reaches the Albany Post-Office, he

walks in with wagging tail, and beaming with joy to be at home again. Going up to the good friend who looks after him, Owney rubs against him and licks his hands. Thus he bids all the clerks good-morning, wags his tail for a "how-d'-ye-do?" and, returning to the spot he left months ago, Owney lies down and sleeps for hours. But after this first greeting there is no familiarity.

While in Albany, Owney goes to a certain restaurant near the post-office, and then carefully selects, from the food offered, just the bones he prefers. He arrives there every day at the same hour. If the restaurant fails to supply the food that Owney is seeking, he goes to a hotel across the street, where he is sure to find a meal.

From Mr. George H. Leck, of Lawrence, Mass., the photographer who took Owney's picture, comes a letter to the editor of *ST. NICHOLAS* telling how the famous dog behaved when he sat for his portrait. At first Owney ran about the studio, and seemed anxious to find a way out; but when the dog saw that a mail-pouch had been placed for him to sit upon, he at once lost his restlessness and made an excellent sitter. "I had no trouble in taking all the views I wanted, as long as he was on the pouch," says the photographer.

Mr. Leck repeats a story that tells how the letter-carriers of Lawrence, Massachusetts, kept Owney as an attraction for their picnic, which was to be held two weeks after Owney's arrival. The dog was very interesting to the visitors,

but though his hosts treated him well, he became ugly before the end of his stay because he was kept from taking the trains.

Owney does not like to be interfered with, and "makes a fuss" unless he is allowed to take the first train that leaves a station. Of course the dog does n't care where he goes, but the post-office clerks like to send him where their friends will see him, when he happens to get off the through lines.

Mr. Leck relates also that before the Boston Union Station was built Owney would cross



OWNEY'S HARNESS AND SOME OF HIS TAGS AND TROPHIES.

the city at midnight or any other hour, and would take little trips for himself, returning just before train time.

When Owney's picture was taken his tags were few — he had been unloaded. The dog's

collar is full, and his original harness is full. Owney values his collar, and knows that it introduces him to strangers in the postal service. It is easily slipped off, and he allows it to be taken off and examined; but after he has given his friends a reasonable time for study of the tags, checks, and other attachments, the dog shows very plainly that he would like to have the collar put on again.

Once while the clerks were looking over the recent tags a mail-train arrived, and they put down the collar to go to work on the mail. But the dog was not willing to leave his collar, and, putting his nose through it, he slipped it on for himself. After the clerks had learned of this accomplishment they often used to make Owney exhibit his cleverness by repeating the performance before their friends.



It was a new gun and a big one—big enough for most boys to crawl through, though they would have had to crawl forty feet before reaching the other end.

One boy did try it, but when he was half-way through he became tired, and then got frightened at his cramped position and began to cry. Some workmen heard him, and, looking in to see which way he was heading, they put a long rammer-staff against his feet, and shoved him out as they would a shot.

We were testing this big gun to see that it

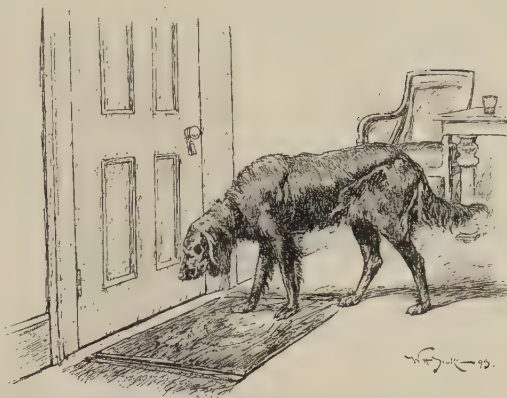
was sound and strong. We always tested every gun before it went into service.

"We" consisted of the captain who superintended the tests, of the men who loaded and worked the gun, of the lookout who scanned the water with a telescope to see that the range was clear, of myself who aimed and fired the gun, and, last but not least, of my dog, "Bomb-shell." I called him Bombshell because he was so fond of the shooting. He was always on hand when we tested a gun, and I cannot recall a single trial that he missed.

Bombshell was a handsome Irish setter, and had more sense than most people. There were few things that he did not understand. He might not see through them at first, but if he did not he would think about them, and reason over them until he did understand them.

I know that he did think and reason, for I had seen him do it many times.

No one who knew Bombshell ever doubted that he reasoned and thought, but occasionally I would find a stranger who was not inclined to believe it, and then I would tell him the following story: My parlor was a front casemate which opened by an arch into my bedroom, a back casemate. A casemate may be described as a room in the wall of a fort, generally intended, in war time, to hold a gun or powder,



"HE WALKED TO THE DOOR AND LISTENED."

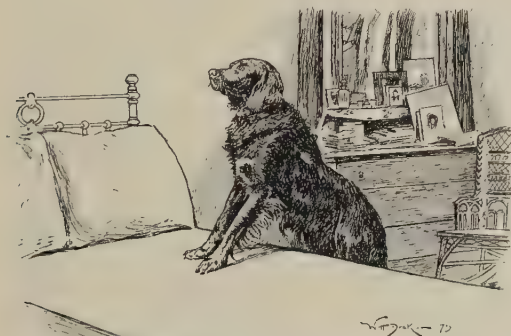
One evening I went out, leaving Bombshell lying by the parlor stove.

Out of curiosity I peeked through the half-turned slats of my shutters and watched him. From my position I was able to see the whole of both of my rooms.

For a while Bombshell did not move; then he raised his head and looked at the door; finally he got up, stretched himself, yawned sleepily, walked to the bed, jumped up, and put his fore paws on it. Standing in this position, a thought struck him, and he said to himself:

"Suppose that my master has n't gone? He will catch me, and then I will get a licking. I'll go and make certain that he is not coming back."

I know that he said this because he took his paws off the bed, walked cautiously back to the front door, and, with his ear close to the crack, he listened. At last, satisfied that I had



"SUPPOSE THAT MY MASTER HAS N'T GONE?"

while in time of peace many of them, like mine, are fitted up for use as quarters for officers and soldiers.

Bombshell had his own bed in the back casemate; but he preferred my bed, and would use it whenever he could. I had tried to break him of the habit, but had not been successful.

One day he came in wet and muddy, and, as usual, he curled up on my white counterpane. The result was awful! As much as I hated to do so, I felt obliged to give him a thrashing.

I never caught him on my bed again. He would still get on it; but, no matter how quietly I came in, I would always find him on the floor, though I could see from the rumpled condition of the bed that he had been on it, and often the spot where he had slept would still be warm.



"HE CURLED UP AND WENT TO SLEEP."

really gone, he trotted back to the bed, jumped on it, curled up, and went to sleep.

After such a clever act I thought that he had earned his sleep, so I went away and left him.

Bombshell, I was sure, had reasoned out everything connected with the firing of a gun. He knew that the powder made the noise, that the shot did the damage, that the lookout saw that the range was clear, and that the bomb-proof was to shelter us in case the gun should prove weak and burst.

that to him had been intrusted the duty of seeing that the range was clear.

But when we started for the bomb-proof, instead of following us, as was his custom, Bombshell remained on the parapet, looking out to sea and sniffing the air. In a moment he dashed off through the bushes which covered the narrow beach between the parapet and the sea.

Though thinking his actions peculiar, I was sure that he would not remain in front of the gun, because he had done so once, when quite



"BOMBHELL REAPPEARED ON THE PARAPET AND BEGAN TO BARK FURIOUSLY."

While a gun was being loaded, Bombshell would sit on the parapet and watch the operation. That finished, he would jump up and look out to sea over the range, and then scamper down from the parapet and follow us into the bomb-proof.

As usual, Bombshell was on hand to see the test of the new big gun.

He superintended the loading, and, while I was aiming the gun, he looked over the range as carefully as did the lookout; and from his air of responsibility one might have supposed

young and inexperienced, and the burning grains of powder—which are always thrown out by the blast of a gun—had buried themselves in his skin, burning him badly. He had never forgotten this.

Certain that he would take care of himself, I paid no further attention to him, but went with the others into the bomb-proof, and took my place by the electric key, ready to fire at the command of the captain.

Just as the command "Fire!" was about to be given, Bombshell reappeared on the parapet

and began to bark furiously into the very muzzle of the gun.

I called to him, but he would not come. Annoyed at the delay of the test, I tried to catch him, but could not do so. As I approached he retreated, still barking and apparently urging me to follow him.

Finally, convinced from the dog's actions that something was wrong, the electric wire was disconnected from the gun, and I followed Bombshell. Wagging his tail with joy at having accomplished his object, he led me through the underbrush to the beach.

There, concealed behind a clump of bushes, were two little children quietly digging in the sand and entirely unconscious of the danger in which they had been.

I knew then that when Bombshell had been

standing on the parapet sniffing the air he had been saying to himself:

"Some people are in front of the gun. I can smell them. If they are there when the gun is fired they will be burnt, as I was, and perhaps deafened besides by the blast of the discharge. I must find out for certain and prevent the gun from being fired."

Bombshell received great praise for his sagacity, and the men declared that he deserved a medal, so they had one made and presented it to me. Bombshell wears it on his collar now, and on it is engraved:

"Presented to Bombshell as a reward for having saved two little children from serious injury by the discharge of a large gun."

Bombshell is very proud of his medal, and I believe that he knows its meaning.

A CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHT.

BY HARRIOT BREWER STERLING.

IF Santa Claus should stumble,
 As he climbs the chimney tall
 With all this ice upon it,
 I 'm 'fraid he 'd get a fall
 And smash himself to pieces—
 To say nothing of the toys!
 Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
 To all the girls and boys!
 So I am going to write a note
 And pin it to the gate,—
 I 'll write it large, so he can see,
 No matter if it 's late,—
 And say, "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
 To climb the roof to-night,
 But walk right in, the door 's unlocked,
 The nursery 's on the right!"

That Little Peanut Man



BY EVA P. BROWN.

DID you ever hear the story of that little peanut man—

That funny little man, that cunning little man?
Who wore a fancy costume made on a novel plan,
Whose eyes were made of ink-strokes, whose
nose was all a-whack,
Whose mouth was nothing else than a crooked
little crack,

Whose legs were made of matches, whose clothes
were made of patches?

Oh, that funny little, cunning little peanut man!

With arms both set akimbo—oh, he was a funny
sight!

That funny little man, that cunning little man!
He had whiskers made of worsted, all striped in
black and white;

On his head he wore a comical and high-peaked paper hat,
With a feather in the rim of it. What do you think
of that?

“Where was he?” Now you ask it, I think ’t was
in a basket.

Oh, that funny little, cunning little peanut
man!

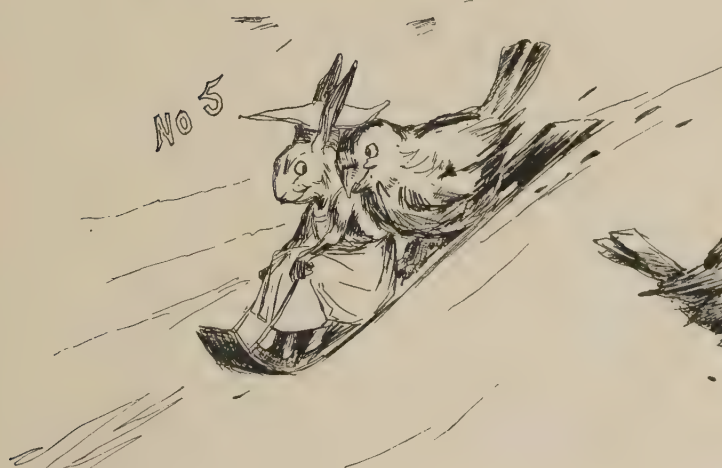
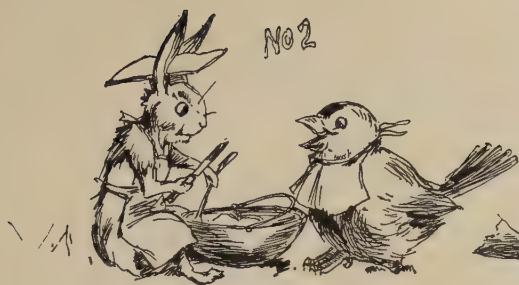


“And the basket?” In the parlor un-
derneath a great arm-chair,
That funny little man, that cunning
little man!

For it was Ethel's birthday, and the
cousins all were there,
And they had a peanut party, which,
you know, is lots of fun,
And all the peanuts had been found,
except this slyest one;

When something Nellie spied, and
this is what she cried:

“Oh, that funny little, cunning little
peanut man!”



F. S. CHURCH.

MR. SNOWBIRD SPENDS CHRISTMAS DAY WITH BR'ER RABBIT.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM asks us to say that the unprecedented number of answers received to the puzzle-poem, "Marian's Adventure," has upset all calculations, and made it impossible to reach a decision in time for this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

To give some idea of the deluge of letters, it need only be said that fully *five thousand* came in during the first ten days.

The answers are being examined as rapidly as is practicable, and the awards of prizes will surely be ready for the January ST. NICHOLAS.

OUR young readers may like to hear more about Cædmon than is told in the poem on page 145 of this number.

Cædmon lived in the seventh century, and was a servant in Hild's monastery, that stood on a high cliff overlooking the German Ocean, at Whitby in Yorkshire (the same town mentioned in the story "Betty Leicester's English Christmas"). The gift of song, or poetry, came to Cædmon in a dream, after he was a mature man. He wrote a poem, telling, in the English of his day, the

events recorded in the Old and New Testaments, most copies of which were then, of course, in Latin, and not read by the common people.

Cædmon's poem was considered a masterpiece in his own day, and portions of it have been preserved to this time: one quotation, it is believed, was recorded by Good King Alfred himself.

As the earliest specimen of English verse, and an attempt to tell the Bible stories for the people, Cædmon's lines are now sure of preservation, and may therefore truly be said to "sing for aye."

It is not certain what form of harp was played upon by Cædmon, but probably it was a smaller harp than the illustrator of the poem has chosen. Still, tall harps were known in the earliest times, and may have been used occasionally in England.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to learn that with the January number we shall begin a new serial by the author of "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp." The new story is called "Sindbad, Smith & Co."

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE readers of the interesting article, in this number, about "Owney" will be glad to see the following letter:

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years, and always look forward to your coming.

The great "Cotton States and International Exposition" is in full blast now, and there are many things to be seen; but what I want to tell you about is an exhibit in the United States Government Building, which will interest all who read the story of "Owney, of the Mailbags."

I send you an exact copy of the letter.

RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE. Office of Superintendent.
NEW YORK, N. Y., May 19th, 1894.

HON. JAMES E. WHITE, *Gen. Supt. R. M. S.*
Enclosed herewith I send you a package of medals taken from the dog "Ownie" for the Postal Museum, as you request.

R. C. JACKSON.

There were puzzles, souvenir spoons, key-rings, name-plates, railroad checks, hotel checks, medals, tags, etc.

Your devoted reader,

WILLIE PARKHURST.

It appears that the United States has not a monopoly of railroad-traveling canines. A correspondent of the "Spectator" sends from South Australia the following story of a dog who is never happy except when traveling by railway: "His name is 'Railway Bob,' and he passes his existence on the train, his favorite seat being on top of the coal-box. In this way he has traveled many thou-

sands of miles, going over all the lines in South Australia. He is well known in Victoria, is frequently seen in Sydney, and has been up as far as Brisbane! The most curious part of his conduct is that he has no master, but every engine-driver is his friend. At night he follows home his engine-driver of the day, never leaving him or letting him out of his sight until they are back in the railway-station in the morning, when he starts off on another of his ceaseless journeyings."

As the last report from Owney says that he was "coaxed on board of the Northern Pacific steamer at San Francisco," it may be that Bob and Owney will some day be fellow-passengers on an Australian train.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the third year we have taken your delightful magazine.

This summer we camped on Mt. Breckinridge, which belongs to the Sierra Nevada range, and is seven thousand feet above the sea-level. In coming the forty-three miles from Bakersfield we rise sixty-five hundred feet. On top of the mountain there is a saw-mill which is busily sawing the pine-trees into lumber.

My brothers have a burro and cart, and my older sister and myself have a saddle-horse.

There is a bear-trap about two miles from our camp, and they have caught eight bears in it this season. Twice they have caught cubs, and the mother bear has helped her cubs out.

Many wild flowers were in bloom when we came in June, and among the prettiest was the Mariposa lily,

which is found in so many different shades that it is often hard to find two exactly alike. It was a question between that and the *eschscholtzia* (or California poppy), when the latter was chosen for the State flower.

Your devoted reader, HARRIET R. W—.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN IS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Hawaiian-born American girl, twelve years old. My father is the Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Republic. I have one sister and seven brothers, the two eldest being Juniors in Yale College.

There are many kinds of fruit here: alligator-pears, guavas, bananas, mangos, papayas, mountain-apples, oranges, limes, tamarinds, and many other kinds.

My father has fifteen riding-horses, and about three carriage-horses. I have a horse, Mexican saddle, side-saddle, bridles, and blanket of my own.

Every summer, all of our family spend a month in the country at my cousin's horse- and cattle-ranch.

We all ride over there on horseback, except my father and mother. After our visit there, we ride around the island. It is sixty miles. We ride forty miles a day; but I never get tired.

I think the Hawaiian Islands a *very* nice place to live in. We have the sun all the time except when it rains, and in our winter the nights are only a little cooler than the summer nights.

There are eight islands in this group. Honolulu is on the island of Oahu.

Your sincere reader, SOPHIE B. J—.

GLEN ROAD, JAMAICA PLAIN, BOSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken your paper for five years, I have never before written to you. I have enjoyed ST. NICHOLAS ever so much, and all my friends that take it pronounce it "a corker," "a dandy," "a brick." Perhaps these expressions are very bad and slangy, but I am sure they are the most expressive of good opinion.

When I was a little girl, as indeed I am now, I used to be very fond of making bits of poetry.

My first piece I wrote some three years ago, and called it "Mayflowers." The family all thought it "perfectly lovely," but of course it was something too funny to read, it was so full of mistakes, and lines that did n't rhyme. Then another silly piece was entitled "Lady Moon," and another "The Seasons." I tried to make them all just as poetic as possible, and sometimes would lie awake at night trying to think of rhymes.

The enclosed is one written two years ago, when I was twelve.

Yours very sincerely, "BLUNDERBUSS."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

'T is Christmas day; goodwill to all,
And unto 'all be peace!
Let all the world be as one man,
And let all sorrow cease.

The youthful choir in the old gray church
Are singing with joy and mirth,
While the snow piles high upon the walls,
Of the dear old Mother Earth.

The holly-wreath and mistletoe
Are heaped in every hall,
And a fire burns on every hearth,
As the snowflakes gently fall.

Along the road at every bend,
The sleigh-bells' ring is heard.
The snow is scattered, here and there,
With crumbs for every bird.

So once a year, when Christmas comes,
Let every sorrow cease;
And let there be for everyone—
Joy, and goodwill, and peace.
"BLUNDERBUSS."

BROMLEY, ALABAMA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you three years, and am much interested in your stories.

I am a little girl ten years old, and live in a small village called Bromley, situated on the banks of the pretty little "Bay Minette" creek. Mother and I live with my aunt, who has ten children. We have great fun in the summer: fishing, rowing, and bathing in the creek.

My aunt has a horse, and as I have no sisters or brothers, I and my cousins go horseback-riding very often.

I have a pet cat named "Romeo," and a calf named "Monte Cristo." They are almost as dear as sister or brother to me. I love them so, as I have no brothers or sisters. Your constant admirer and reader,

DAISY D. B—.

WOOD ISLAND, ALASKA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have taken you for four years, I have never written to you before. When we took you before we used to live at a place called St. Michael's, much farther north and much colder than in Wood Island.

Years ago St. Michael's used to be a Russian fort. There were Russian troops there, and the fort had a square building like a tower at each corner.

Once the Russians had a fight with the natives, and you can find old arrow- and spear-heads anywhere around the fort.

The one guard-house which is standing is full of shot and bullets.

We have lived in Alaska nearly all our lives.

Your sincere friend and reader, MARY M. G—.

WARSAW, RICHMOND CO., VA.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for four or five years; you came to us with the snow one Christmas morning. There are six of us in the family, four boys and two girls. We live on a large farm of 4000 acres on the Rappahannock River near a pretty little village named Warsaw. Our house is an old colonial one of much beauty, I think, with lovely grounds. The house is over one hundred and sixty-two years old, and has come down directly from old Landon Carter, one of King Carter's sons, for whom the house was built. We have great, big rooms and high pitched walls with tremendous halls. In the hall hangs a large portrait of King Carter, and in the dining-room one of Landon Carter. We have eight other portraits in our hall. We have jolly times dancing in the summer; the hall is just fine for it. I am very fond of dancing. I like all your stories. We have "Hans Brinker," "Sarah Crewe," and several of your stories in book form, and I think they are *all* jolly. Why, brother and I have to take turns which shall have ST. NICHOLAS first, or there will be a fuss! My little sister just pores over you. She is a great little reader, and reads all the time. We have loads of fun going bathing, crabbing, fishing, and on big sails. We have lots of fruit in summer, and we drive a lot, and I ride horseback whenever I like; but I am sorry to say I am not very fond of it. My brother has

a riding-horse. We have a cunning little pony, too, that we drive and ride whenever we wish. Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS, hoping you may always prosper.

Your loving and admiring reader,
CAROLYNE R. W—.

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish I could describe our beautiful Mt. Rainier to the many readers of your magazine who have never seen it. It lies about ninety-five miles from the city of Seattle.

Although I have lived in sight of Mt. Rainier for four years, I have never seen it look twice the same.

This is the Indian legend of Mt. Rainier:

Long, long ago there were twin mountains dwelling side by side. But they quarreled and had a dreadful battle. At the end of the conflict a mighty convulsion threw the mighty brothers together, and formed the beautiful Mt. Rainier, which lies peacefully looking down upon our "Queen City of Puget Sound."

A small piece of one of the mountains was left by the side of Mt. Rainier, which is known as Mt. Tacoma.

The mountain is an extinct volcano, and I should feel sorry to have its loveliness spoiled by fire and lava; so I do hope that the demon who sleeps beneath Rainier's peaceful crest will never awake to violence.

FROM ONE OF SEATTLE'S GIRLS.

OBERLIN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Oberlin is a college town in the northern part of Ohio, sixteen miles south of Lake Erie. It is a very pleasant place, the streets being lined with elm, oak, and maple trees, and having large green lawns. There are a great many wheels in town; most everybody has one; in term time there are from five hundred to six hundred.

I have one, and enjoy riding to the neighboring towns not far from here.

Along the roads there are small paths about a foot in width, covered with cinders, which make a very nice cycle path as there is no dust.

Last summer I went to Washington, D. C., and after seeing the capitol, museum, art gallery, and zoo, we went to Mount Vernon, George Washington's old home. It is situated on the Potomac River in a very large grove. The house is painted white and is two stories high; there are about twelve rooms in it, and they are furnished in old-fashioned furniture which is very curious. He and his wife are buried in a large brick vault, and the key was thrown in the river as he wished. An old negro guards the vault. I must close now.

From your constant reader, D. H. P—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine ever since I was four years old, and as I am a little invalid boy, you can see what pleasure you have afforded me.

I have just come from the Black Hills of Dakota, near an Indian reservation, and have seen several of the chiefs we read of so often in the papers. They were not nearly so alarming to look at as I had imagined. In fact I became fast friends with one of them, who gave me many curious Indian trophies, among them a pipe which he said

Sitting Bull had once smoked at a council of the Sioux tribe.

Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS, with lots of love from your little friend,
WALDO T—.

SLOATSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy seven years old; but I can't write very well, as I have only been to school one winter, so my sister Edith is writing this for me. We live in Sloatsburg, and the town is very pretty, though it's very small. It is very near the Ramapo River. The railroad track runs very near the road, and when I ran out driving with my papa last August the horse ran away with us. He was frightened at a freight-train that was going by, the road was bad, and he went so fast he threw us both out, and my papa broke his left arm.

I have a black dog named "Jumbo." I call him that because he is so big. I have taught him how to bring back a ball, how to speak, and to find a handkerchief.

Your loving little reader,
HAROLD J—.

SEA POINT, NEAR CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old and live in the Cape Peninsula. I get two bound volumes of you nearly every year for my birthday. I think you are a lovely magazine. I would like to see North America very much, as I have read so much about it.

I have a dear old dog called "Bruce," and two cats, "Murray" and "White-nez." Murray is small, black, and thin, and White-nez is a tabby. They are both dear cats and are very fond of Bruce. Sometimes Murray goes up to Bruce and rubs under his nose, and he bites her gently. She enjoys it.

One girl who goes to school here and who has been to Scotland, tells me that people have asked her if she was not afraid lions would eat her in the night. They seemed to think we lived in huts like Kaffirs.

I know three very nice American girls, Inanda, Elsie, and Marjorie. Inanda is called after a mission station her grandfather had up in the northeast of Africa somewhere.

Some girls from Indiana wrote to us at All Saints last year. Their letters were very interesting, and each of us in my class took a letter and answered it.

I remain your interested reader,
OLIVE G. F. S—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Florence Francis, Dorothy E. and Nathalie A., Nellie P. Q., Suzanne Gutherz, Bessie B., Mary and Elizabeth T., Solange N. Jungerich, Helen May Kirkman, Helen Salisbury, Wilfred S., Mary E. Benson, Maggie Hudson, Daisy D. Batré, Alden and Camilla, Ethel McGinnis, Nellie C. W., F. T. P., Helen Leslie P., Marjorie Grant Cook, W. D. C., Leslie Rand, Mary R. Bucknell, Augusta E. Murray, Eleanor Wallace, Gladys Salis-Schwabe, "Dee" and "Jay," Marion L. D., Mamie Irwin McDearmon, St. John Whitney, Ethel G., Elsie F. and Marjorie P., E. L. R., Catherine L. J., Gertrude Kellogg, S. Robbins B., Edith Mac., Florence C. Muller and Florence C. White, Olive Scanlen, Helen Louise Morris, Blanche G. S., Albert Willard Chester, Jennet D. B., and Marguerite North.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

A POETICAL PICNIC. 1. The Cry of the Children. 2. In the Woods. 3. Dora. 4. Maud. 5. Ruth. 6. Genevieve. 7. Bertha in the Lane. 8. Evelyn Hope. 9. The Miller's Daughter. 10. We are Seven. 11. The Children's Hour. 12. The Brook. 13. The Death of the Flowers. 14. The Spanish Gypsy. 15. A Barefoot Boy. 16. Tam o' Shanter. 17. The Vagabonds. 18. A Maiden with a Milking Pail. 19. Driving Home the Cows. 20. Divided. 21. A Summer Storm. 22. Resignation. 23. March. 24. The Excursion.

RIDDLE. Aspirate, spirate, pirate, irate, rate, Ate.

MYTHOLOGICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Leprea; 1 to 3, Latona; 2 to 4, Apollo; 3 to 4, Alecto; 5 to 6, Aurora; 5 to 7, Abaris; 6 to 8, arenas; 7 to 8, sirens; 1 to 5, Luna; 2 to 6, Asia; 4 to 8, oats; 3 to 7, Acis.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Penn. Crosswords: 1. Wasp. 2. Hare. 3. Scorpion. 4. Pelican.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from G. B. Dyer—"Jersey Quartette"—Josephine Sherwood—Helen C. Bennett—Paul Reese—Arthur Gride—Nip and Tuck—Helen Koerper—"Alexine"—Helen C. McCleary—Clive—George Bancroft Fernald—Emily B. Dunning—"Crawford Trio"—Marjory Gane—"Bessie Chandler"—L. O. E.—Charles Dwight Reid—"Edgewater Two"—Effie K. Talboys—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Jack and George A.—Blanche and Fred—"Sand Crabs"—"Count Ersign D."—Clara A. Anthony—Marian E. Hamilton—"The Butterflies"—Florence and Flossie—G. A. H.—Ida Carleton Thallon—"Dee and Co."—E. G. L.—"Trenton Trio"—Sigourney Fay Nininger—"No name, Kansas City, Mo.—Addison Neil Clark—Jo and I—"Chiddingstone"—Donald L. and Isabel H. Noble—Kate S. Doty—"Two Little Brothers"—Mary Lester and Harry—"Tod and Yam"—Unsigned.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Helen M. Kirkman, 1—Helen L. Soper, 1—Henry Lincoln, 2—No name, 1—Florence Harris, 1—J. O'Donohoe R., 3—Elsie Tibbetts, 1—Betty and Etta, 2—Millie Campau, 2—M. Laughlin, 1—D. D. V. S. Stuart, 1—Mary H. Ricketts, 2—Edythe M. St. Clayre, 4—R. M. Plummer, 1—"Smart, Girl," 10—"The Dr.'s Daughters," 8—Bertha A. Nesmith, 1—Sarah Clark, 1—Alice C. Baals, 2—Wm. Parker Bonbright, 2—Willie K., 1—"Kearsarge," 3—Henry H. Miller, 2—"Duck," 6—G. A. Hallock, 2—Albert Smith Faught, 7—Herbie J. Rose, 2—Louise C. Bridgen, 1—Marie L. Abbott, 2—Leila C., 1—Gertrude Lucerne, 2—"Knott Innit," 10—Jack Miller, 2—J. E. Lehman, 2—Mary Duthier, 1—Page Powell, 1—Eleanor H. Dean, 1—Theo. G. Sisson, 2—Emma Giles, 1—Ralph W. Kiefer, 2—Mary K. Ralse, 1—K. B. S., 7—"Goyeneche," 1—C. F. Barrows, 3—Frederica Yeager, 4—Marie Pearce, 2—Gertrude S. Kearny, 2—Bessie Burr, 1—"Jimmie Farnsworth," 5—K. T. Comstock, 10—Ethelberta, 10—Chas. J. M., 2—Clarette, 2—"Camp Lake," 9—Adele T. L., 1—Franklyn Farnsworth, 10—"Rose Red," 2—"Two Romans," 10—Mildred Guild, 8—Leander G. Bowers and Marguerite Turley, 10—Laura M. Zinser, 8—No name, Cleveland, 9—Saml. G. Friedman, 1—Mary Gabrielle C., 6—Charles Travis, 6—W. Y. Webbe, 8—E. and B., 9—K. D. Parnly, 8—"Merry and Co.," 10—Adelaide M. Gaither, 3—M. J. Philbin, 7—R. S. B. and A. N. I., 8—Ethel Wright, 1—K. O. E. G. R. J., 2.

DIAMOND.

1. IN diamond. 2. An epic poem which celebrates the exploits of a Spanish hero. 3. A feminine name. 4. A kind of puzzle. 5. To perish in water. 6. A feminine name. 7. In diamond. HORTON C. FORCE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the name of one of the United States; and my finals, the name of its capital.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fretful. 2. One of the letters of the Greek alphabet. 3. Pertaining to a lyre or harp. 4. To bury. 5. The goddess of flowers. 6. Hatred. 7. To elevate. 8. A month of the Jewish year. 9. Inactive. 10. A prefix signifying English. L. M. Z.

RIDDLE.

I AM old and cold, I am stern and gray,
But I'm coining money, day by day.
I hoard and hoard; though much I give,
I shall make money while I live.
And when I die, as die I must,
My brothers will keep my wealth, I trust.
In kitchen-gardens off I stay;
Sometimes to the fields I stray away;

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Satin. 2. Arena. 3. Tenet. 4. Inert. 5. Natty.

CHARADE. Goldsmith.

A HANDFUL OF PEAS. 1. P-anther. 2. P-article. 3. P-alms. 4. P-earl. 5. P-russia. 6. P-lover. 7. P-car. 8. P-artisan. 9. P-robe. 10. P-arson. 11. P-alter. 12. P-arable. 13. P-arched. 14. P-astern.

RHOMBROID. Across: 1. Shame. 2. Erode. 3. Epics. 4. Strap. 5. Sugar.

OCTAGONS. I. 1. Tot. 2. Tiara. 3. Oasis. 4. Trips. 5. Ass. II. 1. Map. 2. Manor. 3. Anile. 4. Poled. 5. Red. III. 1. Ram. 2. Rapid. 3. Apple. 4. Milan. 5. Den.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. N. 2. Bog. 3. Nomad. 4. G-mut. 5. Ducat. 6. Tabor. 7. Token. 8. Rebel. 9. Newel. 10. Legal. 11. Latin. 12. Libel. 13. Net. 14. L.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Parenthesis.

I hide by the hedge or the fence-rail low,
Or up the hillside creeping go.
Though all must me at their board receive,
Folks love me best just when I leave.
No student, but sharp enough I am
To be wrapped up in Bacon, and pore over Lamb.
And my fiery spirit—like Truth—'t is plain,
Though "crushed to earth will rise again."

L. E. JOHNSON.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a name popularly given to an important city of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fresh-water fish. 2. Close at hand. 3. A very small quantity or degree. 4. A low cart used for heavy burdens. 5. Destiny. 6. At a distance. 7. A famous city of ancient times. 8. Not dense or thick. 9. Mimics. 10. In a smaller or lower degree. 11. To be foolishly fond. 12. The god of love. 13. A carpenter's tool used for chipping or slicing wood. 14. A measure of distance. 15. A ceremony. 16. The god of war. L. M. Z.

DIAGONAL.

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter, and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous engineer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Highly pleasing to the taste. 2. Misleading. 3. Agreeable to the ear. 4. A chronometer. 5. Indispensable. 6. Abundance. 7. Things that are unusual or unaccountable. 8. In the middle of a ship. 9. A state of exhaustion. W. S. F.



WHEN the five objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of equal length) written one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of an English general and statesman.

RHYMING BLANKS.

My hunter is a graceful —,
With ears alert at every —,
And eyes that keenly glance —,
And feet that scarcely touch the —,
O'er lofty mount and lowly —,
And field, he runs with fleetest —
Wherever bird or hare is —.
His worth, untold by pence or —,
If lost to me, how deep the —!
(The nine omitted words all rhyme.)

G. L. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-two letters, and form a couplet by Cowper.

My 54-21-9-46 is rapid. My 29-26-41-16 is one who entertains. My 43-25-3-35 is a large wading bird. My 11-59-31-19-50 is desires. My 57-36-45-23-6 is a ret-

inue or company of attendants. My 62-13-53-60-47 is to pain acutely. My 1-28-38-51-32 is in advance. My 44-34-8-22-56 is lacking strength. My 33-17-48-12-39-42 are shallow places. My 14-18-2-4-55-61 is frank. My 24-15-10-52-58-30 is a famous mountain peak in California. My 20-7-40-37-27-5-49 is to contend. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

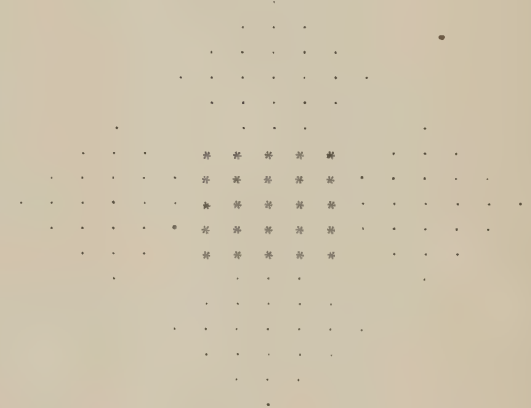
DELICATE SURGERY.

EXAMPLE: Remove a blood-vessel from a layer of rock, and leave a farm implement. Answer, Rake-vein. The part to be removed is sometimes at the beginning, sometimes in the middle or at the end, of a word.

1. Remove a limb from lawfully, and leave a supporter.
2. Remove a bone from a Roman magistrate, and leave a melody.
3. Remove a large joint from wooing in love, and leave solicits.
4. Remove a limb from a famous fleet, and leave a feminine name.
5. Remove a joint from a devotional posture, and leave a large fish.
6. Remove an epidermis from warming in the sun, and leave a sack.
7. Remove the organ of hearing from pertaining to this world, and leave a pronoun.
8. Remove the lower part of the face from confirming, and leave to adhere closely.
9. Remove part of the mouth from a geometrical name for an oval figure, and leave otherwise.

L. E. JOHNSON.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In trade. 2. A beverage. 3. A European fresh-water fish. 4. Signified. 5. A stage-player. 6. A pronoun. 7. In trade.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In trade. 2. Man-kind. 3. A fruit. 4. Described. 5. Observed. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In trade.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Assisted. 2. A feminine name. 3. A first appearance before the public. 4. To discipline. 5. To be withheld by fear.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In trade. 2. A small quadruped. 3. To refund. 4. Became gradually smaller. 5. Weeds. 6. A word which expresses consent. 7. In trade.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In trade. 2. A popular fancy. 3. A member of a religious order. 4. Infected. 5. Fixed the time of. 6. A color. 7. In trade.

R. H., JR.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.

"CHRISTMAS LIGHTS DO FADE AWAY
IN THE CLEAR GLOW OF NEW-YEAR DAY."
OLD SONG.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1896.

NO. 3.

HOW JACK CAME TO JAMESTOWN.

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.

"Look, mother, look," cried Dorothy Thorne,
"At the redbreast robin in yonder tree!"
The good dame came to the cabin door.
"Ay, ay, my child, I see."

"And thinkst thou not he sings as sweet
As those in England?" cried the child.
The good dame brushed away the tear
that started as she smiled.

"Look, mother, look! Neighbor Rugg goes by,
And Jonathan Howard, with sacks of
corn —
So many men with heavy sacks have hurried
by this morn."

The good dame stirred the steaming broth
With an even sweep of her wooden spoon.
"Ay, ay, my child; Lord Delaware sets sail
to-morrow noon."

There were groups of women along the shore,
Knitting and watching the busy men.
The boats rowed laden out to the ships,—
rowed empty in again.

Good Mistress Thorne, when dinner was done,
And the pewter dishes back on the shelf,
Combed Dorothy's locks of shimmering gold,
and tidied her buxom self.

"We 'll down to the shore with the rest,"
said she;
"I 'll knit some rows on thy father's socks,
And talk with the dames, and thou canst play
with the children on the rocks."

Oh, blue were the skies and green the shores!
And merry the laughter of children that
day,
As they flung their scraps of bark to the
waves and watched them whirl away!

But Dorothy stayed at her mother's side,
For she saw, at sight of the loading ships,
How her mother's eyes grew dim with tears
and a sigh rose up to her lips.

"Ah, Mistress Thorne," cries Mistress Rugg—
And a mournful shaking of heads prevails—
"T is a woful wind for the Colony
that fills his Lordship's sails!"



And they talked of how, before he
came

With his three stanch vessels from over
the sea,
There was dearth of hope and famine of
bread in Jamestown Colony.

—
Lord Delaware, on the beach near the boats,
Felt a touch on his gold-embroidered coat;
He turned; it was a fair-haired child,
with a kerchief crossed at her throat.

“Why dost thou go?” said Dorothy Thorne.
“For the good folk all, they wish thou
wouldst stay.

“LOOK, MOTHER, LOOK!”

Their hearts are fearful of hunger and strife.
Why dost thou go away?”

He looked on the serious upturned face.
“I go because I am ill,” he said;
“But they need not fear, for General Gates
will serve them in my stead.”

“And wilt thou come back when thou art
well?”

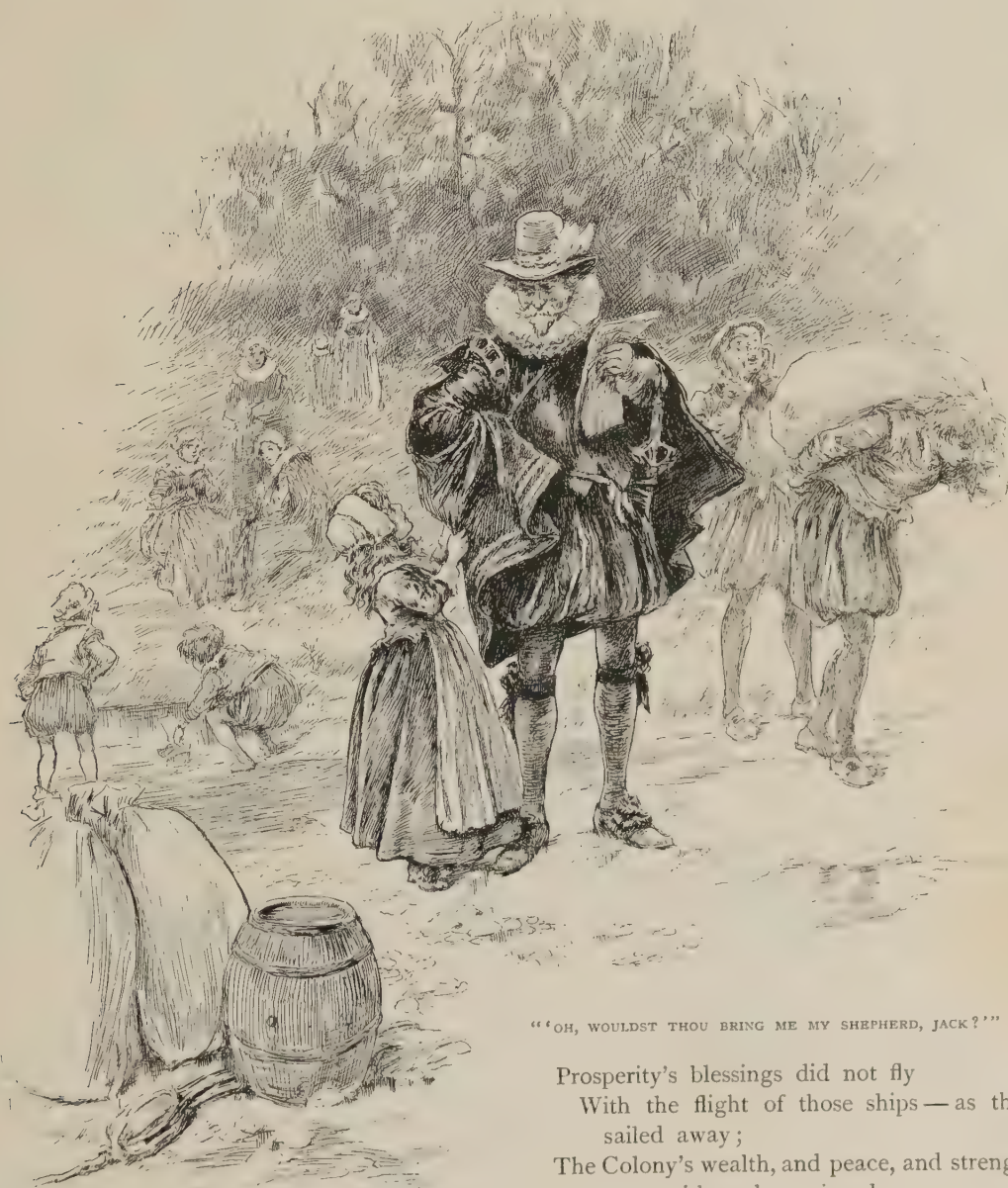
He laid his hand on her golden hair.
“Ay, child, God willing, I will come back,”
he said with a thoughtful air.

"And when I come, I shall bring to thee—"
 His lips were smiling now as he spoke,
 "Shall it be a gown, as brown as thine eyes,
 or a beautiful scarlet cloak?"

The brown eyes shone. "My lord," she cried,
 "Oh, wouldst thou bring me, when thou
 com'st back,
 Not a gown, nor a beautiful scarlet cloak,
 but my dog—my Shepherd, 'Jack'?"

"Thy dog? thy dog?" Lord Delaware smiled,
 "And where shall I find him, my little lass?"
 "We left him at the King's Crown Inn, in care
 of Mistress Cass."

"Thy father is Roger Thorne, is he not?
 And thou com'st from Warwickshire?"
 asked he.
 "Lord Delaware shall do thy will. Thy dog
 shall come to thee."



"'OH, WOULDST THOU BRING ME MY SHEPHERD, JACK?'"

Prosperity's blessings did not fly
 With the flight of those ships—as they
 sailed away;
 The Colony's wealth, and peace, and strength
 grew with each passing day.



"ON HER FATHER'S
SHOULDER."

The good Lord Delaware never came back ;
But the very next spring, when the shores
were gay
With bursting buds, an English ship sailed
into Chesapeake Bay.

The Goodman Sautern saw it first,
He sped the news through the quiet town.
The neighbors left their half-felled trees,
or flung their shovels down.

"Wife! wife! an English ship comes in!"
They'd shout as they passed the cabin door,
And dames forgot their
half-baked loaves as
they hurried down
to the shore.



"'JACK! JACK!' SHE CRIES. A SPLASH! A CHEER!"

They thronged the rocks, those hardy men
And brave Virginia dames;
They shouted "Welcome to our shores!" and
"Long live good King James!"

And Dorothy Thorne? Yes, she was there.
On her father's shoulder she sat like a queen,
Her brown eyes bright, and her sunny hair
blown out in a golden sheen.

"Jack! Jack!" she cries. A splash! A cheer
From those on the shore and those in the
boats.
He swims!—he clammers up the rocks!
Another cheer from a hundred throats.



Hark! What is that? the bark of a dog?
Look! What is that, like a tassel of corn,
That waves at the prow of the foremost boat?
Look, little Dorothy Thorne!

'T was thus Jack came to the Colony,
And from that moment, everywhere
That the colonists saw his shaggy coat,
They looked for the child with the golden hair.

A CHRISTMAS WHITE ELEPHANT.

(Concluded.)

BY W. A. WILSON.

ONE windy night toward the end of January, Fred was awakened by the slamming of the folding windows in a room down-stairs.

He lay, reluctant to rise, for some moments, but on the noise being repeated, sprang out of bed, and put on his slippers.

Passing the staircase window like a ghost, he reached the hall, and moved toward the parlor door. The shutters were closed, and the room was dark. After feeling about and upsetting a vase of water filled with flowers, and a few glasses and ornaments on a table, he succeeded in finding the matches and struck a light.

He opened the door of the room whence the noise was coming; but, as he did so, the window was blown wide open, his lamp was extinguished, and he found himself in an almost forgotten presence.

Majestic and calm, within a few paces of him, stood the tree, in the great flood of moonlight which streamed in past the fluttering curtains.

Fifteen seconds later, Fred had shuffled up the staircase, and was coiled up in his bed again.

He told Cecie in the morning.

The tree's old friends had missed it, she said, and had come to pay it a visit to see how it was getting on.

"What *friends*?" asked Frederick-of-the-Guilty-Conscience.

"The Moonlight and the Wind," said Cecie.

"Oh," said Fred.

That this little episode impressed Cecie was evident; but it was not until the following Saturday that she said anything of an idea which it seemed to have suggested to her. It was the first time since New Year's that Fred had found time to run out beyond the city, which he was in the habit of doing as often as he could, to spend a few hours in the pure, fresh air of his

favorite woods. Agnes usually accompanied him, and, for the first time, they yielded to Cecie's entreaties, and took her also with them.

These snatches of health-giving air, these walks, short though they were, on the country soil, were everything to Fred. Two hours of freedom amongst the trees, in the silence of the forest, he used to say, were enough to clear a week's cobwebs from the brain. They did more for him that day — they solved the problem of the tree.

To reach their favorite walk it was necessary to go by steamboat to a station down the river, and thence climb a short, steep hill to a wood which stretched for miles beyond. It was apt to be dusty and less attractive in the summer months, but in late autumn and winter and early spring, when deserted by the picnicking crowd, it was a beautiful and peaceful spot. The favorite corner of Fred's was a small pond which lay in the midst of a thicket of young elms and oaks. When Cecie saw this for the first time she remained very quiet for some moments. Two fir-trees growing together at a corner of the pond seemed to have attracted her attention.

"What are you thinking about?" asked her father.

"I am thinking — why not send our tree out here and let it grow beside the others? Look at these two poor trees standing over there, all alone. It would be happier too, I think. It would like to be beside them."

"Do you think it would?" asked Fred, musingly.

"I am sure of it!" cried Cecie, excitedly. "It would get the dew, and the wind, and the rain, and the sun, and could grow and grow all the time. I am afraid it won't grow much with us."

An hour afterward they stood on the pier



watching their steamboat coming up the river.

"Now," said Fred, who seemed to be in unusually good spirits, "we have only to ask Robin if he is willing."

"Willing — what to do?"

"To let us send his present into the woods to live, instead of keeping it ourselves," said Fred, quite gravely.

"Oh, he will," said Cecie, confidently. "I will go and ask him. Nurse can take me — to-morrow morning — before breakfast-time."

"I think I would n't go quite so soon," said her father, with an amused look. "Robin does n't — I mean Robin is very busy in the early mornings."

"WHY NOT SEND OUR TREE OUT HERE AND LET IT GROW BESIDE THE OTHERS?"

The snow and ice had disappeared from the streets and avenues, and in the mild skies of the early days of February there was a glad respite from the cold, and a welcome promise of the coming spring.

The sun no longer hid behind banks of fog; but rose from day to day with clear and lustrous face. The mists had gathered up their

trains and fled, and the skies were filled with armies of fleecy clouds. The grass in the parks seemed already to feel the breath of April, the crocuses peeped out from their beds of earth and hurried on their yellow garments, while the trees donned a livery of tiny buds and stood in sleepy readiness for the festival. The busy steamers plying up and down the river became suddenly gay with color; for the passengers no longer huddled together in heated cabins, but crowded out upon the deck that they might breathe the fresh air.

Beyond the city, nature seemed less eager to listen to fair promises, for her landscapes lay still as they had been left by the marauding winds of winter. The country roads were bleak and bare, the shrubs and hedges stripped of their leaves and left stifled with snow and mud, and the deserted footpaths wandered listlessly through the maze of trunks and branches and lawless thorns. Yet when the sun shone into the thickets and down upon the inert ground, everything seemed to quicken: the ice retreated into the shady corners of the ponds, the drowsy trees lazily stretched themselves, and here and there in the recesses a bird took courage and began piping feeble snatches of almost forgotten song.

On the afternoon of one of these early February days the deserted woods seemed quieter even than they had been in the dead of winter. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the pond beside which a young fir-tree had recently been planted. Far in the distance a dog's bark or a cockcrow might be heard; still farther, perhaps, a long, faint whistle from a train winding along the river's bank; or, nearer at hand, the rustle of a falling leaf: but these only served to make the silence more profound.

Close beside two other firs, standing in friendly reserve somewhat aloof from the attendant herd of young oaks and elms, the new member of the mute community depended its lustrous green reflection into the somber mirror at its feet. Behind it rose the slender stems of two silver birches. In a corner near at hand a marsh-willow had burst into a mist of downy buds; and, still nearer, an old oak, as if to show an example to the younger members of its

family, who still clung to their tattered covering of leaves, stretched its bare and rugged limbs far up above its neighbors, and stood, stern and weather-beaten, on its carpet of grass and fallen acorns.

The mossy footpath which skirted the pond led to a clearing in the wood where it joined a broader way. This crossed a more open tract of ground covered with bushes and clogged with heather and dark-leaved brambles, until at one corner the country road appeared from behind a clump of trees. Between this corner and the point, some distance further on, where the road descended the wooded hill leading to the river, a gardener's cottage was situated.

At the gate of this cottage, toward sunset on a February afternoon, three figures were standing. The one, in colored shirt-sleeves and ample corduroys, wore a gardener's blue apron; the others were clad in the more conventional clothing of the city.

One of them wore a dark hat and cloak, and beside him stood a little figure dressed in a quaint gown of blue trimmed with sable. From beneath the felt and feathers of her hat one of her blonde curls escaped and lay gracefully upon her shoulder.

A fourth figure, that of the gardener's wife, a motherly-looking woman in a faded cotton dress, presently disappeared into a small greenhouse near the cottage, and closed the door behind her.

"Well," said the owner of the blue apron, in an affable tone, to his visitors, when at length they prepared to leave, "I suppose Missy will be satisfied now."

"I think so," said the figure in the cloak, looking down to "Missy," who smiled a shy assent. "*I* certainly am very well satisfied," he added, with a quizzical look, while buttoning his cloak.

When they set out, a few minutes later, the sun was glittering behind the trees, the earth was strong and deep in color, and the sky was filled with light.

They had reached the point where the road dipped suddenly in the direction of the steamer pier, when the door of the greenhouse opened, and the woman with the faded gown reappeared,

gone, she threw her scissors down upon a table, ran past her husband, who was lingering at the gate, and hastened after them along the road.

They turned on hearing her, and when she reached them she bent down, and, with a mixture of hesitancy and tenderness, placed the flowers between two small, gloved hands, and retreated.

A minute afterward she was standing in



"I SUPPOSE MISSY WILL BE SATISFIED NOW."

tying up a bouquet as she walked slowly into the garden.

She did not look up at first, but when she did so and found that the strangers had

the middle of the empty road, bareheaded, and with cheeks hot and flushed, watching a waving cloak and a little dot of blue gradually disappearing down the avenue.



CHRISTMAS IN THE MIDDLE AGES—BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.

F. METVILL DU MOND 1893.

LETTERS TO A BOY.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WITH NOTES BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

[WHEN Arick left us and went back to the German company, he had grown so fat and strong and intelligent that they deemed he was made for better things than cotton-picking or plantation work, and handed him over to their surveyor, who needed a man to help him. I used often to meet him after this, tripping at his master's heels with the theodolite, or scampering about with tapes and chains like a kitten with a spool of thread. He did not look then as though he was destined to die of a broken heart, though that was his end not so many months afterward. The plantation manager told me that Arick and a New Ireland boy went crazy with homesickness, and died in the hospital together.—L. O.]

LETTER IV.

VAILIMA, November 2, 1892.

MY DEAR AUSTIN: First and foremost I think you will be sorry to hear that our poor friend Arick has gone back to the German Firm. He had not been working very well and we had talked of sending him off before; but remembering how thin he was when he came here, and seeing what fat little legs and what a comfortable little stomach he had laid on in the meanwhile, we found we had not the heart. The other day, however, he set up chat to Henry, the Samoan overseer, asking him who he was and where he came from, and refusing to obey his orders. I was in bed in the workman's house, having a fever. Uncle Lloyd came over to me, told me of it, and I had Arick sent up. I told him I would give him another chance. He was taken out and asked to apologize to Henry, but he would do no such thing. He preferred to go back to the German Firm. So we hired a couple of Sa-

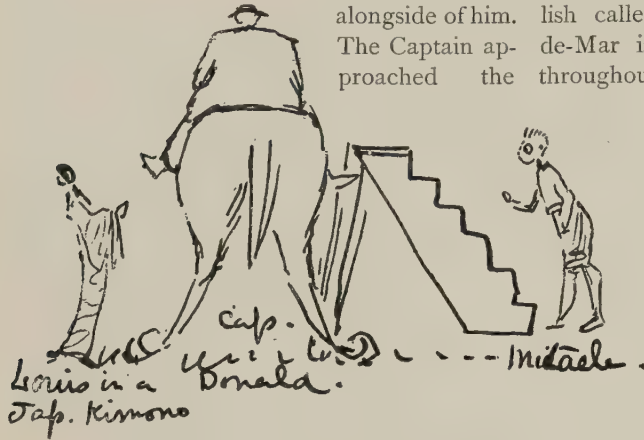
moans who were up here on a visit to the boys and packed him off in their charge to the Firm, where he arrived safely, and a receipt was given for him like a parcel.

Sunday last the "Alameda" returned. Your mother was off bright and early with Palema, for it is a very curious thing, but is certainly the case, that she was very impatient to get news of a young person by the name of Austin. Mr. Gurr lent a horse for the Captain—it was a pretty big horse, but our handsome Captain, as you know, is a very big Captain indeed. Now, do you remember Misi Folo—a tall, thin Hovea boy that came shortly before you left? He had been riding up this same horse of Gurr's just the day before, and the horse threw him off at Motootua corner and cut his hip. So Misi Folo called out to the Captain as he rode by that that was a very bad horse, that it ran away and threw people off, and that he had best be careful; and the funny thing is, that the Captain did not like it at all. The foal might as well have tried to run away with Vailima as that horse with Captain Morse, which is poetry, as you see, into the bargain; but the Captain was not at all in that way of thinking, and was never really happy until he had got his foot on ground again. It was just then that the horse began to be happy too, so they parted in one mind. But the horse is still wondering what kind of piece of artillery he had brought up to Vailima last Sunday morning. So far it was all right. The Captain was got safe off the wicked horse, but how was he to get back again to Apia and the Alameda?

Happy thought—there was Donald, the big pack-horse! The last time Donald was ridden he had upon him a hairpin and a pea—by which I mean (once again to drop into poetry) you and me. Now he was to have a rider

more suited to his size. He was brought up to the door—he looked a mountain. A step-ladder was put alongside of him. The Captain approached the

so different that sometimes six men from the same island cannot understand one another, they are driven to use a queer sort of English called “Beach-de-Mar.” This Beach-de-Mar is the language of trade and barter throughout the western islands, and every white man who wishes to speak with the black people must learn it. The Germans in Samoa, the French in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, have to use it on their plantations, and sometimes it is amusing to meet a man of one of these nationalities who can speak Beach-de-Mar perfectly, and yet does not know real English at all. “White fellow he come cocoanut belong him no grass hes top” is how a Black Boy says, “A baldheaded white man is ap-



CAPTAIN MORSE AND THE BIG PACK-HORSE.

proaching.” “This white fellow belong me” is what he calls his master.—L. O.]

step-ladder, and he looked an Alp. I was n't as much afraid for the horse as I was for the step-ladder, but it bore the strain, and with a kind of sickening smash that you might have heard at Monterey, the Captain descended to the saddle. Now don't think that I am exaggerating, but at the moment when that enormous Captain settled down upon Donald, the horse's hind legs gave visibly under the strain. What the couple looked like, one on top of t' other, no words can tell you, and your mother must here draw a picture.

your respected Uncle
O TUSITALA

proaching.” “This white fellow belong me” is what he calls his master.—L. O.]

For about a fortnight there were at work upon the job two German overseers, about a hundred Black Boys, and from twelve to twenty-four draught-oxen. It rained about half the time, and the road was like lather for shaving. The Black Boys seemed to have had a new rig-out. They had almost all shirts of scarlet flannel, and lavalayas, the Samoan kilt, either of scarlet or light blue. As the day got warm they took off the shirts; and it was a very curious thing, as you went down to Apia on a bright day, to come upon one tree after another in the empty forest with these shirts stuck among the branches like vermilion birds.

For about a fortnight there were at work upon the job two German overseers, about a hundred Black Boys, and from twelve to twenty-four draught-oxen. It rained about half the time, and the road was like lather for shaving. The Black Boys seemed to have had a new rig-out. They had almost all shirts of scarlet flannel, and lavalayas, the Samoan kilt, either of scarlet or light blue. As the day got warm they took off the shirts; and it was a very curious thing, as you went down to Apia on a bright day, to come upon one tree after another in the empty forest with these shirts stuck among the branches like vermilion birds.

LETTER V.

VAILIMA, November 15, 1892.

MY DEAR AUSTIN: The new house is begun. It stands out nearly half way over towards Pine-apple Cottage—the lower floor is laid and the uprights of the wall are set up; so that the big lower room wants nothing but a roof over its head. When it rains (as it does mostly all the time) you never saw anything look so sorry for itself as that room left outside. Beyond the house there is a work-shed roofed with sheets of iron, and in front, over about half the lawn, the lumber for the house lies piled. It is about the bringing up of this lumber that I want to tell you.

For about a fortnight there were at work upon the job two German overseers, about a hundred Black Boys, and from twelve to twenty-four draught-oxen. It rained about half the time, and the road was like lather for shaving. The Black Boys seemed to have had a new rig-out. They had almost all shirts of scarlet flannel, and lavalayas, the Samoan kilt, either of scarlet or light blue. As the day got warm they took off the shirts; and it was a very curious thing, as you went down to Apia on a bright day, to come upon one tree after another in the empty forest with these shirts stuck among the branches like vermilion birds.

I observed that many of the boys had a very queer substitute for a pocket. This was nothing more than a string which some of them tied about their upper arms and some about their necks, and in which they stuck their clay pipes; and as I don't suppose they had anything else to carry, it did very well. Some had feathers in their hair, and some long stalks of grass through the holes in their noses. I suppose this was intended to make them look pretty, poor dears; but you know what a Black Boy looks like, and these Black Boys, for all their blue, and their scarlet, and their grass, looked just as shabby and small, and sad, and sorry for themselves, and like sick monkeys as any of the rest.

As you went down the road you came upon them first working in squads of two. Each squad shouldered a couple of planks and carried them up about two hundred feet, gave them to two others, and walked back empty-handed to the places they had start-



TALOLO VAILIMA.



A SAMOAN GIRL.

ed from. It was n't very hard work, and they did n't go about it at all lively;

but of course, when it rained, and the mud was deep, the poor fellows were unhappy enough. This was in the upper part about Trood's. Below, all the way down to Tanugamanono, you met the bullock-carts coming and going, each with ten or twenty men to attend upon it, and often enough with one of the overseers near. Quite a far way off through the forest you could hear the noise of one of these carts approaching. The road was like a bog, and though a good deal wider than it was when you knew it, so narrow that the bullocks reached quite across it with the span of their big horns. To pass by, it was necessary to get into the Bush on one side or the other. The bullocks seemed to take no interest in their business; they looked angry and stupid, and sullen beyond belief; and when it came to a heavy bit of the road, as often as not they would stop.

As long as they were going, the Black Boys walked in the margin of the Bush on each side, pushing the cart-wheels with hands and shoulders, and raising the most extraordinary outcry. It was strangely like some very big kind of bird. Perhaps the great flying creatures that

lived upon the earth long before man came, if we could have come near one of their meeting-places, would have given us just such a concert.

When one of the bullamacows stopped altogether the fun was highest. The bullamacow stood on the road, his head fixed fast in the yoke, chewing a little, breathing very hard, and showing in his red eye that if he could get rid of the yoke he would show them what a circus

While this was going on, I had to go down to Apia five or six different times, and each time there were a hundred Black Boys to say "Good morning" to. This was rather a tedious business; and, as very few of them answered at all, and those who did, only with a grunt like a pig's, it was several times in my mind to give up this piece of politeness. The last time I went down, I was almost decided; but when I came to the first pair of Black Boys and saw



KITCHEN AT NATIVE QUARTERS, VAILIMA.

was. All the Black Boys tailed on to the wheels and the back of the cart, stood there getting their spirits up, and then of a sudden set to shooin' and singing out. It was these outbursts of shrill cries that it was so curious to hear in the distance. One such stuck cart I came up to and asked what was the worry. "Old fool bullamacow stop same place," was the reply. I never saw any of the overseers near any of the stuck carts; you were a very much better overseer than either of these.

them looking so comic and so melancholy, I began the business over again. This time I thought more of them seemed to answer, and when I got down to the tail-end where the carts were running, I received a very pleasant surprise, for one of the boys, who was pushing at the back of a cart, lifted up his head, and called out to me in wonderfully good English, "You good man — always say 'good morning.'" It was sad to think that these poor creatures should think so much of so small a piece of civility,

and strange that (thinking so) they should be so dull as not to return it. **UNCLE LOUIS.**

[In the letters that were sent to Austin Strong you will be surprised to see his name change from Austin to Hoskyns, and from Hopkins to Hutchinson. It was the penalty Master Austin had to pay for being the particular and bosom friend of each of the one hundred and eighty blue-jackets that made up the crew of the British man-of-war "Curaçoa"; for, whether it was due to some bitter memories of the Revolutionary war, or to some rankling reminiscences of 1812, that even friendship could not altogether stifle (for Austin was a true American boy), they annoyed him by giving him, each one of them, a separate name.—L. O.]

LETTER VI.

June 18, 1893.

RESPECTED HOPKINS: This is to inform you that the Jersey cow had an elegant little cow-calf Sunday last. There was a great deal of rejoicing, of course; but I don't know whether or not you remember the Jersey cow. Whatever else she is, the Jersey cow is *not* good-natured, and Dines, who was up here on some other business, went down to the paddock to get a hood and to milk her. The hood is a little wooden board with two holes in it, by which it is hung from her horns. I don't know how he got it on, and I don't believe *he* does. Anyway, in the middle of the operation, in came Bull Bazett, with his head down, and roaring like the last trumpet. Dines and all his merry men hid behind trees in the paddock, and skipped. Dines then got upon a horse, plied his spurs, and cleared for Apia. The next time he is asked to meddle with our cows, he will probably want to know the reason why. Meanwhile, there was the cow, with the board over her eyes, left tied by a pretty long rope to a small tree in the paddock, and who was to milk her? She roared,—I was going to say like a bull, but it was Bazett who did that, walking up and down, switching his tail, and the noise of the pair of them was perfectly dreadful.

Palema went up to the Bush to call Lloyd; and Lloyd came down in one of his know-all-

about-it moods. "It was perfectly simple," he said. "The cow was hooded; anybody could milk her. All you had to do was to draw her up to the tree, and get a hitch about it." So he untied the cow and drew her up close to the tree, and got a hitch about it right enough. And then the cow brought her intellect to bear on the subject, and proceeded to walk round the tree to get the hitch off.

Now, this is geometry, which you'll have to learn some day. The tree is the center of two circles. The cow had a "radius" of about two feet, and went leisurely round a small circle; the man had a "radius" of about thirty feet, and either he must let the cow get the hitch unwound, or else he must take up his two feet to about the height of his



eyes, and race round a big circle. This was racing and chasing.

The cow walked quietly round and round the tree to unwind herself; and first Lloyd and then Palema, and then Lloyd again, scampered round the big circle, and fell, and got up again, and bounded like a deer, to keep her hitched.

It was funny to see, but we could n't laugh with a good heart; for every now and then (when the man who was running tumbled down) the cow would get a bit ahead; and I promise you there was then no sound of any laughter, but we rather edged away toward the gate, looking to see the crazy beast loose, and charging us. To add to her attractions, the board had fallen partly off, and only covered

one eye, giving her the look of a crazy old woman in a Sydney slum. Meanwhile, the calf stood looking on, a little perplexed, and seemed to be saying: "Well, now, is this life? It does n't seem as if it was all it was cracked up to be. And is this my mamma? What a very impulsive lady!"

All the time, from the lower paddock, we could hear Bazett roaring like the deep seas, and if we cast our eye that way, we could see him switching his tail, as a very angry gentleman may sometimes switch his cane. And the Jersey would every now and then put up her head, and low like the pu* for dinner. And take it all for all in all, it was a very striking scene. Poor Uncle Lloyd had plenty of time to regret having been in such a hurry; so had poor Palema, who was let into the business, and ran until he was nearly dead. Afterward Palema went and sat on a gate where your mother sketched him, and she is going to send you the sketch. And the end of it? Well, we got her tied again, I really don't know how; and came stringing back to the house with our tails between our legs. That night at dinner, the Tamaitai† bid us tell the boys to be very careful "not to frighten the cow." It was too much; the cow had frightened us in such fine style that we all broke down and laughed like mad.

General Hoskyns, there is no further news, your excellency, that I am aware of. But it may interest you to know that Mr. Christian held his 25th birthday yesterday—a quarter of a living century old; think of it, drink of it, innocent youth!—and asked down Lloyd and Daplyn to a feast at one o'clock, and Daplyn went at seven, and got nothing to eat at all. Whether they had anything to drink, I know not—no, not I; but it 's to be hoped so. Also, your Uncle Lloyd has stopped smoking, and he does n't like it much. Also, that your mother is most beautifully gotten up to-day, in a pink gown with a topaz stone in front of it; and is really looking like an angel, only that she is n't like an angel at all—only like your mother herself.

Also that the Tamaitai has been waxing the floor of the big room, so that it shines in the

most ravishing manner; and then we insisted on coming in, and she would n't let us, and we came anyway, and have made the vilest mess of it—but still it shines.

Also, that I am, Your Excellency's obedient servant,
UNCLE LOUIS.

[While Austin was in Vailima many little duties about the plantation fell to his share, so that he was often called the "overseer"; and, small as he was, he sometimes took charge of a couple of big men, and went into town with the pack-horses. It was not all play, either; for he had to see that the barrels and boxes did not chafe the horses' backs, and that they were not allowed to come home too fast up the steep road.

There are so many strange names in the following letters, that the Editor asks me to explain who all the Samoans are. Talolo was the Vailima cook, a fine young chief, whose picture is given on page 191. Sina is his wife; Tauilo, his mother; Mitaele and Sosimo, his brothers. Lafaele, who was married to Faauma, was a middle-aged Futuna Islander, and had spent many years of his life on a whale-ship the captain of which had kidnapped him when a boy. Misi Folo was one of the "housemaids." Iopu and Tali, man and wife, had long been in our service, but had left it after they had been married some time; but, according to Samoan ideas, they were none the less members of Tusitala's family, because, though they were no longer working for him, they still owed him allegiance. "Aunt Maggie" is Mr. Stevenson's mother.—L. O.]

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR HUTCHINSON: This is not going to be much of a letter, so don't expect what can't be had. Uncle Lloyd and Palema made a malanga‡ to go over the island to Siumu,§ and Talolo was anxious to go also; but how could we get along without him? Well, Misifolo, the Maypole, set off on Saturday, and walked all that day down the island to beyond Faleasiu with a letter for Iopu; and Iopu and

* The big conch-shell that was blown at certain hours every day.

† A visiting party.

§ A Samoan village.

‡ Mrs. R. L. S., as she is called in Samoan, "the lady."

Tali and Misifolo rose very early on the Sunday morning, and walked all that day up the island, and came by seven at night—all pretty tired, and Misifolo most of all—to Tanugamanono. We at Vailima knew nothing at all about the marchings of the Saturday and Sunday, but Uncle Lloyd got his boys and things together, and we went to bed.

A little after five in the morning I woke and took the lantern, and went out of the front door and round the verandas. There was never a spark of dawn in the east, only the stars looked a little pale; and I expected to find them all asleep in the workhouse. But no! the stove was roaring, and Talolo and Fono, who was to lead the party, were standing together talking by the stove, and one of Fono's young men was lying asleep on the sofa in the smoking-room, wrapped in his lavalava. I had my breakfast at half-past five that morning, and the bell rang before six, when it was just the gray of dawn. But by seven the feast was spread—there was Iopu coming up, with Tali at his heels, and Misipolo bringing up the rear—and Talolo could go the malanga.

Off they set, with two guns and three porters, and Fono and Lloyd and Palema, and Talolo himself with his best Sunday-go-to-meeting lavalava rolled up under his arm, and a very sore foot; but much he cared—he was smiling from ear to ear, and would have gone to Siumu over red-hot coals. Off they set round the corner of the cook-house, and into the Bush beside the chicken-house, and so good-bye to them.

But you should see how Iopu has taken possession! "Never saw a place in such a state!"

is written on his face. "In my time," says he, "we did n't let things go ragging along like this, and I'm going to show you fellows." The first thing he did was to apply for a bar of soap, and then he set to work washing everything (that had all been washed last Friday in the regular course). Then he had the grass cut all round the cook-house, and I tell you but he found scraps, and odds and ends, and grew more angry and indignant at each fresh discovery.

"If a white chief came up here and smelt this, how would you feel?" he asked your mother. "It is enough to breed a sickness!"

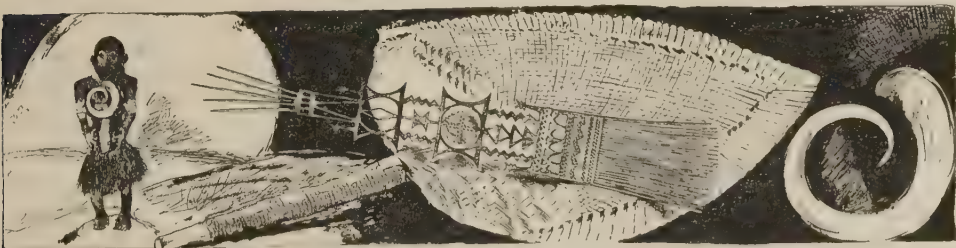
And I dare say you remember this was just what your mother had often said to himself; and did say the day she went out and cried on the kitchen steps in order to make Talolo ashamed. But Iopu gave it all out as little new discoveries of his own. The last thing was the cows, and I tell you he was solemn about the cows. They were all destroyed, he said, nobody knew how to milk except himself—where he is about right. Then came dinner and a delightful little surprise. Perhaps you remember that long ago I used not to eat mashed potatoes, but had always two or three boiled in a plate. This has not been done for months, because Talolo makes such admirable mashed potatoes that I have caved in. But here came dinner, mashed potatoes for your mother and the Tamaitai, and then boiled potatoes in a plate for me!

And there is the end of the Tale of the return of Iopu, up to date. What more there may be is in the lap of the gods, and

Sir, I am yours considerably,

UNCLE LOUIS.

(To be continued.)



SOME SAMOAN CURIOSITIES.



BY ALBERT STEARNS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SINDBAD INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

ONE cool September afternoon, a shabbily dressed boy sat upon the piazza of the Oakdale Hotel, reading a book even shabbier than himself—a yellow-leaved, torn, battered, dog's-eared volume with only one cover. But, disreputable as it looked, the lad seemed to find it good company; for, as he read and read, the color on his freckled cheeks came and went, and he would sometimes nervously hold his breath throughout an entire paragraph, to emit it at last in a prolonged sigh.

At the other end of the piazza, leaning negligently against the railing, was a man whose eyes had for some time been intently fixed upon the lad, whom he presently approached, saying:

"You seem much interested in that book, my boy."

The youth looked up with a start, reddened slightly, and replied:

"I am, sir."

Then he fell to studying his companion, who was really a rather strange-looking individual. He was a man of middle age, medium height, and very dark complexion; his hair was black and curly, and he wore a short, bristling beard.

But what arrested and held the boy's attention was the fact that, while one of the stranger's eyes was black, piercing, and defiant, the other, strange to say, was of a tender, languishing blue.

His costume, like his eyes, was odd. He wore a dark frock-coat cut in the latest style, snowy linen, a silk hat of the most recent pattern, perfect fitting shoes, and very little jewelry, but that little of the best. Nothing very odd in this, you think; but I have not yet described his trousers. They were so soiled and patched that it was difficult to tell what the original material had looked like. There was an inch or more of fringe at the bottom of each leg, and, as the boy thought, the most dilapidated and disreputable tramp that had ever passed through

Oakdale would have scorned to accept them as a gift.

"It 's the 'Arabian Nights' you 're reading, is n't it?" went on the stranger. "Yes, I see it is. You have the 1804 London edition; where did you get it?"

"It was in Professor Adams's library, and—"

"Who 's Professor Adams? But never mind—what do I care about Professor Adams? Now what particular story of the collection are you reading, may I ask?"

"The 'History of Sindbad the Sailor,'" replied the boy, his eyes glistening. "I 've read it six times before."

"You have, eh?" said the stranger. "Well, you ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it. But there, there! you don't know any better. I 'd like to see your parents about it, though; do they live in this place?"

"No, they don't," snapped the boy, flushing angrily; then, with his book under his arm, he bolted into the house.

"Not over polite, that lad!" soliloquized the gentleman; "but he does n't understand me. I rather like him; there 's an atmosphere of mystery about him that my trained instincts recognized at once. I wonder who he is."

At this moment Mr. Pettibone, the landlord, stepped out upon the piazza.

"Wa' n't that a ten-dollar gold-piece yeou give me when yeou paid yeour bill 'baout quarter of an haour ago?"

"It was, sir," replied the stranger.

"Wa-al, I wonder what in time hez become on't! I put it intew the drawer an' locked it up, an' when I went tew git it jest naow 't wa' n't there. Ef there 's thieves in this haouse—"

"I don't believe you have any thieves here, sir," interrupted the gentleman. "Perhaps we were both mistaken as to the denomination of the coin I gave you. Permit me to make your loss good"; and he thrust his hand into one of the pockets of the old trousers and produced a shining gold eagle.

"Wa-al, I dunno 's I ought ter—" began the landlord; but his guest interrupted him with:

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Take it; there are more where that came from."

"Wa-al, I 'll take it then; but ef I find the other—"

"You can return it—if you find it," said the gentleman, with a peculiar smile which Mr. Pettibone did not understand. "And now, landlord," he added, "I want to ask you a question: Who 's the lad that just went into the house? He has a rather interesting face."

"Him?" sniffed Mr. Pettibone. "Oh, that 's only Tom Smith."

"*Only?*" queried the stranger. "Why the adverb?"

"Hey?"

"I mean, why do you say *only* Tom Smith?"

"Oh, 'cause he ain't much accaount. Fact is, he 's a kind of an elephant on my hands."

"How is that?"

"It 's a ruther long story, an' I don't s'pose 't would interest you much," said Mr. Pettibone, evidently eager to tell it.

"Oh, yes, it would; let 's have it," said the gentleman, seating himself and lighting a cigar.

"Wa-al, jest ez *yeou* say"; and the landlord deposited his lanky frame upon a chair near that occupied by his guest. "Yeou see," he went on, "that there Tom Smith is a kind of a myst'ry in these parts."

"I said so! I knew it!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Hey?"

"Go on, go on!" said the gentleman impatiently. "You have interested me deeply."

Mr. Pettibone, who had always prided himself on his ability as a story-teller, was plainly gratified. Tilting his chair back, and resting his cowhide boots upon the piazza railing, he said:

"'T wuz nine years ago this month that that there youngster was took up tew Perfesser Adams's academy—that big brick buildin' yeou see up on the hill yonder—an' left there tew be eddicated. He wa' n't more than five or six years old then, but he wuz ez smart ez a steel trap, an' the old perfesser an' his wife took a fancy tew him. Them awful smart children never amaounts tew much when they grow up—I s'pose yeou 've noticed that."

"Who brought the boy to Oakdale?" asked the stranger.

"I wuz jest a-goin' tew tell yeou. He wuz a

kind o' queer-lookin' feller, they say — dressed tew kill, but sort o' nervous an' cranky. He paid fer a year's schoolin' in advance, an' went away 'thout givin' his name or address; he did n't even wait fer a receipt fer his money. The youngster cried fit tew raise the roof when he left. Arter a while they got him kind o' quieted daown, an' then they tried tew find aout his name. But all he could tell 'em wuz that 't wuz Tommy; he 'd either never heerd his last name, or he 'd fergot it, fer ter this day he nor nobody else don't know what 't is. The perfesser called him Smith, 'cause—wa-al, I s'pose 'cause he had tew call him somethin', an' Smith 's 'baout ez handy an all-raound name ez there is."

"And the fellow who left the boy there never came back?" interrupted the evidently interested listener.

"Wait a minute!" said Mr. Pettibone severely, not pleased at having the point to which he was trying to work up anticipated in this rough-and-ready manner; "wait a minute, I 'm gittin' tew that. Days passed, an' weeks, an' months, an' years; Mis' Adams, she inquired 'raound among the neighbors, an' at last the perfesser, he hired detectives, an' they dew say he paid ez much ez a hunderd dollars tew them. They hunted 'raound the best they knew haow — leastways they told the perfesser they did. They s'arched in Boston, an' in New York, an' in —"

"And in other localities, but they did not find the man; is n't that what you were going to say?"

"Wa-al, I s'pose 't is; but —"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said the stranger very politely, yet with a twinkle in his right eye — the black one, "but my time is precious. The man was never found, and the professor and his good wife kept the boy at the academy from year to year, hoping that some time the mystery surrounding him would be cleared up; is n't that right?"

"Wa-al, sence yeou know all abaout it, I don't see why yeou got me tew tell the story," said Mr. Pettibone sulkily.

"My good friend," laughed the gentleman, "I am gifted with a little imagination, as you would be aware if you knew me better. Well,

how much longer do the professor and his wife intend to keep the lad?"

"Don't yeou remember I told yeou he wuz an elephant on my hands?" said the landlord. "The perfesser's wife died four years ago, the perfesser died last month, the academy 's shet up, an' all the scholars is gone home 'xcept Tom Smith, an' he 's been kind o' loafin' 'raound, waitin' fer somethin' ter turn up."

"So he does n't belong anywhere in particular?" the stranger said.

"No; an' he ain't good fer nothin' in pertickler, ez fur ez I kin find aout," returned mine host, laboriously rising to his feet. "I did think some o' givin' him a job here, but he don't seem tew take no int'rest in nothin' but them fool stories he 's allers a-readin'."

"He was reading the absurd and utterly unreliable account of the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, just before he went into the house," said the guest with considerable warmth.

"I dunno the name o' the piece," said Mr. Pettibone, "but I don't b'lieve it's fit readin' fer a youngster like him; I know I would n't let *my* children read it — ef I had enny."

"You are a man of intelligence, sir," said the gentleman warmly, his black eye softening and his blue eye positively melting as he turned them on his companion. "Those garbled accounts of the doings of Sindbad are calculated to do — have done — inestimable harm to the — er — the memory of that famous explorer."

Mr. Pettibone did not, apparently, see the force of this statement, for he looked rather bewildered; but as he entered the house he asserted uncompromisingly:

"None o' *my* children would n't read it, not ef I had a baker's dozen of 'em."

"Kindly send the boy out to me, landlord," the stranger called after him. "I 'd like to have a little talk with him."

Five minutes later Tom Smith came shuffling out of the hotel, his book under his arm. Standing in the doorway, and eying the gentleman somewhat resentfully, he said:

"Mr. Pettibone says you want to see me."

"I do, my lad. Come and sit down here."

Instead of taking the chair designated by the stranger, Tom perched himself on the piazza railing, saying:

"Well, here I am."

"Yes, and there your book is," said his companion, "—your 1804 copy of the 'Arabian Nights,' containing that absurd account of the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor. I seem fated to run across that volume wherever I go"; and the gentleman's brows contracted, his face flushed, and his right eye blazed ominously.

"If you don't like the book you don't have to read it," suggested Tom, rather impudently.

"I *don't* like it, and I *don't* read it—that is, not very often; once in a while I do, just to keep myself as mad as I know I ought to be to maintain my self-respect. Boy,"—with an abrupt change of tone,—"*I've* a great mind to confide in you. I *will*. Just step into the office and look at my name on the register; it's the entry right across the large grease-spot, and you may not be able to make it out."

Tom looked a little apprehensive as he sidled past his companion; perhaps he was afraid that the gentleman with the assorted eyes was crazy. In a few moments he returned.

"Did you find the entry?" queried the gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"And what was it?"

"George W. Sindbad, Bagdad."

"That's right. My lad, *I* am Sindbad the Sailor!"

CHAPTER II.

MR. SINDBAD TALKS BUSINESS.

TOM stared at his companion a few moments with a half-frightened look; then, his sense of humor overcoming his fear, he burst into a loud laugh, and said:

"Why, you *can't* be!"

"Why can't I?" asked the gentleman, calmly lighting a fresh cigar.

"Why, because—because you can't. The 'Arabian Nights' was written ever so many hundred years ago."

"I know that."

"Well, you can't be seven or eight hundred years old."

"Why can't I?" inquired Mr. Sindbad placidly.

"Because—because you don't look it."

"You should never judge by appearances, my lad."

"But people don't live to be so old as that."

"Most people don't, but there are exceptions to every rule, and I am an exception to that one. I am several hundred years old, though I don't suppose I look more than forty-five or fifty."

"No, you don't," replied Tom, now convinced that the gentleman with the variegated eyes was stark, staring mad. "Well, I guess I must be going," he added, his nervous fear returning.

"No, you must n't; stay right where you are. I have business with you."

As he spoke Mr. Sindbad fastened his black eye upon the boy, and Tom felt as if he were fixed to the spot.

"What sort of business?" he faltered.

"Several sorts. In the first place, I want to convince you that I am really Sindbad the Sailor. You have heard of Ponce de Leon and his search for the Fountain of Youth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do you know why he didn't find it? Because I got there several centuries before he was born—on my sixteenth voyage, in fact. The fountain was nearly dried up then, but I got a drink from it. I was then forty-seven years of age, and I have stuck there ever since. I don't suppose I shall ever be any older. Men come up and go down, kingdoms spring into life, and decay, and are forgotten, but I remain forty-seven just the same."

"You must be very tired of life by this time," said the incredulous Tom, with a faint giggle, as he tried to get a little nearer the door while Mr. Sindbad's magnetic right eye was cast down.

"Oh, I might be if I'd let myself," replied the sailor; "but I make it a rule never to worry about what I can't help. I see plainly that you don't believe me yet"; and once more the black eye seemed to be reading Tom's very thoughts.

"I—I think maybe you're mistaken," faltered the boy.

"Mistaken!" exclaimed Mr. Sindbad. "Now, that suggestion is almost an insult. But there! I must not lose my temper. Let us argue the

matter, my lad. Why do you think I am mistaken?"

"Well, in the first place," said Tom, "Sindbad's name was not George W."

"How do you know it was n't?" asked the gentleman sharply.

"The 'Arabian Nights' does n't say it was."

"There are a good many true things that you don't find in the 'Arabian Nights.' But, as a matter of fact, my name is *not* George W., except in this country. When I am in France, I am Anatole Sindbad; in Germany I am known as Fritz Sindbad. I find that in the United States George Washington is a very popular name, so here I am George Washington Sindbad. There's one of your arguments knocked over; now let's hear another."

"You spoke just now of your sixteenth voyage; Sindbad made only seven voyages."

"How do you know *that*? But you need not answer—you read it in the 'Arabian Nights.' Well, now, let me tell you it is a base falsehood, designed to injure me in the eyes of posterity—though, come to think of it, I don't suppose there will be such a thing for me as posterity. That seven-voyage yarn was an invention of that fellow Hindbad."

"The porter?"

"Yes. Oh, I wish I'd lodged a complaint against the scoundrel at the nearest pasha's, and had him thoroughly bastinadoed!"

"But," said Tom, beginning to think that there might be something, after all, in the stranger's queer story, "I thought you and he were great friends."

"So we were for a while, but our friendship lasted only a week."

"You used to give him a hundred sequins every time he called—the book says so, anyway."

For the first time since the interview began Sindbad seemed embarrassed. He hesitated, coughed rather nervously, then said:

"I'll tell you how that was. Like all explorers, I am rather fond of narrating my adventures. It always interests me to hear myself talk, especially on the subject of the dangers I have passed. But some of my old Bagdad friends used to feel differently, and when I began the story of one of my voyages they would

interrupt me, and try to change the subject. It actually got to the point where I had to give a ten-course dinner to get any one to listen to me. Just then, this fellow Hindbad happened along, and I secured him as a listener by giving him one hundred sequins per voyage; and with each instalment of cash he got a purse worth at least five sequins. It was a reckless waste, I acknowledge, but I always was liberal and easy-going."

"What is a sequin worth in United States money?" asked Tom.

"Oh, something like a dollar eighty-five, I believe," replied Mr. Sindbad impatiently.

"Then you gave Hindbad nearly two hundred dollars just for listening to your account of one voyage?"

"Yes; to say nothing of the purse and a big dinner—and how that man could eat! But don't keep interrupting me. All went well enough until the eighth day. My eighth voyage was—well, it was a hummer! and I was feeling in good spirits at the prospect of having a chance to tell it. But Hindbad came straggling in with such a long face, that one glance at it put me out of sorts. 'What's the matter?' I asked him. 'Matter enough,' he replied surlily. 'Can I see you alone a minute?' I granted him a private interview, and he at once started in on a long prose poem beginning: 'Lo, how wretched am I!' This was in accordance with one of our Arabian customs, but as it was a custom that I never thought much of anyway, and as the dinner was getting cold, I interrupted him at the end of the first line, saying: 'Cut it short, Hindbad, and get down to business. What can I do for you?' 'Sindbad,' he said, taken aback by my abruptness, 'has it never struck you that a hundred sequins is a pretty slim fee for listening to the story of one of your voyages?' Well, my boy, I was never so astonished in my life. 'What do you mean?' I gasped. 'I mean just this,' he replied: 'I must have a hundred and fifty sequins after this, and the yarns must be cut down one half. Does that go?' Now," said Sindbad, relighting his cigar, which in his excitement he had allowed to go out, "did you ever hear of anything like that?"

Tom murmured that he never had, and asked

his companion what reply he made to the ungrateful Hindbad.

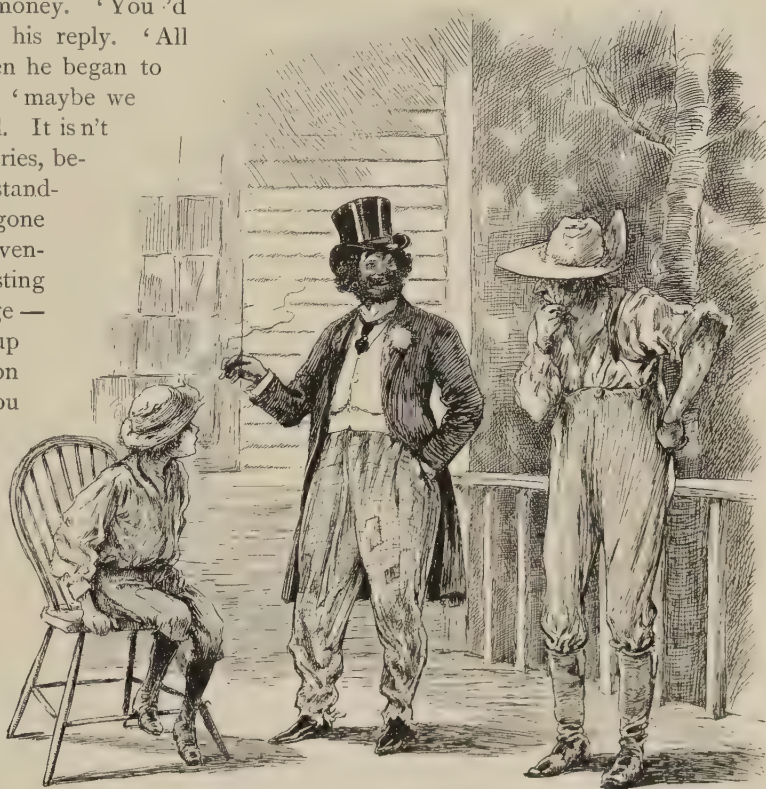
"I simply told him," replied Sindbad, "that I could not for a moment entertain his proposal; that I considered a hundred sequins a fair price, and that I could get dozens of the best people in Bagdad to listen to my story of my voyages for half the money. 'You 'd better get 'em, then,' was his reply. 'All right; I will,' I said. Then he began to weaken. 'Well,' he said, 'maybe we can come to terms, Sindbad. It is n't that I don't like your stories, because I do'—this notwithstanding the fact that he had gone to sleep on the previous evening at the most interesting place in my seventh voyage—where the elephant tore up by the roots the tree upon which I was roosted; you remember that?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Tom, breathlessly.

"Well, that 's just the point at which that clod fell asleep, and it took me five minutes to awaken him. But, as I was saying, he insisted he was so fond of my stories that if he could have his way he'd give up his business as porter and listen to my account of my voyages all day, at the uniform rate of one hundred sequins per voyage. 'I must, however, think of my family,' he said; 'and for their sake I am compelled to insist upon a hundred and fifty. You see how I am placed, don't you?' Well, I absolutely refused to pay him more than my regular rate. Then he said: 'We won't quarrel about a trifle, Sindbad, old man. Make it a hundred and thirty sequins, and I'll be here regularly every evening. I don't feel as if I could get along without your deeply interesting stories.' This might have melted me if I had n't happened to catch him in the act of winking at

a black slave of mine who was standing at the other end of the room. That settled it; I had him ejected from the house at once, and I've never been able to bear the sight of a porter since."

"Did he ever come back, sir?" asked Tom.



"I WISH I COULD FIND IT FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T," SAID SINDBAD.

"Oh, yes, several times; but I would n't see him. The last time he called he sent up a note, in which he stated that on account of the hard times and the fierce competition against which he had to contend, he was willing to give me three evenings a week for fifty sequins; or the whole seven, and a matinee if I insisted, for a hundred. But I paid no attention to his com-

munication, and that was the last I heard of him for a number of years; in fact, I had forgotten all about him when the 'Arabian Nights' came out, and, to my amazement, I found my first seven voyages among the contents. The book was edited, compiled, and partly written by an enterprising though unscrupulous young journalist of Bagdad,—at least, we'd call him a journalist in these days,—and he had bought Hindbad's garbled story of my voyages for five sequins. Think of that! Now do you wonder that the very mention of that man Hindbad's name enrages me?"

Tom said he did n't, and inquired if Hindbad's account of the voyages was really so very incorrect.

"Oh, in the main it's pretty nearly right," replied Sindbad; "but he omits some interesting facts and introduces several incidents that never occurred at all. Then he makes himself altogether too prominent. And look at his description of me! He says I am 'a grave and venerable personage whose long white beard hung down to his breast.' Now that's simply malice; for, as you see, there is n't a white hair in my beard."

Tom was still only half convinced that it was really the original Sindbad who sat opposite him telling this most extraordinary story.

"You speak first-rate English," he said, rather suspiciously; "I should never have thought that you were a foreigner."

"I acquired the faculty of speaking all languages during my nineteenth voyage," returned Sindbad. "I'll tell you about it some time. But I see you are still skeptical as to the genuineness of my claim. Now, as I am anxious to remove the last lingering doubt from your mind, I will prove to you that I am, to say the least, no ordinary man, and you will inferentially conclude that I am the one and only Sindbad."

Tom muttered something about being convinced already; but Mr. Sindbad interrupted him with a grim smile, saying:

"No, you're not; but you will be in a minute or two. During my twenty-fifth voyage I was held a prisoner by a fairy several months, during which time she changed me into a number of different animals. I was always very observant, and I watched her closely and found out how she did

it; and I can transform myself into any animal you like to mention. Just name three or four while you are about it, and I'll change myself into all of them with a rapidity that will astonish you."

"Well, he is crazy, and no mistake," thought Tom, "but I'd better humor him." So he said, "Well, change yourself into a horse, a kangaroo, and an elephant."

"That's easy," laughed Sindbad. "Now watch me closely. By the way, you'd better step over to the other end of the piazza if you don't want to get kicked by the animals."

Tom obeyed this suggestion with alacrity, only too glad to increase the distance between himself and his strange companion.

"Now, then," said Sindbad, "are you ready?"

"I'm ready if you are," replied Tom, who had made up his mind to jump off the piazza and run if his new acquaintance became violent.

The next moment there was a whizz and a whirr, Sindbad vanished like a puff of smoke, and in his place appeared in astonishingly rapid succession the three animals Tom had named. With such amazing swiftness did they materialize and disappear that it seemed to the boy as if he had seen them all at once.

One of them—Tom suspected the elephant—kicked the chair upon which Sindbad had been sitting into the middle of the road; it had scarcely touched the ground when the explorer reappeared, smiling triumphantly, but a little out of breath.

"Well, are you convinced?" he asked.

"I should say so!" gasped Tom. "I never saw anything like that."

"It's easy enough when you know how," responded Sindbad lightly.

"But what made you do it so fast?" asked Tom.

"You seem to forget," replied Sindbad, "that this is a public place. If any one had happened along and seen me standing there as an elephant, it would have been very awkward for me. I should have been obliged to re-transform myself into a man before his eyes, and my secret would have been out; and I'm not letting the general public into this. So you see I had to rush things. Do you mind getting that chair for me? I forgot to put it out of my way."

Tom had just returned the chair to its place on the piazza, when Mr. Pettibone again emerged from the house. He was scratching his head as if greatly puzzled, and his face wore a troubled look.

"This beats anything ever I see," he said. "I've lost the second gold eagle yeou give me."

"Indeed?" said Sindbad. "You seem to be rather careless with your money."

"I ain't gin'ally. I can't make aout what's become on 't. Yeou see me put it intew my pocket, did n't yeou?"

"I did. Perhaps there is a hole in your pocket."

"No, there ain't; but the gold piece is gone. I'm sure o' that," said the landlord.

"I'm really very sorry. I'd offer you another, if I could afford it."

"Oh, I don't expect nothin' o' *that* sort," Mr. Pettibone assured his guest. "Yeou've paid me twice a'ready. But I *would* like tew know what's become o' that there money."

"I wish I could find it for you, my friend;

but I'm afraid I can't," said Sindbad. "By the way, can you give me change for another gold eagle?"

"Cal'late I kin"; and Mr. Pettibone produced a roll of bills from his pocket, saying:

"Yeou see, the rest o' my money's all right. It's only that there gold piece that's gone. Here you be, Mr. Sindbad—five, seven, nine, ten; cal'late yeou'll find that all right."

"Thank you, sir; and here is your gold eagle."

"You don't carry nuthin' but gold, dew you?" said Mr. Pettibone.

"Very little else."

"Wa-al, I ain't goin' tew let this piece slip through my fingers. I'll take it an' lock it up in the safe right naow."

As the landlord reëntered the house, Sindbad turned abruptly to Tom, saying:

"I've got to leave this place by the next train. Now then, my boy, I have a business proposition to make you. What do you say to going into partnership with me under the firm name of Sindbad, Smith & Co.?"

(To be continued.)

WHEN THE NEW YEAR COMES.

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

WHEN January breezes blow,
The New Year comes across the snow,
So pure and young, so straight and slender,
His eyes alight, his cheeks aglow;
And round him, shifting to and fro,
The whitened world of drifted splendor.

Within the yard the children play,
Attacking in a cruel way
A tall snow-man, who stares about him,
And, smiling coldly, seems to say
No icy cannonading may
Suffice ingloriously to rout him.

The frozen pond is smooth and wide;
The skaters swing from side to side,
And little boys, pursuing after,
Arrayed in furs and filled with pride,
Upon the glassy surface slide,
And fall in heaps with shouts of laughter.

Within the house the fire glows,
And ruddy apples, ranged in rows
Before the blaze, are blithely peeling.
The sun to bed discreetly goes,
And then the doors of daylight close,
And clear and cold the night comes stealing.

JOHNNY'S OBSERVATIONS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

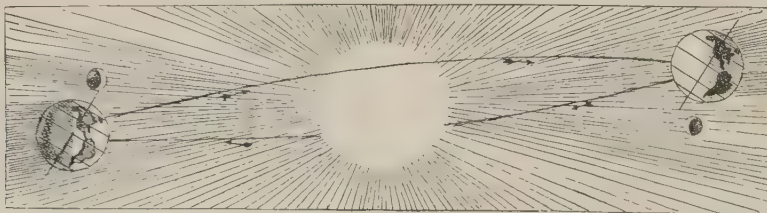


SOMEHOW I can't understand
What the teacher said to-day,
About the seasons and the way
That the earth is tilted, and
How the days keep getting short,—
Short and shorter in the fall,—
Till (she said) the winter brought
Us the shortest days of all.

That stumps me—that 's what it does!
The shortest days I ever saw
Came this summer, when I was
Camping out at Colton's. Pshaw!

Talk about those days being long,
Why, they went by like a streak!
Forty of 'em (or I 'm wrong)
Would n't really make a week.

And now, she says, the days are short;
She made a diagram to show
Just how it was. I s'pose I ought
To understand—But all I know,
To-morrow holidays begin;
To-morrow Christmas 'll be here;
But I 'm sure to-day has been
The longest day in all the year!



THE PRIZE CUP.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XI.

"WHERE 'S THAT CUP?"

It was ten minutes after this that the winner of the prize cup stepped out from the open door, put up a beckoning hand, and called in a very gentle voice, as if he had been addressing the Babes in the Wood:

"Gideon, if you please! Here, a minute!"

There was nothing in his look or tone to indicate the slightest inquietude of mind; so that Gid experienced a sense of relief to his ever-growing apprehensions.

Fred had had time to discuss the situation with his friend, and to prepare for a calm, judicial inquiry. As he stepped back into the house, Gid followed, with a countenance almost too open and candid. It was, however, startled a little out of its childlike innocence of expression by the aspect of the solitary bottle on the table.

"The house seems to be in pretty good condition," Melverton remarked, standing with his hand on the back of his friend's chair; Quimby meanwhile playing with his empty glass, and smiling upon Gideon.

"I'm glad you find it so," said Gideon, gratefully.

"After we are gone," Fred proceeded, "you can take the empty bottle to the cellar. You know where the case is?"

Gid gave a little gasp, but answered promptly, "I guess I can find it."

He felt the eyes of both young men upon him, and his face, which was slightly pale at first, began to flush.

"When were you in the house last?" inquired the young proprietor.

"When I shut it up yesterday afternoon."

"Oh! I remember! You had n't opened the windows to-day."

"No," said Gid; "I was just going to, when you came."

"You had n't been in the house, then, since yesterday?"

The inquiries were taking a direction that did n't seem at all alarming; yet Gid felt that he was on the brink of some danger. As he really had not been in the house since the day before, he thought he might as well stick to the truth — and stuck to it.

"How happens it, then, that this window was unclasped?"

"Was it?" Gid exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

"I found it so," Fred Melverton replied. "Any rogue could have have got in."

Gid looked hot and troubled. But he said earnestly:

"I don't know how it happened. I thought I clasped it. I can't understand!"

He began to tremble, remembering that he had not opened that window since the afternoon when he left the room in such haste to follow Osk Ordway to the cellar. He had, indeed, avoided that part of the house ever since, on account of the disagreeable associations his conscience connected with it.

"When did you have it open last?" Fred inquired.

"I — can't — remember," Gid replied, fearful of committing himself.

"You have n't had any of your friends in the house since you have been in charge?" Fred smilingly queried.

For a moment Gid felt the dreadful necessity of telling the simple truth, and gaining some sort of foothold in the mire of deception in which he felt himself sinking. But the spirit of Osk Ordway seemed to control him, and he answered stoutly:

"No; of course not."

"And — you said you guessed you could find the case of cider-bottles; — you had n't found it already?"

And Gid repeated, even more emphatically, "No; of course not."

He had drunk but little of the two bottles he had permitted Osk to open; and Osk had persuaded him that the Melvertons were not a family that counted their bottles very closely. Still he had been troubled with a dread of these questions, and he had made up his mind beforehand how he would answer them. A good, rousing falsehood, he hoped, would carry him through his present difficulties.

"I did n't suppose you would," said the young man, pleasantly. "Don't consider me too inquisitive, but I would like to ask—who unlocked this drawer?"

Gid was stunned for a moment. Seeing the drawer closed, and the key in it, and being sure he had not left it so, he wondered how Fred could have found out that it had been unlocked.

"That drawer!" he said, with growing agitation. "Unlocked? I don't know anything about it!"

"Did you know what was in it?" Fred asked.

"Y-yes," Gid faltered. "I thought you put your prize cup in it the day you left me in charge."

"You saw that, did you?" Fred queried, looking sharply at him.

Gid was afraid he was admitting too much; but he answered:

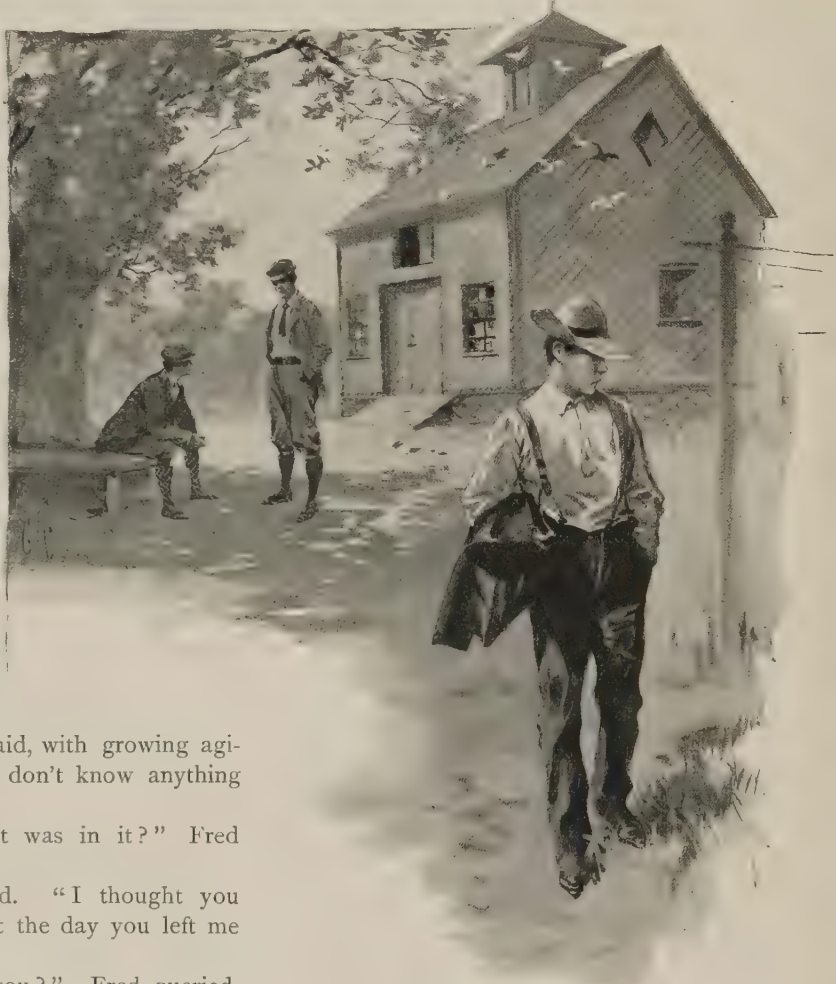
"I could n't help seeing you put the cup in the drawer. I happened to look back just as I was leaving the room, that day you left for the sea-shore."

"There is no mistake, then, about my locking the cup in the drawer? I was beginning

to think there might be," Fred remarked, so unsuspiciously and quietly that Gid was quite *sure* he had admitted too much.

"I ain't quite positive," he said. "I thought you put it in *one* of the drawers."

The questioner did not seem to notice this qualification, but added:



GID GETS HIS DISCHARGE.

"And you've been the only one in the house since?"

"Fur as I know," replied the culprit, aghast at what he felt sure was coming.

"Well, there 's the drawer," said Fred, opening it. "But it 's empty—like the bottles"—with a smile of gleaming sarcasm. "Gideon Ketterell!—where 's that cup?"

CHAPTER XII.

GID'S ENTANGLEMENT.

GID stepped to the drawer, and saw for himself that the prize cup was gone. Only the red napkin remained as it had been left when he replaced the cup after showing it to Osk.

"Hain't you took it out?" he asked, as he turned an appealing look on Fred Melverton.

Fred replied, imperturbably:

"I have n't taken it, nor seen it, since you were witness to my locking it in that drawer."

"Must have been stole!" Gid murmured. "Looks as though the house had been broke into!"

"It certainly *has* been stolen," the young master replied frankly. "And the house has been broken into, unless your key let the robber in."

"But I hain't took it!" Gid protested, with the utmost earnestness. "I don't know nothing about it!" In times of unusual excitement he was apt to relapse into double negatives, an early habit, of which he was supposed to have been cured at school. "I wish I did!"

He was almost ready to cry. Better than that, he was almost ready to tell the truth. Why had he not done so before? Why had he not explained at once how Osk forced his way into the house, actually compelled him to show the cup, and then opened two bottles of the cider — drinking the most of it himself — in spite of him? Instead of that, he had gone on with denial after denial, winding himself up in this terrible entanglement, from which even confession itself might not clear him.

Fred Melverton put to him a few more searching questions, without obtaining satisfactory replies, then said quietly:

"I don't see that you will help me much in clearing up the mystery. You can go, Gideon, and await further orders."

Again Gideon turned toward him with red, appealing eyes.

"I hope you don't think I—" he uttered, with a lump in his throat.

"I am not prepared to say what I think," the young man replied, with a resolute calm-

ness more terrifying to poor Gid than violent threats or accusations would have been. "Go, now."

Gid hesitated, struggled with the lump in his throat, trying to speak, and finally withdrew without another word; but paused again at the door, with half a mind to go back and confess his own share in the transaction which he felt sure must at least have opened the way to the robbery. But that simple step required more courage than he possessed; and every moment was making it more difficult for him to take it. He slowly went down the steps, and presently the merry clatter of the lawn-mower was heard once more. But it was not a merry sound to Gid's ear.

Then Fred Melverton turned to his guest, who had all the while sat a silent spectator of the scene, and exclaimed:

"Old fellow, speak a word!"

And the guest replied, "It's a funny conglom'!" meaning conglomeration, as we may as well interpret for the benefit of those who have n't heard young people spice their speech with these peculiar abbreviations.

"What do you make of that boy?" Melverton asked, walking nervously to and fro.

"Want my opin'? Let me tell you first, Melf," the guest answered, "what I make of you. I've thought the Tech" (Institute of Technology) "was your right place, and I was confirmed in that when I saw you befog that boy's brain (if he has one) with your jargon about ventilation, condensation, evaporation, and all the other 'ations. But now I'm under the impress' that you should have chosen the law."

"How do you make that out?" Melverton inquired.

"Why, the way you cross-exam'd that unwilling witness was worthy of a first-class pettifogger. You tangled him up like a dog-fish in a square rod of gill-netting."

"Was n't it his own fault?" Fred demanded, with some irritation.

"No doubt of it!" said Quimby. "It was not the bald-headed truth he was giving you. But it seemed to me you began at the wrong end of the string in trying to get the snarl out."

"I don't see, Canton!" Fred replied. "What are you driving at?"

"Suppose," said Canton Quimby, with a smile that would have sugar-coated his bitterest criticism—"suppose you had shown him the empty drawer in the first place and given him time to think what a serious business it was, before you tried your corkscrew?"

rueful laugh. "Instead of opening his mouth I was ingeniously shutting it."

"Something like that," Quimby smilingly assented.

"How much does he know about the robbery?" Fred demanded.

"Something; not everything," replied the guest.



"FRED CROSSED THE BROOK AND CAUGHT HIM UP IN HIS ARMS."

"I was only trying to loosen the wires from the cork, before opening the bottle," Fred said, tossing back the figure of speech.

"Instead of that you were all the while twisting them tighter. You let him commit himself to one denial after another, in minor matters which involved tracks that led directly to the trap you had ready to spring upon him—tracks he could n't retrace. Do I make my meaning clear?"

"I should say so!" Fred exclaimed, with a

"That 's the way I read him," said Melverton. "I can't think he stole the cup himself, but I'm inclined to believe he knows who did. He 's mixed up in it."

Canton Quimby nodded approvingly, and said: "Of course he is."

"The cider I care nothing about; some not very bad boys might fall into a temptation of that sort. And I could pardon his carelessness—if that 's the name for it—in leaving the window unclasped. But he is so evidently

concealing something! I'm at a loss to know what to do."

"Want my opin'?"

"I should like it very much."

"Tell that youthful prevaricator he can put on his coat and go home. In short, fire him! That is," said the guest, "unless he will tell you where the cup is, or who has it."

"That's the logic of it, of course," said Fred, again walking to and fro in troubled thought. "But I don't want to injure him. His mother is really a very worthy woman, and I hate a scandal."

"Naturally," replied the guest. "But, Melf, it is n't generally thought wise to keep a person in a place of trust after he has shown himself unfaithful."

"You're right every time," Fred said, hastily clearing the table; which done, the two went out and walked about the place.

"The house will be all right for a few days," remarked the young proprietor, musingly; "so will the lawn and the flower-beds. But I must get somebody to feed the cat and the poultry. I think I can manage that."

CHAPTER XIII.

GID LOSES HIS SITUATION.

THE lawn had been trimmed, and Gid Ketterell was running the inverted mower toward the barn, when Melverton intercepted him.

"Well, Gideon, you've had a little time to think about it. You see how it is. Can you give me any idea how that cup has got hocus-focused out of the house while you have been in charge? That's what we've got to find out, you know."

"I know it," replied Gid. "And I'd tell if I had the slightest notion what's become of it,—but I hain't."

In the interim of reflection he had fully resolved to stick to his original story, and admit nothing that would reflect blame upon himself.

"You can't think of anybody who may have known about it, and got into the house and taken it? For I can't find that anything else has been touched," Fred continued. "Seems to me you must be able to tell us something."

"I would if I could," Gid muttered, with a

dogged, down look, tipping his hat-brim so as to hide his conscious face; "but I can't."

"Sorry!" replied Fred, exchanging glances with Canton Quimby, who stood by, twirling a flower in his fingers, but never losing a word of the dialogue. "I'm afraid I shall have to dispense with your services, Gideon."

"All right!" said Gideon, surlily. That was evidently what he had expected.

"The house has been entered," the young master continued, "I rather think, more than once. Cider-bottles have been emptied; I find a sash unfastened, and a prize no money can replace has disappeared. Mind, I don't accuse you of anything. But look at it yourself,—does n't it seem as if the place might have been better taken care of?"

"Maybe it might; don't know," Gid mumbled. He wanted to say more, but the lump was in his throat again; and, indeed, what could he say, unless he began by retracting his previous denials, the falsity of which he felt was certain some day to appear?

Fred waited a minute for him to speak, then said gently:

"I'll take your key of the house, if you please." Gid produced it from his pocket. "Thank you, Gideon."

"Sha'n't I carry that bottle to the cellar?" Gid inquired, looking up with a sullen despair in his eyes.

"No, I won't trouble you. The bottles will do very well without your attention," Fred replied, with a shade of sarcasm in his tones. "Let's see, you've been here—not quite so long as you might have stayed under other circumstances." He was opening his pocket-book, while Gid, his eyes once more cast down, kicked the graveled walk with his toes. "It was to be five dollars a week, was n't it?"

Gid's features worked, and a tear slid down his cheek. He had been so proud of his "snap," as he called it; and the money, to be so easily earned, had seemed so much to him! I regret to say, he had considered far less what it would be to his hard-working mother. It was as a hard-hitting mother that he thought of her now.

"We'll call it seven dollars," said Melverton, "if that strikes you favorably."

"I don't want your money," Gid muttered, sniffing away his tears. "I won't take it!"

He was turning away, convulsed with grief, or anger, or remorse, or dread of his mother, or all these together, when Fred laid a hand kindly on his shoulder, and with the other extended the bank-notes.

"Oh, yes, you will, Gideon!" he said, his voice trembling a little with sympathetic emotion. "Take it to your mother; she can't afford to miss anything you may have the luck to earn. I hoped you would earn a good deal for her and yourself during the summer. I am as much disappointed as you are, Gideon."

He thrust the bills under the boy's suspenders. Then, after a pause: "In parting with you, may I give you a bit of advice?—with the kindest feelings toward you, Gideon, understand. If another chance offers, be faithful,—and truthful, and—" His voice broke. "Gideon," he added, with an effort at self-control, "I am as sorry as you are; and—I—I wish you well!"

This was more than Gid could stand. He was prepared to encounter harsh and threatening words; but kindness was too much for him. He started to speak, but found he could n't without sobbing. If Fred had given him time, and asked him again to tell the truth, he might have told all. But Fred merely said, "Leave the barn key in the door, after you have put away the mower," and walked off with his friend.

Gid cast a lowering look after them, as they passed through the rhododendron clumps, and down the bank; then glanced at the money, as he put it into his pocket, muttering revengefully: "It was Osk,—I know it was, as well as if I'd seen him do it! It's all up with me! I'll just about kill him, when I ketch him, if ma don't kill me first!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MIDGET AND HIS FRIENDS.

"WHAT do you think now?" Fred asked his friend, as he led the way down the bank toward the brooklet.

"Want my opin'?"

"I always want it."

"In the first place," said Canton Quimby,

"I find I was mistaken, after all, about your proper sphere. It's neither science nor the law; it's the ministry."

"How do you cipher that out?"

"Why, you talked to that scapegrace like a regular old parson. Almost made me cry!"

"I hope I have n't wronged him! Or, rather, I hope I have! I shall be very glad to know that my suspicion is unfounded. I'm wondering what my mother will say," Fred added dubiously.

"Your suspish' is all right; founded on a rock," replied Quimby, confidently. "Did n't you see? He was on the very point of breaking down. Your old clergyman's talk went deep,—plowed a tremendous subsoil furrow,—really got down to his conscience, if you call it that, when it's the fear of exposure chiefly that makes a poor sinner anxious to confess a fault, and sorry he committed it. Not a first-class conscience,—hardly the genuine, fast-color, warranted-not-to-fade article,—but 'jes' better than none at all,' as the old negro woman said of her husband. He'll own up yet."

"I hope he will!" Fred exclaimed fervently.

"But I say, Melf!" cried Quimby, looking around upon the little glen into which they had descended. "You did n't tell me you kept a small private paradise here! A miniature Garden of Eden! This brook, these wooded banks and overarching boughs, the sunshine flickering through,—it's perfectly exquis'!"

"Glad you like it," said the young proprietor, well pleased.

"Like it!" echoed the guest. "That's no word for it. Where's Adam? Seems to me he should be around somewhere. There's the infant Cain now,—or is it Abel?"

"It's the little deaf-mute I told you about," said Melverton. "Over there is the parsonage side of the brook."

Quimby was regarding the child with intense curiosity.

"What an elf!" he exclaimed.

"I'll show him to you," said Melverton, leading the way along the streamlet's edge.

At a spot where it gushed between two rocks, the child was stooping over a tiny water-wheel which the current kept whirling, while he dropped twigs and small sticks upon it, to see

them flung off with the flying drops. He was unconscious of the voices and the feet approaching behind him, until the young men were quite near; then he turned with quick surprise and a bright laugh, as Fred crossed the brook and caught him up in his arms.

"He's the precious little old man that ever was!" cried Fred, tossing him. "He knows his best friend!" as the child put out a tiny hand and smoothed the young man's cheek. "But think of it, Quimby! He can't hear a word, and never will in all his life!"

"The pity of it! The pity of it!" Quimby quoted, with a sincerity of feeling that betrayed a tender heart under all his gaiety. "Born so?"

"No. Scarlet fever. A terrible calamity. He's the only one who does n't realize it. You never saw a happier sprite. Curious, what compensations nature sometimes provides for our worst ills. Blessed himself, he's a blessing to all around him. Keeps the little trickling springs of affection open in their hearts, you know. I believe he's a source of deeper happiness to his mother than if he had all his five senses, like her other children."

There were bright tears in the young man's fine eyes as he held the child on his shoulder, clasping with one hand the little wet feet, and with the other arm hugging him close to his handsome head and manly neck.

"He must be a great care, though," said Quimby, looking into the child's laughing eyes, and studying their expression. "Mischievous, I fancy."

"He's in everything!" Fred replied. "Of course it's impossible to discipline him as you would another child. Conscientious—very—in his own way; but his notions of right and wrong are sometimes strangely inverted, judged by our standards. If he wants a thing, he'll have it, if he can get it; the desire is justification enough, to his unsophisticated conscience. There's no use keeping shoes and stockings on him; he's in the brook a dozen times a day."

"Have they ever tried to teach him to speak by the modern methods of deaf-mute instruction?"

"Yes, but without much success. He won't even learn the printed or sign alphabet. The

trouble is," said Fred, "he communicates too easily in a sign-language of his own. He is trying to tell us something now. What is it, Midget? That's the name we can't help giving him, it fits him so exactly."

The child, carried in his arms along the brookside, looked back up the stream, making earnest gestures, a quick, whirling movement of his little hand being one of them.

"Something about his water-wheel," Quimby observed, making a similar motion in return.

Midget nodded with pleasure, and, slipping from Fred's arms, ran back to the spot where he had left his wheel. This he removed from its support of two stakes, held it up laughingly, and made signs that were easy to interpret.

"He is afraid some accident may happen to it if he leaves it there," Fred remarked; "and he is going to take it to the house. Let's see if I can make him do an errand for me."

As Midget came running back to him, Fred secured his attention, and, looking down into his bright little face, began to communicate with him in a way that surprised and amused Canton Quimby, who stood observing them, and endeavoring to read their language.

"He understands," Melverton said, as the child, with a final affirmative response, started to run up the bank toward the old parsonage.

"I understand, too,—some of your gestures, anyway," replied Quimby. "When you put up your hand,—like this,—you meant to ask for somebody as high as your necktie; but when you put it behind your ears, with a motion of cutting your head off, that bothered yours truly."

"I meant a person about that height, as you say, and with short hair. His mother is near Tracy's height, and his sister is almost as tall; but they have long hair. There's a young minister boarding in the house; but he is taller than Tracy. Midget told me his brother was at home; then I said, 'Find him, and bring him down here to see me.'

"That's nothing to the conversations his family can carry on with him," Fred went on, as they seated themselves on the bench by the brook. "It's a very interesting family, as you will see; for I am going to introduce you to them sometime, though not to-day."



The Archer.

By

RUTH C. LOVERIN.

A PRINCE of Persia had three sons,
And each of them had planned
To be the greatest archer known
In all that goodly land.

The prince one day called unto him
The eldest of the three.

"Behold, my son! Canst shoot the bird
Tethered to yonder tree?"

"Ay, sire." Aladdin drew his bow
With fiercely kindling eye,
But paused before the arrow sped,
Checked by his father's cry:

"Stop! stop! my son. One moment wait!
Tell me, what dost thou see?"

"I see tall rocks, the river wide,
A vulture, and a tree—"

"Go to!" the father cried in scorn—
"Thou seest too much, by far.

Dost think that, gazing on the moon,
Thou canst bring down a star?

"Go, seek thy brother Ahmed now;
Bid him come here in haste."
In Ahmed's willing hands, ere long,
The royal bow was placed.

"Bring down for me yon kingly bird,
My son," the father said.
"I will," the boy replied, and drew
The arrow to its head.

"Tell me, what dost thou see, my boy?"
Went forth the father's cry.

"I see the palms, the purple hills,
The forest, and the sky —"

"Enough! enough! *Thou* seest too much.
Bid Selim meet me here."

And soon the youngest of his sons
With hurrying steps drew near.

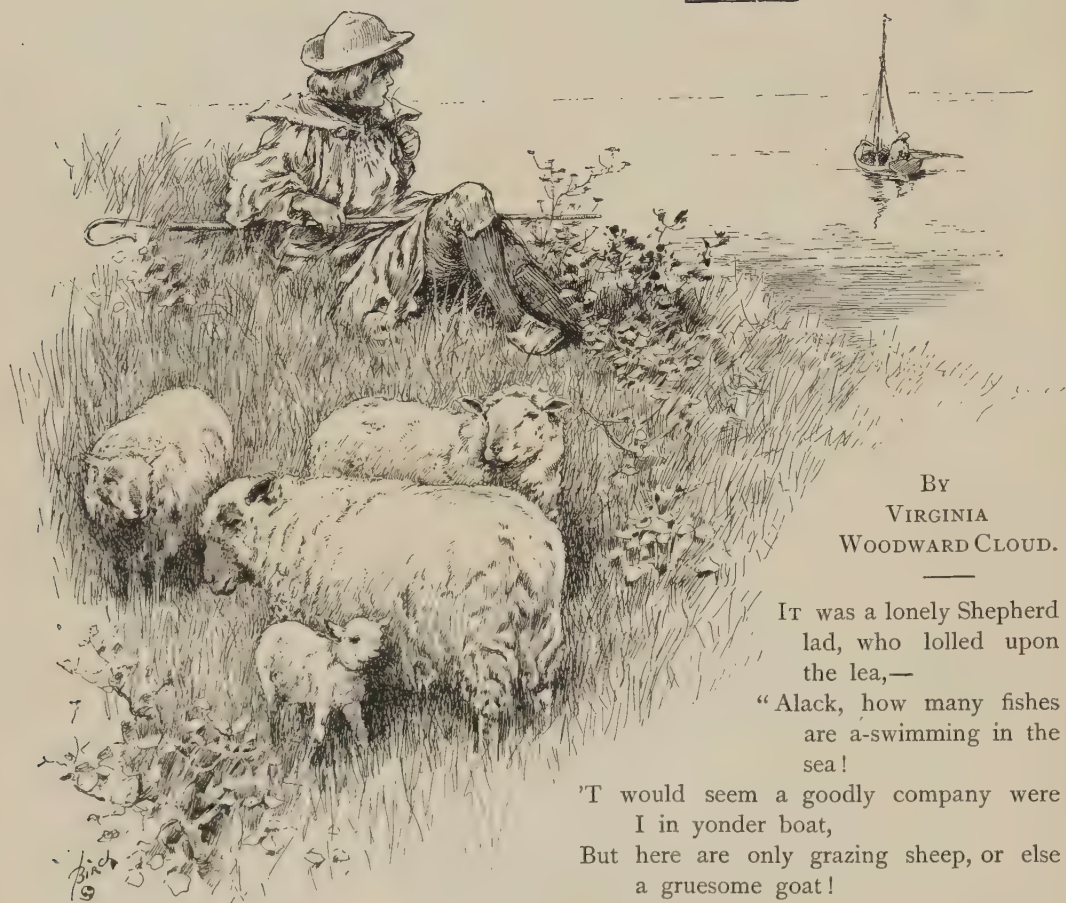
"Selim, take thou these weapons here;
Kill yonder bird for me:
But ere thine arrow leaves its bow,
Tell me what thou dost see."

"*I see, my sire, a gleaming eye
Burn in a vulture's head.*"

"Shoot! shoot!" the enraptured father cried.
"Shoot! shoot!" The arrow sped.
A messenger rode forth in haste,
And brought the vulture — dead!



By Hook or By Crook



BY
 VIRGINIA
 WOODWARD CLOUD.

It was a lonely Shepherd
 lad, who lolled upon
 the lea,—

“Alack, how many fishes
 are a-swimming in the
 sea!

’T would seem a goodly company were
 I in yonder boat,
 But here are only grazing sheep, or else
 a gruesome goat!

“The sun comes up, the sun goes down, alike day after day;
 I come and go with my slow sheep in just the selfsame way.
 I am tired of the hilltop, I am tired of the lea,
 And I would I were yon Fisherman a-skimming o’er the sea!”

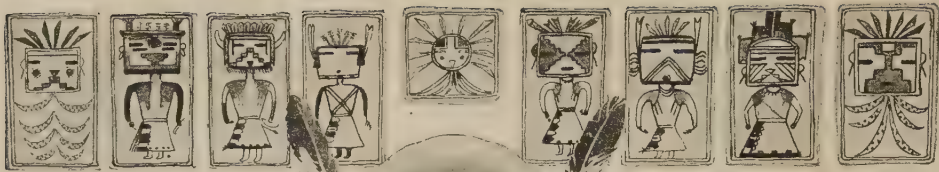
It was a lonely Fisherman, who drifted with his boat,—
 “Alack! this life is nothing more than fish, and row, and float;
 There ’s plenty worth the living for if I were on the land,
 But here the world is all made up of water, salt, and sand.

“There might be more variety if things were turned around,
 And sheep went scampering in the sea and fishes on dry ground;
 I am tired of the fishes, I am tired of the sea,
 And I would I were yon Shepherd lad, a-lolling on the lea!”



Then the Fisherman he shouldered his basket, rod, and hook,
While the Shepherd sauntered surlily, a-slinging of his crook ;
They nodded to each other,—a nod unreconciled,—
And the great sun gave a parting look, then smiled, and smiled, and smiled !





The Magic Turquoise.

by F. A. Lungen.

HONANI sat on the furthest point of the mesa, looking over to the southwest. Behind him the pueblo rose in terraces of age-worn stone, small-windowed and many-stepped, glaring in the sunlight of an Arizona noon. Hundreds of feet below was the plain, dotted near by with fields of corn and melons shrunken for the want of water. Beyond, it stretched away in endless tawny waves of barrenness until, a hundred miles away, it met the sky at the base of the mighty Nu-vat'-ikyan-obi, the "houses of the snows." Beyond this his sight could not go unless turned to the far-distant cloud specks in the pale blue sky—that sky which in the summer heat seemed to tremble in laughter and mock him; but he knew that far beyond, on the other side of those snow-capped peaks, in a strange country, lay hidden the great sacred turquoise ring—blue like the sky which trembled above, and with hints in its depths of the great green waters the "grandfathers" sometimes whispered of. A man's handbreadth it was, fashioned cunningly from one perfect mass torn from the heavens, it was said, by the great *Pi-twa'-guas*, or wizards, in the old time, and he who could but touch it would have his wish; and to him who wore it on his breast the future was as one long dream of pleasure, or of great deeds, if so he willed.

This had been told him by old Masi, his great-uncle, before he died from that cruel fall down the dizzy cliff, while Honani brought him water and held his head upon his lap,—for they were fast friends, the old man and the young boy. There, far away in the south country, the magic turquoise waited for its master, and Honani, the young *Ho'-pi* boy, alone knew

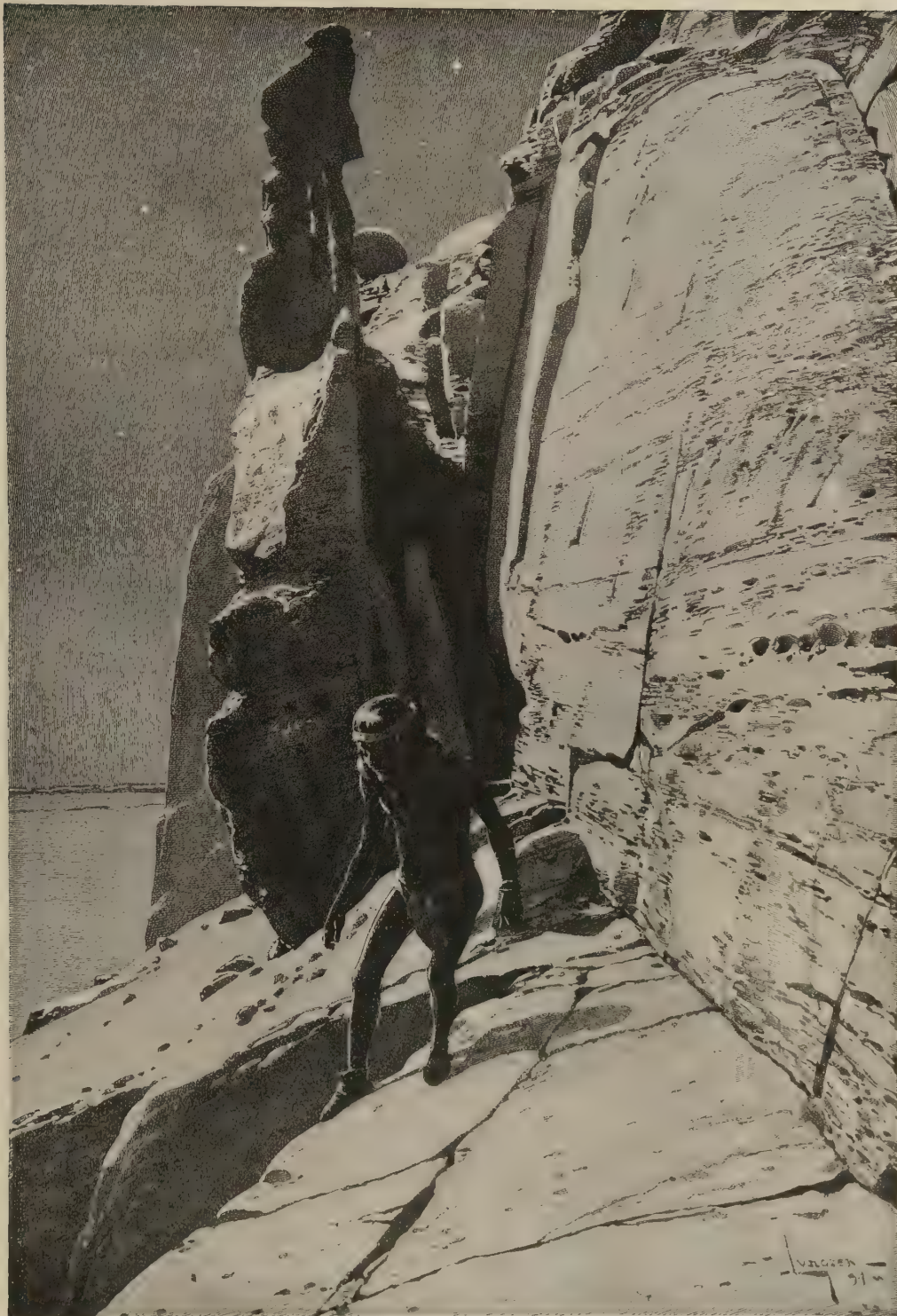
of its hiding-place. But the great distance; the strange country to be traveled over; the danger from burning thirst amid the countless miles of fierce, hot sands; the gnawing hunger when in the endless pine forest,—not to speak of terrible bears and lions, "*Honan*" and "*To-ho'-a*,"—were obstacles which loomed higher than the towering peaks of the "houses of the snows."

And still Honani looked and longed. If he could only come to this great talisman, how quickly would all those hardships which seemed to fill his life vanish into thin air! Then would his old mother be well again, his father recover the flocks stolen by the wicked Navajos. Recover? Why, he should have countless ponies and sheep and cattle, and *he*—Honani—would become a great captain, and would smite the Navajo, the Pah-ute, and the Apache, and all other enemies of his people, until his name would become a power and a blessing in his own land, and a sound of terror to his foes. Then would the grateful rains come in fullness, and where was now a desolation of famine would be a land of plenty. Again would the *Ho'-pi-tuh* give thanks to "Those above," and the name of *Ma'-sau-wâh** would be strange in the houses of the "peaceful people."

How many times he had dreamed these dreams he could not count; and he might have gone on so dreaming had not chance sent *Nu-vat'-i* of the Eagle clan to taunt him.

"Since how long, my brother, has the badger (*honani*) taken to the cliff tops, the eagle's rightful place? Yours is down there, or over yonder"; and he pointed by chance toward the snow peaks.

* Death.



"HE STOOD ON THE TERRACE BENEATH, IN A FLOOD OF MOONLIGHT." (SEE PAGE 218.)

Honani wakened from his dream of conquest, and, stung into loss of temper by the contemptuous tone of Ne-vat'-i, the pueblo bully, answered hotly: "Though I be but a badger, have a care lest I undermine the eagle's cliff, and put a ring around his leg!"

Small as was this pebble of thought, it started there and then an avalanche in Honani's mind to defeat and properly humiliate Ne-vat'-i, who, although skilful in all accomplishments of the Indian lad, was boastful and arrogant beyond endurance.

Now, too, after the small stock of corn was gathered, would come those fiercely waged contests of skill and endurance so dear to the heart of the savage boy, making or marring him in the eyes of the people; and this year, Honani knew full well, in all the matches it was really Ne-vat'-i he would be pitted against; and Ne-vat'-i was not of pure Tusayan blood,—in truth, but half Navajo,—and everybody knew all the Navajos were wizards. Here was a new incentive: he would match magic against magic, and do it with the turquoise ring.

That night he slept but little. Plan after plan came and went, but all of them required his telling his secret, and old Masi had warned him not to. His first plan of waiting until he was older and stronger seemed the only one, after all,—in two or three years,—but what might not happen in that time? He might be dead—the magic ring be found by another! No! There was but one thing to do—to go, and to go at once.

With the first light of dawn he was about, looking cautiously for food to hide until he was ready to start. All day he hung about the "grandfathers," asking as carelessly as he could questions about the way to the south country, his heart sinking many times at the stories they told of its terrors of thirst, hunger, and evil spirits. Still he resolved to go on and reach the hiding-place; after that, with the magic ring, he would have no fear.

Slowly the sun sank behind the western mesas and was gone. Then all the land was bathed in the wondrous afterglow, more beautiful than any bright sunshine; the flocks were driven up from the purple-shadowed plain to the corrals nestling on the cliff-side; the twilight deepened

and then was checked by the great full moon mounting the clear, still sky, and there was peace upon the land.

Honani's plans (if plans they could be called) were to wait until the pueblo was asleep, for they were early people there, and then to steal away, making no noise. The dogs would bark, of course, but that was the way of Indian dogs—to sleep all day and bark all night. Slipping cautiously from his blanket-bed, and half whispering a "good-by" to his little sister lying near the door, he worked his way along in the deep shadows of the houses, past the openings of the *ki-vas** of the snake and antelope priests, through a little open court, until he stood on the top of the "way of the high place," a dizzy trail or stone ladder, going down, down, almost straight into the black shadow cast by a huge pillar of rock which had separated from the mesa, standing like a giant sentinel guarding the ladder of stone between it and the parent cliff. It was enough to cause a white boy to grow sick with dizzy terror, but to Honani, living all his life upon the mesa, as he hung there between heaven and earth, the greatest fear was the dark shadow, because it was strange, and it seemed like going down in *Shi'-pa-pu*—the entrance to the under-world. But down he went, and, coming from the shadow, stood on the terrace beneath a flood of moonlight which turned the walls of the cliff to silver.

When he reached the plain, six hundred feet below, he took from a clump of Rocio his bow and quiver, his throwing-stick shaped like a boomerang, the bag of food, and his earthen canteen. Then, having placed his prayer-sticks carefully, and addressing a fervent petition to "Those above," he turned his face to the "snow houses."

Behind him the mesa, crowned by the pueblo, towered against the sky like a huge dimasted ship, and over all hung the wonder of the moon.

All that night he walked on, steadily yet fearfully, until the highest peaks of Nu-vat'-ikyan-obi began to reflect palely the first faint flush of the approaching day, growing more and more splendid in glowing rose-tinted snow and deep-blue cañons, as Ta'-wa, the great day-god, waked from his repose in the Ta-wa'-ki †

* Underground temples.

† Sun-house.

and stepped forward to carry the "shield of light" to his western house.

Who can tell the story of Honani's journey, and tell it truly? Only he can know of the weary way over that riot of color and desolation, volcano-rent and lava-ribbed; that hideous waterless waste of scarred and cinder-strewn grave—the "painted desert." And when he lost himself in the shadows of the mighty "houses of the snows," drinking of their icy springs, there still stretched before him for many a day's journey a trackless forest of giant pines, to that strange "jumping-off" place where the world sinks into a snarled mass of distorted mountains and cañons, heaped and piled in titanic confusion two thousand feet sheer below the pine-trees on the brink.

Through the mysterious and misleading recesses of the forest he passed, hungry unto death at times, almost overwhelmed by the labor to be done, while the pine branches against the sky waved him ever on and southward. At length he came to where it seemed he could almost look down to the very spot where lay the treasure, if old Masi had not been wrong in his many directions. The shape of certain mountains and cañons convinced him he was right, and that the stream hundreds of feet below him ran past the hiding-place. Down past endless misshapen cedars, gnarled in the most fantastic distortion, plowing through the heavy soil, half tumbling the last fifty feet, until, utterly worn out, he reached the stream-bed. Then he went on, looking ever to his right, for on that side was the hiding-place of the great turquoise ring. So suddenly did he come to the very place told of by Masi, that he shrank back with surprise and superstitious fear.

He had expected to find a ruined house or two, but before his startled eyes stretched a dead city. In a great bend of the stream, and forming a huge amphitheater, the cliffs rose glittering and dazzling white a hundred feet or more, when the stone changed to a soft gray-brown, and went up as high again. Just where the white and brown rock met at the deepest part of the bend, a colossal bite had been taken out of the face of the cliff, forming a great cave. In this space a people, now gone, leaving no record but these silent ruins, had built a most

curious and remarkable structure, over five stories high, receding one above the other, until the upper story was far within the shadow of the cave. This was plainly the citadel, or great communal house; for on both sides, following the curve of the white cliff, were the windows and doorways of innumerable cave-dwellings, hollowed from the soft tufa of which it was composed. The central building might have been made only a few years ago by some of Honani's own people, so fresh and new it seemed; but both its position and the caves told of a time long ago, when, without doubt, this was the home of a numerous and prosperous people. In the great bend of the stream had been their fields, and high up, secure from dangers, they had lived, loved, and died.

Now all was dead. The fortress frowned down from its recess, sphinx-like, in the hot, vibrating air; the doors and windows looked, from the face of the white cliff, like eyes from out a skull; and over all brooded a stillness as of death. Over Honani, crouching below, there came a feeling of awe born of fear—nameless, but very real. He was not old enough to have all the fear of a full-grown Indian in the presence of anything connected with death; but the thought that up into the great house hung against the cliff he must go, or forever renounce the turquoise ring, left him so weak and unnerved that the rustle of a lizard in the grass made him start and tremble. How long he remained gazing at that blinding city in the air, he did not know; but the heat forced him to movement. Drawn on, yet afraid, he slowly, with many halts and starts, began to climb the sloping talus, or rubbish, at the foot of the cliff.

To reach the great central mass of buildings he found, on examination, that even to him, rock-bred though he was, the face of the cliff just below the fortress was too hard to climb, and he was forced to approach it by picking his way along the terraces in front of the cave-buildings. It took him a long time to gain a point nearly below the great house; but at last, with torn hands and feet, exhausted in strength, and panting, he drew himself up to the ledge at the base of the wall, and lay there trembling.

Nearly at his hand was a very small door,

opening into the lower story of the building. This door, he knew by his own home, did not mean the people who had used it were very small themselves, but made it harder for an enemy to get through in the face of resistance. The room into which he crawled was small and low-ceiled, having a hatchway into the room above, through which the rough ladder still projected.

Old Masi had told him to go to the very topmost room. In this he would find a small stream of water falling into a little basin-like cavity in the floor next to the back wall, and there disappearing into a fissure of the rock. This was the water-supply in case of siege, and Honani thought how lucky that was, instead of having to carry water up hundreds of feet, as at home. In that pool, Masi said, lay the great turquoise. Scrambling up through successive hatchways, he passed rooms with all their contents for living, as when the builders used them. Why they had gone in such an evident hurry, Honani did not question: the magic ring was just beyond. In the dim light of the room up in the funnel of the cave it was hard to see, and he listened for the sound of water; but not the faintest murmur came to his ear. Groping along the entire back wall, he came to a small basin in the rock; but it was dry, and lined with dust. Then his heart stood still, for the cavity was empty. Some one had been before him, and now the ring was lost to him beyond all hope.

He lay down on the floor, his head hot and swirling, his heart heavy as lead. One explanation after another chased through his excited brain. Then he felt angry. Could the story of the magic ring be a dream—the vaporings of a weak old man? And had he come so far, and suffered so much, to find a handful of dust shut in a cell built no one knows how long ago?

Masi must, of course, have been there. His description of the route and place was too vivid for any dream; but the turquoise!—*that* he must have imagined. Perhaps the fierce heat he, too, had just come through, had turned the old man's head. That was possible; but he could not tell.

Worn out and heavy with disappointment, Honani lay down where he was, not daring to eat of the morsel of dried beef he had left, and

slept. It was so dark in the little room, and he had been so tired, he did not awaken until a ray of light, coming through the only window opening to the east, fell upon his face. His toilet was simply to put his hair from out his eyes and stand up, and he was “dressed.” He lingeringly turned to leave the place of his great disappointment, and as he did so the nearly level beam of light fell full upon the little dry pool, and catching the surface of a mass of rock projecting from the side, caused it to shine and sparkle like a thousand fireflies. It was so pretty, Honani decided to take the crystal along for his little sister Ta-la-on'-ci, in far-off Tusayan, whose eyes were nearly as bright. After a great deal of work, and by good use of his “throwing-stick” as a lever, it came away, a mass half as large as his head, pure white, and sparkling.

Down the ladders, and through the same rooms, he went, his spirits very low, and when he crawled again through the little door he was blinded by the glitter and glare from the cliffs on both sides. The way back to the stream as he had come seemed so long, he decided to return more directly. Tying the white rock by a deer-skin thong about his neck, he cautiously let himself down backward from the upper platform, feeling with his toes along the wall for a foothold.

He had gone two thirds down when the treacherous tufa gave way beneath his weight, and down he fell, face to the wall, clutching at everything to save himself, until, bruised and cut, he lay at the bottom of the cliff, with no breath, and, for the moment, very little life left in him. Had he been other than an Indian boy, his fall would have cost him dear. As it was, he was sore and shaken, but not seriously hurt.

The sun was very hot, and he started for the shade of the bushes along the stream. Then he noticed the white rock was gone from about his neck; the thong was broken or cut by his fall. Not wishing to leave it, he went back, and easily found it by the buckskin thong still tied around it. Lifting it up with a jerk, fully half of it broke away. He could have cried with vexation had he not been an Indian. It was hardly worth carrying away now; the white, glittering crystals were only a shell around a dirty, brown, greasy-feeling bundle, which he idly pulled apart, and then sat down in the glaring sun-



"CLUTCHING HIS TREASURE TO HIS BREAST, HE RAN FROM THE HAUNTED PLACE." (SEE PAGE 222.)

light, staring speechless, but open-mouthed, for there in his hand, like a circlet carved from the sky, lay the Great Magic Turquoise Ring!

Honani could not understand. *This* was no dream. The old-time tradition of the wonderful magic ring was true. So Masi was vindicated, and—how cunningly had the old people hidden it, wrapping it in greased deerskin, then placing it in the pool where they knew this particular water would soon cover it with a coating of lime crystals; and the process had continued until it had become like a stony mass completely inclosing the deerskin. Then, through some calamity to the people, the secret was lost to all but a few. Masi had tried, no doubt, to get it; but, with less luck than Honani, had not been attracted by what was to all appearance only a lump of rock. Now he, Honani the Ho'-pi, had it, and he would—

He looked over his shoulder—there in the heat and light glared the dead city, the eye-like windows and doors still gazing at him darkly. Clutching his treasure to his breast, he ran from the haunted place, and did not stop until far on his way to the north. Of his journey back to Tusayan, how he advanced with the rains, how game came to his bow and throwing-stick, of his bathing in a spring in which he could not sink, how he crossed the swollen "Red Water," Pa-la'-bai-ya, and gained his mesa home, is a long story, and Honani

said few words. It is told, however, that the harvest that year was plenty through the rains which came with Honani, and that in the games and contests which followed he defeated all comers, even grown men skilled in bow-shooting, running, and jumping.

Ne-vat'-i, the boaster, suffered such an ignominious defeat in two trials that he was dressed like a girl until he could by some new exploit redeem himself.

Then, afterward, when the land was rich in cattle and crops, a fair prize, the fierce Pah-ute came down from the north, like *Tv-ho'-a*, the lion, to ravage and kill; and all the fighting men went out against them. Honani led the young men, and stood side by side with the old war-captain. Then when the Pah-ute were driven to bay, and all killed but two, whom Honani had saved, he sent them back to their own country to tell his message: how he had "eaten up" all their fighting men, and would do the like to any others coming in war against the Ho-pi'-tuh—"the peaceful people."

These things are to be heard if one or two of the oldest grandfathers, once the companions of Honani, can be made to talk to those who, having had their "heads washed,"* and being their brothers, can be trusted. But the grandfathers are old and wise, and words are like wild birds, which fly beyond your reach, and breed many more.

* That is, who have received tribal baptism.

A GOOD METHOD.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

THERE was a little schoolma'am
Who had this curious way
Of drilling in subtraction
On every stormy day.

"Let 's all subtract unpleasant things
Like doleful dumps and pain,
And then," said she, "you 'll gladly see
That pleasant things remain."



AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

ELSIE: "Oh, it's so hard to leave the party, Victorine!"

VICTORINE: "Oui, mademoiselle — mais pense donc comme c'était beau à arriver!"



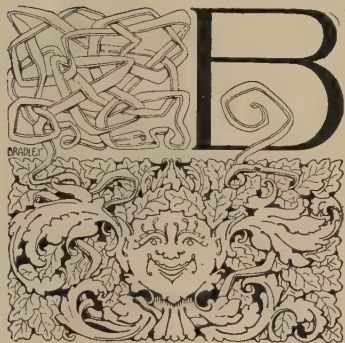
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH, OWNER OF THE PICTURE.

BETTY LEICESTER'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

[*Begun in the December number.*]



BETTY and her father had taken a long journey from London. They had been nearly all day in the train, after a breakfast by candle-light; and it was quite dark, except for the light of the full moon in a misty sky, as they drove up the long avenue at Danesly. Pagot was in great spirits; she was to go everywhere with Betty now, being used to the care of young ladies, and more being expected of this young lady than in the past. Pagot had been at Danesly before with the Duncans, and had many friends in the household.

Mr. Leicester was walking across the fields by a path he well knew from the little station, with a friend and fellow guest whom they had met at Durham. This path was much shorter than the road, so that papa was sure of reaching the house first; but Betty felt a little lonely, being tired and shy of meeting a great, bright houseful of people quite by herself, in case papa should loiter. But suddenly the carriage stopped, and the footman jumped down and opened the door. "My lady is walking down to meet you, miss," he said; "she's just ahead of us, coming down the avenue." And Betty flew like a pigeon to meet her dear friend. The carriage drove on and left them together under the great trees, walking along together over the beautiful tracery of shadows. Suddenly Lady Mary felt the warmth of Betty's love for her and her speechless happiness as she had not felt it before, and she stopped, looking so tall and charming, and put her

two arms round Betty, and hugged her to her heart.

"My dear little girl!" she said for the second time; and then they walked on, and still Betty could not say anything for sheer joy. "Now I'm going to tell you something quite in confidence," said the hostess of the great house, which showed its dim towers and scattered lights beyond the leafless trees. "I had been wishing to have you come to me, but I should not have thought this the best time for a visit; later on, when the days will be longer, I shall be able to have much more time to myself. But an American friend of mine, Mr. Banfield, who is a friend of your papa's, I believe, wrote to ask if he might bring his young daughter, whom he had taken from school in New York, for a holiday. It seemed a difficult problem for the first moment," and Lady Mary gave a funny little laugh. "I did not know quite what to do with her just now, as I should with a grown person. And then I remembered that I might ask you to help me, Betty dear. You know that the Duncans always go for a Christmas visit to their cousins in Devon."

"I was so glad to come," said Betty warmly; "it was nicer than anything else."

"I am a little afraid of young American girls, you understand," said Lady Mary gaily; and then, taking a solemn tone: "Yes, you need n't laugh, Miss Betty! But you know all about what they like, don't you? and so I am sure we can make a bit of pleasure together, and we'll be fellow-hostesses, won't we? We must find some time every day for a little talking over of things quite by ourselves. I've put you next your father's rooms, and tomorrow Miss Banfield will be near by, and you're to dine in my little morning-room to-night. I'm so glad good old Pagot is with you; she knows the house perfectly well. I hope you will soon feel at home. Why, this is

almost like having a girl of my very own," said Lady Mary, wistfully, as they began to go up the great steps and into the hall, where the butler and other splendid personages of the household stood waiting. Lady Mary was a tall, slender figure in black, with a beautiful head; and she carried herself with great spirit and grace. She had wrapped some black lace about her head and shoulders, and held it gathered with one hand at her throat.

"I must fly to the drawing-room now, and then go to dress for dinner; so good night, darling," said this dear lady, whom Betty had always longed to be nearer to and to know better. "To-morrow you must tell me all about your summer in New England," she said, looking over her shoulder as she went one way and Betty another, with Pagot and a footman who carried the small luggage from the carriage. How good and sweet she had been to come to meet a young stranger who might feel lonely, and as if there were no place for her in the great strange house in the first minute of her arrival. And Betty Leicester quite longed to see Miss Banfield and to help her to a thousand pleasures at once for Lady Mary's sake.

Somebody has said that there are only a very few kinds of people in the world, but that they are put into all sorts of places and conditions. The minute Betty Leicester looked at Edith Banfield next day she saw that she was a little like Mary Beck, her own friend and Tideshead neighbor. The first thought was one of pleasure, and the second was a fear that the new Becky would not have a good time at Danesly. It was the next morning after Betty's own arrival. That first evening she had her dinner alone, and then was reading and resting after her journey in Lady Mary's own little sitting-room, which was next her own room. When Pagot came up from her own hasty supper and "crack" with her friends to look after Betty, and to unpack, she had great tales to tell of the large and noble company assembled at Danesly House. "They 're dining in the great banquet hall itself," she said with pride. "Lady Mary looks a queen at the head of the table, with the French prince beside her and the great Earl of Seacliff at the other side,"

said Pagot, proudly. "I took a look from the old musicians' gallery, miss, as I came along, and it was a fine sight, indeed. Lady Mary's own maid, as I have known well these many years, was telling me the names of the strangers." Pagot was very proud of her own knowledge of fine people.

Betty asked if it was far to the gallery; and, finding that it was quite near the part of the house where they were, she went out with Pagot along the corridors with their long rows of doors, and into the musicians' gallery, where they found themselves at a delightful point of view. Danesly Castle had been built at different times; the banquet-hall itself was very old and stately, with a high, arched roof. There were beautiful old hangings and banners where the walls and roof met, and lower down were spread great tapestries. There was a huge fire blazing in the deep fire-place at the end, and screens before it; the long table twinkled with candle-light, and the gay company sat about it. Betty looked first for papa, and saw him sitting beside Lady Dimdale, who was a great friend of his; then she looked for Lady Mary, who was at the end between the two gentlemen of whom Pagot had spoken. She was still dressed in black lace, but with many diamonds sparkling at her throat, and she looked as sweet and spirited and self-possessed as if there were no great entertainment at all. The men-servants in their handsome livery moved quickly to and fro, as if they were actors in a play. The people at the table were talking and laughing, and the whole scene was so pleasant, so gay and friendly, that Betty wished, for almost the first time, that she were grown up and dining late, to hear all the delightful talk. She and Pagot were like swallows high under the eaves of the great room. Papa looked really boyish, so many of the men were older than he. There were twenty at table; and Pagot said, as Betty counted, that many others were expected the next day. You could imagine the great festivals of an older time as you looked down from the gallery. In the gallery itself there were quaint little heavy wooden stools for the musicians: the harpers and fiddlers and pipers who had played for so many generations of gay dancers, for whom

the same lights had flickered, and over whose heads the old hangings had waved. You felt as if you were looking down at the past. Betty and Pagot closed the narrow door of the gallery softly behind them, and our friend went back to her own bedroom, where there was a nice fire, and nearly fell asleep before it, while Pagot was getting the last things unpacked and ready for the night.

The next day at about nine o'clock Lady Mary came through her morning-room and tapped at the door. Betty was just ready and very glad to say good morning. The sun was shining, and she had been leaning out upon the great stone window-sill looking down the long slopes of the country into the wintry mists. Lady Mary looked out too, and took a long breath of the fresh, keen air. "It's a good day for hunting," she said, "and for walking. I'm going down to breakfast, because I planned for an idle day. I thought we might go down together if you were ready."

Betty's heart was filled with gratitude; it was so very kind of her hostess to remember that it would be difficult for the only girl in the great house-party to come to breakfast for the first time. They went along the corridor and down the great staircase, past the portraits and the marble busts and figures on the landings. There were two or three ladies in the great hall at the foot, with an air of being very early, and some gentlemen who were going fox-hunting; and after Betty had spoken with Lady Dimdale, whom she knew, they sauntered into the breakfast-room, where they found some other people; and papa and Betty had a word together and then sat down side by side to their muffins and their eggs and toast and marmalade. It was not a bit like a Tideshead company breakfast. Everybody jumped up if he wished for a plate, or for more jam, or a cut of cold game, which was on the sideboard with many other things. The company of servants had disappeared, and it was all as unceremonious as if the breakfasters were lunching out of doors. There was not a great tableful like that of the night before; many of the guests were taking their tea and coffee in their own rooms.

By the time breakfast was done, Betty had

begun to forget herself as if she were quite at home. She stole an affectionate glance now and then at Lady Mary, and had fine bits of talk with her father, who had spent a charming evening and now told Betty something about it, and how glad he was to have her see their fellow-guests. When he went hurrying away to join the hunt, Betty was sure that she knew what to do with herself. It would take her a long time to see the huge old house and the picture-gallery, where there were some very famous paintings, and the library, about which papa was always so enthusiastic. Lady Mary was to her more interesting than anybody else, and she wished especially to do something for Lady Mary. Aunt Barbara had helped her niece very much one day in Tideshead when she talked about her own experience in making visits and going much into company. "The best thing you can do," she said, "is to do everything you can to help your hostess. Don't wait to see what is going to be done for you, but try to help entertain your fellow-guests and to make the occasion pleasant, and you will be sure to enjoy yourself and to find your hostess wishing you to come again. Always do the things that will help your hostess." Our friend thought of this sage advice now, but it was at a moment when every one else was busy talking, and they were all going on to the great library except two or three late breakfasters who were still at the table. Aunt Barbara had also said that when there was nothing else to do, your plain duty was to entertain yourself; and, having a natural gift for this, Betty wandered off into a corner and found a new "Punch" and some of the American magazines on a little table close by the window-seat. After a while she happened to hear some one ask: "What time is Mr. Banfield coming?"

"By the eleven o'clock train," said Lady Mary. "I am just watching for the carriage that is to fetch him. Look; you can see it first between the two oaks there to the left. It is an awkward time to get to a strange house, poor man; but they were in the South and took a night train that is very slow. Mr. Banfield's daughter is with him, and my dear friend Betty, who knows what American girls best like, is kindly going to help me entertain her."

"Oh, really!" said one of the ladies, looking up and smiling as if she had been wondering just what Betty was for, all alone in the grown-up house-party. "Really, that 's very nice. But I might have seen that you are Mr. Leicester's daughter. It was very stupid of me, my dear; you 're quite like him — oh, quite!"

"I have seen you with the Duncans, have I not?" asked some one else, with great interest. "Why, fancy!" said this friendly person, who was named the Honorable Miss Northumberland, a small, eager little lady in spite of her solemn great name,— "fancy! you must be an American too. I should have thought you quite an English girl."

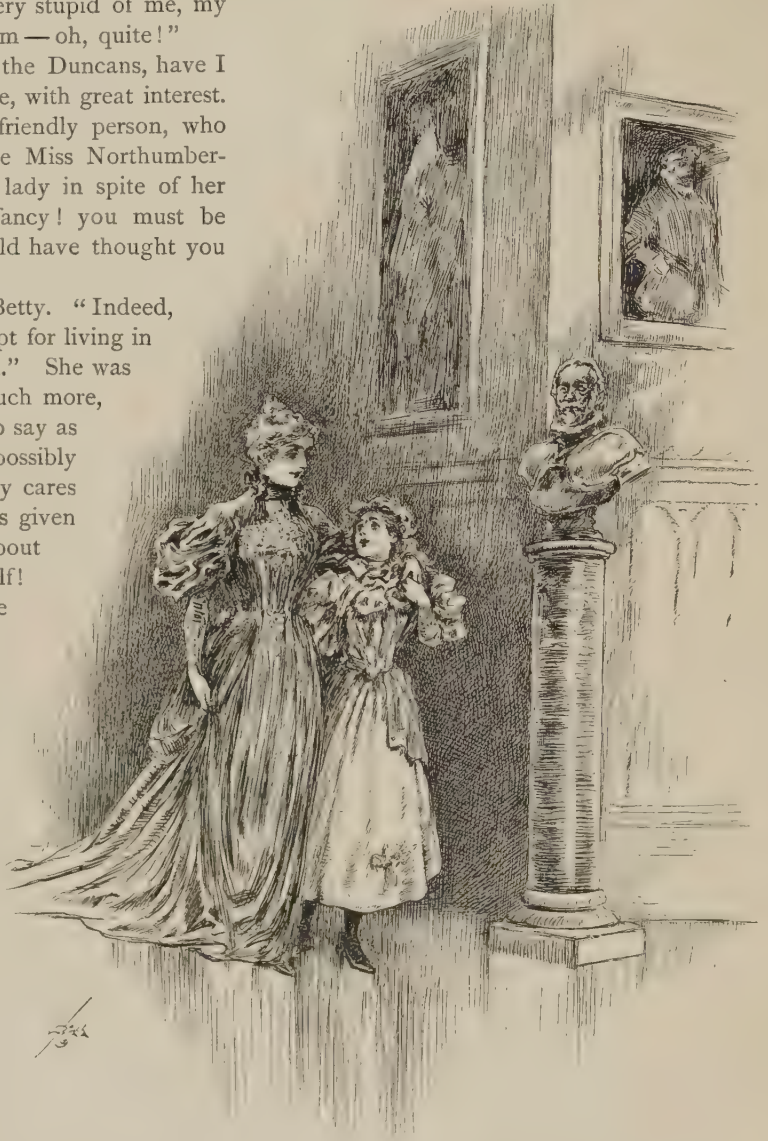
"Oh, no, indeed," said Betty. "Indeed, I 'm quite American, except for living in England a very great deal." She was ready to go on and say much more, but she had been taught to say as little about herself as she possibly could, since general society cares little for knowledge that is given it too easily, especially about strangers and one's self!

"There 's the carriage now," said Lady Mary, as she went away to welcome the guests. "Poor souls! they will like to get to their rooms as soon as possible," she said hospitably; but although the elder ladies did not stir, Betty deeply considered the situation, and then, with a happy impulse, hurried after her hostess. It was a long way about, through two or three rooms and the great hall to the entrance; but Betty overtook Lady Mary just as she reached the great door, going forward in the most hospitable, charming way to meet the new-comers. She did not seem to have seen Betty at all.

The famous lawyer and wit, Mr. Banfield, came quickly up the steps, and after him, more

slowly, came his daughter, whom he seemed quite to forget.

A footman was trying to take her wraps and traveling-bag, but she clung fast to them, and looked up apprehensively toward Lady Mary.



"THEY WENT ALONG THE CORRIDOR PAST THE PORTRAITS AND THE MARBLE BUSTS."

Betty was very sympathetic, and was sure that it was a trying moment, and she ran down to meet Miss Banfield, and happened to be so fortunate as to catch her just as she was tripping over her dress upon the high stone step.

Mr. Banfield himself was well known in London, and was a great favorite in society; but at first sight his daughter's manners struck one as being less interesting. She was a pretty girl, but she wore a pretentious look which was further borne out by very noticeable clothes—not at all the right things to travel in at that hour; but, as has long ago been said, Betty saw at once the likeness to her Tideshead friend and comrade, Mary Beck, and opened her heart to take the stranger in. It was impossible not to be reminded of the day when Mary Beck came to call in Tideshead, with her best hat and bird-of-paradise feather, and they both felt so awkward and miserable.

"Did you have a very tiresome journey?"

Betty was asking as they reached the top of the steps at last; but Edith Banfield's reply was indistinct, and the next moment Lady Mary turned to greet her young guest cordially. Betty felt that she was a little dismayed, and was all the more eager to have the young compatriot's way made easy.

"Did you have a tiresome journey?" asked Lady Mary, in her turn; but the reply was quite audible now.

"Oh, yes," said Edith. "It was awfully cold—oh, awfully!—and so smoky and horrid and dirty! I thought we never should get here, with changing cars in horrid stations, and everything," she said, telling all about it.

"Oh, that was too bad," said Betty, rushing to the rescue, while Lady Mary walked on with Mr. Banfield. Edith Banfield talked on in an excited, persistent way to Betty, after having finally yielded up her bag to the footman, and looking after him somewhat anxiously. "It's a splendid big house, is n't it?" she whispered; "but awfully old-fashioned. I suppose there's a new part where they live, is n't there? Have you been here before? Are you English?"

"I'm Betty Leicester," said Betty, in an undertone. "No, I have n't been here before; but I have known Lady Mary for a long time in London. I'm an American, too."

"You are n't, really!" exclaimed Edith. "Why, you must have been over here a good many times, or something—" She cast a glance at Betty's plain woolen gear, and recog-

nized the general comfortable appearance of the English school-girl. Edith herself was very fine in silk attire, with much fur trimming and a most expensive hat. "Well, I'm awfully glad you're here," she said, with a satisfied sigh; "you know all about it better than I do, and can tell me what to put on."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Betty, cheerfully; "and there are lots of nice things to do. We can see the people, and then there are all the pictures and the great conservatories, and the stables and dogs and everything. I've been waiting to see them with you; and we can ride every day, if you like; and papa says it's a perfectly delightful country for walking."

"I hate to walk," said Edith, frankly.

"Oh, what a pity," lamented Betty, a good deal dashed. She was striving against a very present disappointment, but still the fact could not be overlooked that Edith Banfield looked like Mary Beck. Now, Mary also was apt to distrust all strangers and to take suspicious views of life, and she had little enthusiasm; but Betty knew and loved her loyalty and really good heart. She felt sometimes as if she tried to walk in tight shoes when "Becky's" opinions had to be considered, but Becky's world had grown wider month by month, and she loved her very much. Edith Banfield was very pretty; that was a comfort, and though Betty might never like her as she did Mary Beck, she meant more than ever to help her to have a good time.

Lady Mary appeared again, having given Mr. Banfield into the young footman's charge. She looked at Sister Betty for an instant with an affectionate, amused little smile, and laid one hand on her shoulder as she talked for a minute pleasantly with the new guest.

A maid appeared to take Edith to her room, and Lady Mary patted Betty's shoulder as they parted. They did not happen to have time for a word together again all day.

By luncheon-time the two girls were very good friends, and Betty knew all about the new-comer; and in spite of a succession of minor disappointments, the acquaintance promised to be very pleasant. Poor Edith Banfield, like poor Betty, had no mother, and Edith had spent several years already at a large boarding-

school. She was taking this journey by way of vacation, and was going back after the Christmas holidays. She was a New-Yorker, and she hated the country, and loved to stay in foreign hotels. This was the first time she had ever paid a visit in England, except to some American friends who had a villa on the Thames, which Edith had found quite dull. She had not been taught either to admire or to enjoy very much, which seemed to make her schooling count for but little so far; but she adored her father and his brilliant wit in a most lovely way, and with this affection and pride Betty could warmly sympathize. Edith longed to please her father in every possible manner, and secretly confessed that she did not always succeed, in a way that touched Betty's heart. It was hard to know exactly how to please the busy man; he was apt to show very mild interest in the new clothes which at present were her chief joy: perhaps she was always making the mistake of not so much trying to please him as to make him pleased with herself, which is quite a different thing.

There was an anxious moment on Betty's part when Edith Banfield summoned her to decide upon what dress should be worn for the evening. Pagot, whom Betty had asked to go and help her new friend, was looking a little disapprovingly, and two or three fine French dresses were spread out for inspection.

"Why, are n't you going to dress?" asked Edith. "I was afraid you were all ready to go down, but I could n't think what to put on."

"I'm all dressed," said Betty, with surprise. "Oh, what lovely gowns! But we" — she suddenly foresaw a great disappointment — "we need n't go down yet, you know, Edith; we are not out, and dinner is n't like luncheon here in England. We can go down afterward, if we like, and hear the songs, but we never go to dinner when it's a great dinner like this. I think it is much better fun to stay away; at least, I always have thought so until last night, and then it did really look very pleasant," she frankly added. "Why, I'm not sixteen, and you're only a little past, you know." But there lay a grown-up young lady's evening gowns as if to confute all Betty's arguments.

"How awfully stupid!" said Edith, with

great scorn. "Nursery tea for anybody like us!" and she turned to look at Betty's dress, which was charming enough in its way, and made in very pretty girlish fashion. "I should think they'd make you wear a white pinafore," said Edith, ungraciously; but Betty, who had been getting a little angry, thought this so funny that she laughed and felt much better.

"I wear muslins for very best," she said serenely. "Why, of course we'll go down after dinner and stay a while before we say good-night; they'll be out before half-past nine,—I mean the ladies,—and we'll be there in the drawing-room. Oh, is n't that blue gown a beauty! I wish I had put on my best muslin, Pagot."

"You look very suitable, Miss Betty," said Pagot, stiffly. Pagot was very old-fashioned, and Edith made a funny little face at Betty behind her back.

The two girls had a delightful dinner together in the morning-room next Betty's own, and Edith's good humor was quite restored. She had had a good day, on the whole, and the picture-galleries and conservatories had not failed to please by their splendors and delights. After they had finished their dessert, Betty, as a great surprise, offered the hospitalities of the musicians' gallery, and they sped along the corridors and up the stairs in great spirits, Betty leading the way. "Now, don't upset the little benches," she whispered, as she opened the narrow door out of the dark passage, and presently their two heads were over the edge of the gallery. They leaned boldly out, for nobody would think of looking up.

The great hall was even gayer and brighter than it had looked the night before. The lights and colors shone, there were new people at table, and much talk was going on. The butler and his men were more military than ever; it was altogether a famous, much-diamonded dinner company, and Lady Mary looked quite magnificent at the head.

"It looks pretty," whispered Edith; "but how dull it sounds! I don't believe that they are having a bit of a good time. At home, you know, there's such a noise at a party. What a splendid big room!"

"People never talk loud when they get to-

gether in England," said Betty. "They never make that awful chatter that we do at home. Just four or five people who come to tea in Tideshead can make one another's ears ache. I could n't get used to it last summer; Aunt Barbara was almost the only tea-party person in Tideshead who did n't get screaming."

"Oh, I do think it's splendid!" said Edith, wistfully. "I wish we were down there. I wish there was a little gallery lower down. There's Lord Dunwater, who sat next me at luncheon. Who's that next your father?"

There was a little noise behind the eager girls, and they turned quickly. A tall boy had joined them, who seemed much disturbed at finding any one in the gallery, which seldom had a visitor. Edith stood up, and seemed an alarmingly tall and elegant young lady in the dim light. Betty, who was as tall, was nothing like so imposing to behold at that moment; but the new-comer turned to make his escape.

"Don't go away," Betty begged, seeing his alarm, and wondering who he could be. "There's plenty of room to look. Don't go." And thereupon the stranger came forward.

He was a handsome fellow, dressed in Eton clothes. He was much confused, and said nothing; and, after a look at the company below, during which the situation became more embarrassing to all three, he was going away.

"Are you staying in the house, too?" asked Betty, timidly; it was so very awkward.

"I just came," said the boy, who now appeared to be a very nice fellow indeed. They had left the musicians' gallery,—nobody knew why,—and now stood outside in the corridor. "I just came," he repeated. "I walked over from the station across the fields. I'm Lady Mary's nephew, you know. She's not expecting me. I had my supper in the housekeeper's room. I was going on a week's tramp in France with my old tutor, just to get rid of Christmas parties and things; but he strained a knee at foot-ball, and we had to give it up, and so I came here for the holidays. There was nothing else to do," he explained ruefully. "What a lot of people my aunt's got this year!"

"It's very nice," said Betty, cordially.

"It's beastly slow, I think," said the boy. "I like it much better when my aunt and I

have the place to ourselves. Oh, no; that's not what I mean!" he said, blushing crimson as both the girls laughed. "Only we have jolly good times by ourselves, you know; no end of walks and rides; and we fish if the water's right. You ought to see my aunt cast a fly."

"She's perfectly lovely, is n't she?" said Betty, in a tone which made them firm friends at once. "We're going down to the drawing-room soon; would n't you like to come?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly. "It'll be fun to surprise her. And I saw Lady Dimdale at dinner. I like Lady Dimdale awfully."

"So does papa," said Betty; "oh, so very much!—next to Lady Mary and Mrs. Duncan."

"You're Betty Leicester, are n't you? Oh, I know you now," said the boy, turning toward her with real friendliness. "I danced with you at the Duncans', at a party, just before I first went to Eton,—oh, ever so long ago!—you won't remember it; and I've seen you once besides, at their place in Warwickshire, you know. I'm Warford, you know."

"Why, of course," said Betty, with great pleasure. "It puzzled me; I could n't think at first, but you've quite grown up since then. How we used to dance when we were little things! Do you like it now?"

"No, I hate it," said Warford, coldly, and they all three laughed. Edith was walking alongside, feeling much left out of the conversation, though Warford had been stealing glances at her.

"Oh, I am so sorry—I did n't think," Betty exclaimed in her politest manner. "Miss Edith Banfield, this is Lord Warford. I did n't mean to be rude, but you were a great surprise, were n't you, Warford?" and they all laughed again, as young people will. Just then they reached the door of Lady Mary's morning-room; the girls' dessert was still on the table, and, being properly invited, Warford began to eat the rest of the fruit. "One never gets quite enough grapes," said Warford, who was evidently suffering the constant hunger of a rapidly growing person.

Edith Banfield certainly looked very pretty, both her companions thought so; but they felt much more at home with each other. It seemed as if she were a great deal older than

they, in her fine evening dress. At last they all started down the great staircase, and had just settled themselves in the drawing-room when the ladies began to come in.

"Why, Warford, my dear!" said Lady Mary, with great delight, as he met her and kissed her twice, as if they were quite by themselves; then he turned and spoke to Lady Dimdale, who was just behind, still keeping Lady Mary's left hand in his own. Warford looked taller and more manly than ever in the bright light, and he was recognized warmly by nearly all the ladies, being not only a fine fellow, but the heir of Danesly and great possessions besides, so that he stood for much that was interesting, even if he had not been interesting himself. Betty and Edith looked on with pleasure, and presently Lady Mary came toward them.

"I am so glad that you came down," she said; "and how nice of you to bring Warford! He usually objects so much that I believe you have found some new way to make it easy. I suppose it is dull when he is by himself. Mr. Frame is here, and has promised to sing by and by. He and Lady Dimdale have practised a duet; their voices are charming together. I hope that you will not go up until afterward."

Betty, who had been sitting when Lady Mary came toward her, had risen at once to meet her, without thinking about it; but Edith

Banfield still sat in her low chair, feeling stiff and uncomfortable, while Lady Mary did not find it easy to talk down at her or to think of anything to say. All at once it came to Edith's mind to follow Betty's example, and they all three stood together talking cheerfully until Lady Mary had to go to her other guests.

"Is n't she lovely!" said Edith, with all the ardor that Betty could wish. "I don't feel a bit afraid of her, as I thought I should."

"She takes such dear trouble," said Betty, herself. "She never forgets anybody. Some grown persons behave as if you ought to be ashamed of not being older, and as if you were going to bore them if they did n't look out." At this moment Warford came back most loyally from the other side of the room, and presently some gentlemen made their appearance, and the delightful singing began. Betty, who loved music, sat and listened like a quiet young robin in her red dress, and her father, who looked at her happy, dreaming face, was sure that there never had been a dearer girl in the world. Lady Mary looked at her too, and was really full of wonder, because in some way Betty had managed with simple friendliness to make her shy nephew quite forget himself, and to give some feeling of belongingness to Edith Banfield, who would have felt astray by herself in a strange English house.

(To be concluded.)

A NURSERY SONG.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

OH, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
Are two little goblins black!
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamber up to the Baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the Baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.
And one says "Shall!" and t'othersays "Sha'n't!"
And one says "Must!" and t' other says
"Can't!"

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light:
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are:
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says "Please!" and t' other says
"Do!"

And both together say "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry a while!

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER V.

WINE FOR THE FEAST.

THERE were half a dozen men in the foremost group of the new-comers, and others were not far behind them. All were in their best array, in honor of the wedding. They were strongly made, brawny, resolute-looking men, of the somewhat peculiar Galilean type, with faces bronzed by the sun and hands hardened by toil. There was no need for Lois to point out to Cyril the one of whom she had been speaking.

Somewhat in advance of the rest walked one who was speaking to a vigorous, fiery-eyed man, who strode along at his side. Could this really be the heir of David and of Solomon, this simply dressed and quiet Galilean?

Whether or not Cyril had begun to form expectations of a different kind, this was the man of whom Nathanael had spoken to Ben Nassur. He wore no crown, no sword, no jewels; and Cyril had not supposed that he would. But there was about him no sign of soldiership, or leadership, or of authority.

"He is no captain," thought Cyril, sadly; "he is no warrior; he seems no greater than other men!"

The boy had a sense of disappointment, so little cause for enthusiasm or hope did this man from Capernaum seem to bring with him. He should have been very different, if he were indeed to be a king.

Nevertheless, Cyril could not turn his eyes away, although they failed to keep an accurate picture which he could afterward remember. He was sure, indeed, that this man, while no

taller than others, was of at least full height, broad-shouldered, muscular, with the firm, easy step and movement which belong to men of perfect form and unimpaired strength. He was as erect as a pine, and his sashed tunic and flowing robe, not different from others around him, befitted him well. Cyril took note of even his hair and beard; but if the boy also tried to tell the color of the eyes, he could not do so, for his own sank before them, and he had a curious sensation of being looked through rather than looked at; and yet his heart beat high and fast for a moment.

"Lois," he whispered.

"Hush!" she answered softly. "Mary is about to speak to him."

The party from Capernaum had halted at the well, and Mary stood in front of her son, looking up at him with an expression that seemed to be partly doubt and partly expectation. Before a word was said by either of them, Lois whispered to Cyril:

"Look! just see how he loves her!"

"Hush!—listen," said Cyril—for at that moment the lips of Mary parted.

Her heart was full of the grave disaster which threatened the wedding-feast, and behind her stood Hannah, the bridegroom's mother and Mary's friend and kinswoman.

"They have no wine!" said Mary.

"Why does she tell him?" whispered Lois; and something of the same idea was expressed in the answer of Jesus. A different spirit, nevertheless, was manifest in the kindly manner and smile with which he replied. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

Mary must have understood her son's meaning better than others did or could, for she at

once turned to those who stood by the well. Among them were servants of Ben Nassur, and she said to these:

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

"Will he send them for wine?" thought Lois.

"I heard Raphael say there was none to be had in Cana. He may send even to Nazareth." And Cyril exclaimed aloud: "I'll go with them."

nearly empty, and it would require much drawing to fill them.

"This must be done before he sends for the wine," said Lois. "His mother knows he has some."

"Or she certainly would not have asked him to provide some for the feast," said Cyril, leaning over to lift his full bucket from the well.

There was even some haste and a kind of excitement among those whose ready hands were drawing and pouring; and in a few minutes more the sunshine sparkled upon brimming fullness in the last of the six jars.

"Now we are to go for the wine," said Cyril.

"They can't drink water at a wedding-feast," thought Lois.

There was a startled look upon every face around her, as she glanced from one to another, for the next command was:

"Draw out, now, and bear to the governor of the feast."

Cyril could not account for the tremor he felt as he dipped a pitcher into a water-pot, filled it, and lifted it, and stepped away toward the house.

"Water, for the governor of the feast?" he thought. "Water, to Ben Nassur himself? Does he mean to mock the rabbi, because there is no wine?"

Still, he could hardly help looking into the pitcher in his hands. Just behind him was Lois. Suddenly she heard her brother exclaim: "It is wine! Lois, my pitcher is full of wine! Let me see yours."



"LOIS, MY PITCHER IS FULL OF WINE!"

But at that moment the man Cyril felt so ready to obey pointed to the great jars by the well and said:

"Fill the water-pots with water."

There had been many ceremonial washings that day, as the guests of the wedding came and went, for not one had gone in without pausing by the well. The water-pots were therefore

Down came her pitcher, and the two were placed side by side.

"Oh, Cyril!" said Lois, "it is wine! Was that what Jesus meant?"

"It must be," said Cyril, in a low voice. Then, after a pause, "We must carry it in. Come!"

Behind them followed the line of servants. In a moment more the two tall, slender pitchers were deposited before Isaac Ben Nassur, at the head of the table. It was his duty, as ruler of the feast, to critically taste each new supply of refreshments provided, and now he quickly filled a drinking-vessel, for a hint of the threatened scarcity had reached him.

Cyril and Lois, and behind them the servants of the house, with Mary and Hannah and several others, gazed expectantly upon the face of the rabbi, waiting for his opinion. A little distance from him, at his right, pale and red by turns with anxiety, stood his son, the bridegroom. To him Ben Nassur turned, well pleased and radiant, but still somewhat judicial, as became the ruler of the feast, and remarked:

"Every man, at the beginning, doth set forth good wine, and when they have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

So it was said by all. It was as if it had been recently pressed from the best grapes of the vintage.

"Cyril!" exclaimed Lois, as they hurried out, so awed that they were almost frightened, "it was water, and it became wine!"

"What will the people say?" said Cyril. "I wish I dared to ask him if he is to be our king."

CHAPTER VI.

CAPERNAUM.



OW great was the wonder of the guests who drank the good wine at the marriage-feast when they learned that the pitchers must have been filled from the well in front of Ben Nassur's house.

The rabbi himself had not been among those who stood at the well. He had only

seen the wine brought to him in pitchers. But Mary and Hannah, the men who came with Jesus, the house-servants, and a few others, well knew the water had been changed into wine.

Cyril and Lois had no opportunity to discuss the matter until late that evening.

A sleeping-place, even for Lois, had to be found at the house of a neighbor; and the best that could be done for Cyril was to give him the freedom of the flat roof of Isaac's own home.

It was no hardship to sleep there, during a warm night. Cyril and his sister went up to the roof while yet the sounds of merriment, the music, and the singing, came up from the marriage-festival below.

It was a beautiful night, and the roof was cool and quiet.

Cyril came up first, and he stood at a corner leaning over the stone parapet, when Lois joined him.

"I cannot be mistaken," said Cyril, as if thinking aloud. "I poured the water into that jar, and I saw it was wine when I took it out in my pitcher, and carried it into the house to Ben Nassur. All the servants saw that there was water in the pitchers first, and afterward there was wine."

"It is true. So it was in mine," said Lois, who had come to his side. "They all go to Capernaum to-morrow. Jesus of Nazareth means to live there. His mother will, too, for a while. Then she returns to her own house, at Nazareth. I wish I could live with her."

"I would like to know what sort of work I can find to do while I am there," exclaimed Cyril.

"I know what I am going to do, I think," said Lois. "There is a woman named Abigail the tallith-maker, who lives there. Some of the women at the wedding told me she wants a girl who knows something of the trade to work for her. I learned needle-work while I was staying in Samaria."

"Thou didst very good work," said Cyril. "There is more to do in Capernaum than there is here. I'll find some work."

"Most of the people are fishing-folk," said Lois. "The lake is full of fish."

"Sometimes little is taken, they say," replied Cyril. "But I must try it. I long to see Jesus of Nazareth, and he will be there. What did he mean by the words he said to his mother — 'Mine hour is not yet come'?"

"I do not know; I did not understand them. I mean to be with her, part of the time, while she remains there," replied Lois. "I go to Capernaum, to-morrow, with her and her friends."

"I am glad," said Cyril, "I will go, too. Jesus is to stay in Cana, for a day or two, but I'll come."

Lois bade her brother good-night, and Cyril was alone upon the roof.

"I wish father could see this man, Jesus of Nazareth," the boy said to himself. "Father is an experienced old soldier, and has been a captain. He would know what the people might expect of him."

Ezra the Swordmaker had studied carefully, and had talked with his son about the ways and means for collecting, equipping, and arming a force of patriotic Jews such as might, at some future day, drive out the Romans and destroy the power of Herod.

At last Cyril went to sleep, but when he awoke, in the morning, his head was still full of the arrangements for his proposed journey from Cana to Capernaum.

Lois also was making ready, and both Rabbi Isaac and his wife were entirely satisfied with the plans of their young relatives. There would be more room in the somewhat overcrowded house in Cana. As for the transfer of Mary's residence from Nazareth to Capernaum, for a season, such temporary removals were not at all uncommon among the Jewish people.

Only two days later, and while yet the wedding festivities continued in the house of Isaac, Cyril and Lois reached Capernaum. Their little baggage was carried by one donkey, while Lois rode another, and the hire of these animals made the first large draft upon the money Cyril had received from his father.

The direct distance from Cana was only about twelve miles, but the road so wound among hills as to make it longer. Both brother and sister felt they had never before seen so

beautiful a country, and when at last they came out in sight of Chinnereth, or the Sea of Galilee, they understood why the rabbis declared: "God made seven seas in the land of Canaan, but chose for himself only one — the Sea of Galilee."

The lake itself was beautiful, and the shores were lined with cities, larger or smaller, or with palaces whose grounds and gardens came down to the water's edge. Capernaum was a well-built and prosperous place at some distance from the shore, but there were no buildings along the beach near it; only boat-wharves, here and there, little more than mere landing-places in the little bays which indented the long, curving shore-line.

The region was a kind of fisherman's paradise; and around it was also a rich farming country, with a climate so mild that even figs and grapes ripened during ten months of the year, and the fruits of temperate and tropical regions grew luxuriantly, side by side. The population was dense, and it was a continual marvel that the lake was not fished out, so numerous were the fishermen and so heavy were the catches. All the country around furnished them a market, and Cyril was assured that he would find enough to do, but that his wages would barely support him; so that he was glad when Lois was kindly welcomed by Abigail the tallith-maker. This woman made other garments worn by the people among whom she lived, and it was of importance to her that the brother of her new assistant was a youth whose training under so good a smith as Ezra enabled him to mend her needles of all sizes. No doubt even the very smallest of them would seem both coarse and clumsy to the eyes of a modern seamstress.

Cyril, from the hour of his coming, was full of the idea which had brought him to Capernaum; and it may have been his eagerness to see and hear Jesus of Nazareth which brought him into acquaintance with Simon and Andrew, and several other men. Soon after his arrival he told Lois:

"The people around the lake know more about Jesus than is known at Nazareth. He teaches and preaches here and all come to hear him. They believe about the turning of

water into wine more readily than some of those who saw the water drawn and carried into the house."

Lois could hardly have told how happy she was. She was not conscious that she had ever been at all afraid of so wise and learned a man

would think of them whenever she saw Jesus or heard him teach.

Cyril had thoughts and dreams of his own very different from hers, for his spirit was becoming more and more warlike. He saw that Jesus had been making himself well known in



CYRIL AND LOIS ON THEIR WAY TO CAPERNAUM.

as Rabbi Ben Nassur, but she felt more at ease now she was not near him. Besides, during several weeks she was often with Mary and her son. She sat at her work in the quiet house dreaming over the stories that were told her of the carpenter's son. Some of them went back to the very cradle of Jesus, and this, as Lois now knew, had been a manger in a cattle-stable, in Bethlehem of Judea.

None of these stories had been written down, but Lois learned them all by heart, and she

many places, and would soon be widely talked of. It was the right thing to do, if he was ever to raise an army among the Galileans. So Cyril considered it his own duty to seize upon every opportunity for studying, as his father had bidden him, the fortifications of the towns and cities near the lake, and for witnessing military parades and marches, and for examining weapons of all sorts and whatever else could be made use of in war—in the war of Jews against Romans, in which he hoped to be a soldier.

(To be continued.)

A POSTAL-CARD RACE AROUND THE WORLD, AND ITS REMARKABLE ENDING.

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

SOME years ago, Mr. Norman F. Chase, formerly postmaster at Montrose, New York, despatched two postal cards on a race around the world, one eastward and the other westward.

The first, mailed to San Francisco, California, thence embarked for Yokohama, Japan, crossed to Hong Kong, China, and then, by Bombay and the Suez Canal, proceeded to Paris and London, where it took steamer for New York.

The other, going directly to London, Paris, and, by the Suez Canal, to Bombay, visited Hong Kong and Yokohama, was carried to San Francisco, and thence came overland to Montrose.

These long journeys were interesting, but a remarkable coincidence made the cards' race extraordinary.

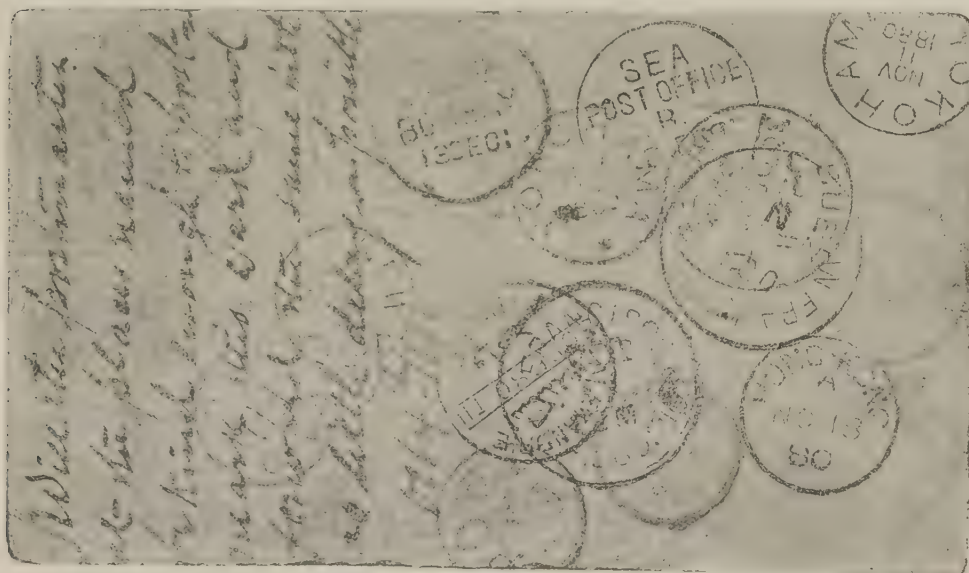
Both were mailed October 4, 1880; both were received back *on the same day* — January 17, 1881. They each went around the world in exactly one hundred and five days.

The postmarks upon the east-going read as

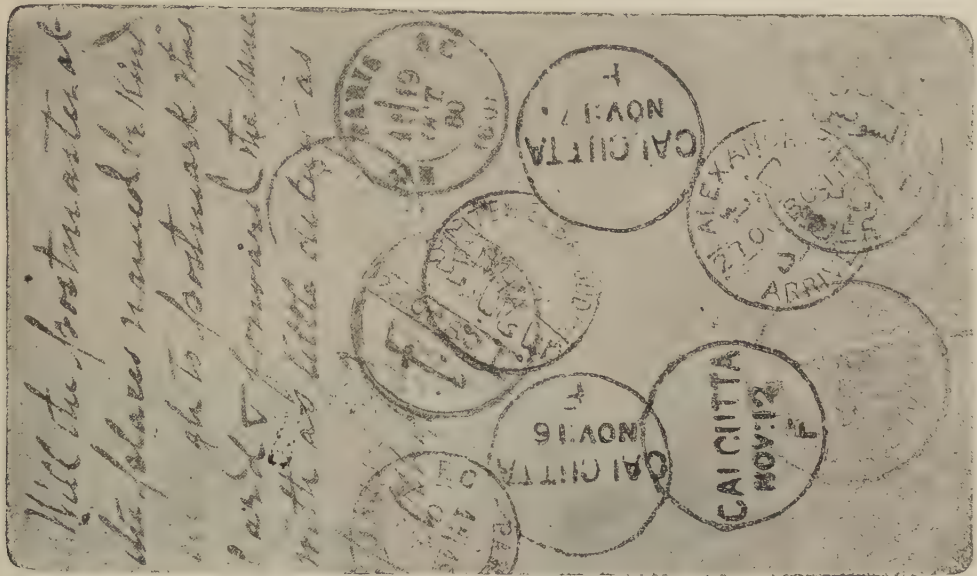
follows: Montrose, October 4; London, October 18; Paris, October 19; Alexandria, October 27; Suez, October 27, 28; Sea Post Office, October 28; Bombay, November 9; Calcutta, November 12; Hong Kong, December 8; Yokohama, December 15; San Francisco, January 9; Montrose, January 17. In a few cases double post-marks show times of arrival and departure. Thus the card was in Yokohama from the 15th to the 24th of December.

The westward card traveled on the following schedule: Montrose, October 4; San Francisco (illegible), probably October 11; Yokohama, November 10, 11; Hong Kong, November 18; Bombay, December 13; Suez, December 30; Sea Post Office, December 30; Alexandria, December 30; Paris, January 5; London, January 6; New York, January 15; Montrose, January 17.

Young students of geography and astronomy will find it an interesting problem to compare the journeys of these two cards — remembering



THE CARD THAT WAS SENT WESTWARD.



THE CARD THAT WAS SENT EASTWARD.

that, as one went westward and the other eastward, and each card "crossed the line" one gained a day in dating, and the other lost it.

But no calculations are required to convince any reader that the return of the two cards on the same day was a truly remarkable result.

TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

XIII.

A MEDICAL FRIEND.

THIS unexpected addition to their family had a good effect on Carrots, because it made him more careful of his money, almost uncomfortably so, Teddy thought, when, having reached Mose Pearson's, the junior member of the firm questioned whether it would not be better to have no breakfast, in order to save time.

"You see now we've got Ikey on hand we'll have to be careful of the money; else we sha'n't get that stand very soon."

"We're bound to eat, Carrots. If you

want to be so awful careful of your money, you might give up smoking cigarettes," Teddy replied.

"Oh, I swore off buyin' any, yesterday. I don't smoke now 'less some fellow gives me one. Of course, you can't reckon I'd refuse it; but this soup will be ten cents gone, an' we'd be jest as hungry by noon. Besides, we've got to buy something for supper, 'cause we're feedin' three now, you know."

"We'll get the breakfast, an' work enough harder to pay for it," Teddy replied, as he led the way into the restaurant; and again did Carrots's new ideas of economy appear, as he swallowed the soup almost at the risk of choking himself, in order to save a few moments.

He was the first boy on the street prepared to black boots, that morning, and no fellow ever worked more industriously, until nearly twelve o'clock, when he approached his partner in a mysterious manner, beckoning him to follow where they could converse without fear of being overheard.

"Say, did you know lamb was awful good for sick people?" Carrots asked with an air of great importance.

"No; I did n't know that. Who told you?"

"When old Miss Carter was sick, she said a little bit of lamb would do her a power of good, an' the boys chipped in an' bought some."

"But it 'll come pretty high now, Carrots. You see it 's kinder out er season."

"Pretty high, eh? Well, what would you say if I got a bang-up good mess of lamb for five cents?"

"Why, I 'd say it either was n't lamb, or else the man what sold it did n't know what he was about."

"Well, it 's lamb, an' I paid the reg'lar price for it, Teddy," Carrots said triumphantly, as he drew from his pocket a small package wrapped in brown paper, and, opening it, displayed to the astonished gaze of his companion two pickled lamb's tongues.

"There, what do you think of that? Talk 'bout lamb for sick folks! If it does any good I 'm goin' to have Ikey well as ever by to-morrow. I 'll make him eat all this before he goes to bed. You see it 's jest as cheap as anything we can get," he added. "He could n't stuff down more 'n six in a day to save his life, an' I reckon we can spend that much."

Teddy was not positive whether lamb was good for the invalid, neither did he think the tongue Carrots had purchased would be beneficial; but, as the latter had said, it would serve as food, and certainly was not a waste of money, and therefore he replied:

"I don't know as it 'll do him any good, old man, but it 'll keep him from bein' hungry, anyhow."

"Are you goin' down there this noon?"

"No; I would n't dare to in the daytime."



THE BOYS AT THE DOCTOR'S DOOR. (SEE PAGE 243.)

We shall have to wait till night. Have you seen anything of Skip?"

"Not a smitch. I reckon he got scared when he saw you talkin' to that policeman yesterday, an' I think he will give us a wide berth for a while."

"I don't think you 're right. He has n't stopped tryin' to drive us out er town jest 'cause

I told the officer; but is waitin' till he can catch us where we don't know anybody. Keep your eye peeled for him."

"I 'll be careful enough, you can be sure of that," Carrots replied. "I never 'd gone to the market for this lamb, if it had n't been that a couple of fellows I know were goin' down, an' they would n't let Skip pitch inter me."

This day's business was not so large as the previous one, owing to the fact that both in the boot-blackening and news-selling departments of the concern there was active competition; but both considered they had earned very good wages, and were in the best of humor when they started home with a sufficient addition to their larder to provide a generous meal for all three.

"I 'll tell you what I 've been thinkin' of, Carrots," Teddy said as they walked slowly along. "Ikey is in a pretty bad way, an' it seems to me we ought ter do somethin' more 'n jest feed him up on lamb, if he ever expects to get out."

"Want to try the bread an' milk?"

"No, I don't know anything 'bout that business; but this is what I was kind er figgerin' on. It costs terrible to get a doctor, of course; but don't you s'pose we might make the same trade with one that we did with the lawyer? If we 'd 'gree to give him a paper, an' black his boots, till the bill was paid, I don't reckon it would take long to fix Ikey in great shape."

"That 's a good idee!" Carrots replied enthusiastically. "Why I 'll bet you could get any quantity of 'em at that rate. Say, there 's one up on Rivington street. I used to black his boots last year, when I worked 'round that way; but have n't seen him since. He 's awful nice; ain't so very old either, an' a good many times give me something extra when I got through with my job."

"Suppose we go there to-night?"

"All right; I 'm with you! We 'll fill Ikey up with this lamb, get him to bed, an' then take a sneak. We can be back in half an hour. Say, how would it do to carry him along with us?"

"I would n't like to do that, 'cause you see p'rhaps the doctor might not be willin', an' we 'd have dragged the poor feller 'round for

nothin'. Besides, if we should happen to meet Skip while he was along, it would be kind er hard lines to take care of a lame boy an' fight at the same time."

"I never thought of that. I reckon I 'd better let you 'tend to things anyhow. You seem to know more 'n I do."

The invalid welcomed them very cordially, as might have been expected from one who had been forced not only to remain inactive, but absolutely silent, during the many hours of their absence.

In reply to Carrots's questions, he represented himself as being comparatively comfortable, and stated that, although the time had seemed long, he was more than glad to be there, rather than on the streets enduring such suffering as must necessarily be his while moving around.

The first duty of the evening was to count the money, and it was learned that they had earned one dollar and twenty-six cents, exclusive of the amount spent for food procured on their way home.

"That makes us pretty nigh five dollars," Teddy said as he placed these profits with the others. "If nothin' happens it won't be so very long before we 'll be in great shape for doin' business."

Again Carrots had visions of the green newsstand and brass-covered boot-blackening outfit, and from this reverie he was awakened when Teddy prepared the evening meal by unwrapping the papers in which the food had been brought.

This reminded Carrots of the scheme formed for the benefit of the invalid, and he handed the sheep's tongues to Ikey, as he said:

"There, old man, I want you to fill yourself right up on that, 'cause Miss Carter said they was awful good for sick people, an' I 'low they 'll straighten you out in pretty nigh less 'n no time!"

Then Carrots explained what they intended to do in regard to securing a doctor, and Ikey's eyes glistened as he thought of getting relief from his sufferings, which must have been great, judging from the expression he constantly wore.

"I 'm 'fraid you can't do much," he said with a sigh.

"It won't do any harm to try," Carrots re-

plied, as he began to satisfy his own hunger; and when the meal was brought to a close, owing to the fact that neither of the partners could eat any more, Teddy led the way to the street again, the invalid expressing his earnest hope that the doctor might accede to their wishes.

Fortunately for their purpose, upon arriving at the doctor's office, they found him at home and not busy.

Singular as it may seem, he did not recognize Carrots until he had been told of the previous business connection, and even then appeared almost indifferent in regard to seeing his friend again.

Teddy had supposed Master Carrots was to attend to this portion of the task, owing to his acquaintance with the physician; but instead of doing so, his young partner, after entering the office, stood first on one foot and then on the other, staring at the medical gentleman in a manner well calculated to make a nervous person uncomfortable.

"Well, what can I do for you?" the doctor asked.

Carrots looked around at Teddy as he said in a hoarse whisper:

"You tell him, old man. You can fix things up better 'n I can."

Master Thurston opened negotiations by proceeding at once to the heart of the matter.

"We want ter hire a doctor," he said. "You see, Ikey Cain 's got a lame leg, an' we have n't done anything for it yet except to give him some lamb, which I don't 'low is goin' to make him better very soon. Now what we thought 'bout doin' was to get you to look out for him, an' let us pay in trade. I sell papers, an' Carrots blacks boots. If you 'll 'gree to fix Ikey up as he ought ter be, we 'll come here every mornin' till the bill 's paid."

"Where is the boy?" the doctor asked, looking amused rather than grave.

"Down where we live."

"Give me the address, and I will call there to-morrow morning."

"Oh, you must n't do that!" Carrots cried in alarm. "If you should go there in broad daylight and shin over that fence the folks in the shop would know jest where we live!"

The doctor was at a loss to understand the meaning of this remark, and Teddy explained by saying:

"You see, we 've got a couple of boxes down here back of a store, an' the folks who own 'em don't know anything 'bout our livin' there. We can't go in till after dark, when the shop 's shut up, an' have to come out in the mornin' before it 's open."

"I understand," the gentleman replied, with a smile. "Then it will be necessary to bring the boy here."

"Could n't you fix him to-night?" Carrots asked.

"I fancy so, unless there should be a call from some patient."

"I s'pose we can get him over the fence; but it 'll hurt him a good bit," Teddy said, musingly.

"We can rig that all right," Carrots replied, carelessly. "If he 's goin' to have his leg done up, he 's got to come out, an' we can't help it if it does hurt him"; and then turning to the doctor, he asked eagerly, "Say, how much you goin' to charge for doin' that?"

"What should you think it would be worth, or, in other words, how many shines would you give me? We won't say anything about the newspapers, because I already have a young man who serves me with them."

"We 'll try to come to your terms if we can," Carrots replied; "an' you 're the one that ought ter set the figger."

"What should you think would be a good price, if you were going to pay the money?"

Carrots hesitated, looked around at Teddy, then again at the doctor, and finally said:

"I reckon I 'd be willin' to go as high as twenty-five cents if he was fixed up in good shape, 'cause I know he 'll pay it back jest as soon as he gets to work. Course he can't do anything now."

"Very well, bring your friend here whenever you please, and when I chance to be where you are working, I will call on you for one of the shines."

Then the gentleman took up the book he had been reading, as a sign that there was no need to prolong the interview, and the boys went at full speed after the invalid.

On being told that he would receive attention from a regular doctor, Ikey announced his willingness to climb over the fence a dozen times if it should be necessary, and without delay the journey was begun.

Fortunately the physician was still at home when they returned.

He examined the injured member, took something from his pocket which the others could not see at first, and, before the invalid was aware of his purpose, had passed the keen blade of a lancet through the swelling.

Ikey felt faint with pain for an instant, and then looked wonderfully relieved, as the doctor said, soothingly:

"There, my boy, you will be all right in a few days. I will bandage it, and you must be careful not to catch cold."

Carrots watched the operation intently, and when the physician intimated that his services were at an end, he drew a long breath of relief as he said:

"By jiminy! If I could earn twenty-five cents as quick as that, it would n't take Teddy an' me long to buy that stand!"

"You see, my boy, that medical men have to charge a very large amount of money for their services because it takes them so long to learn the business. Of course you would think I should get rich very rapidly if I had many such customers at twenty-five cents; but you can see that they are scarce to-night."

"That 's a fact," Carrots replied thoughtfully, as if this phase of the case was something which he had not previously understood, and, after gravely assuring the gentleman that "his face was good for a shine any time," Master Williams led the way out of the house.

"How do you feel, old man?" Teddy asked, when they were on the sidewalk.

"He hurt me a good bit with his knife; but jest as soon 's that was over, it seemed like as if the pain had all gone. I reckon I 'll get well now, eh?"

"If you don't, there won't be any sense in puttin' out twenty-five cents ag'in on you," Carrots said, as if he should consider a continuation of Ikey's illness as a personal affront.

The three arrived at home without having

seen anything of their enemies, and in a short time were busily engaged discussing their future.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Teddy, Ikey 'll make an awful good clerk for us when we buy our stand, an' after we get him mended. He can sell papers or shine boots with the best of 'em, for I 've seen him work."

Teddy suggested that they might not have a sufficient amount of business to warrant their hiring a clerk; but Carrots had his own ideas on the subject, and could not easily be persuaded that an assistant would not be an absolute necessity when the green-painted establishment with its boot-blackening outfit was opened.

The idea that he was to have an opportunity for working without being forced to run around the streets, pleased Master Cain wonderfully, and this, in addition to the relief from pain, served to put him in the best possible humor.

He promised to repay the boys, not only the twenty-five cents which was to be given the doctor in the form of boot-polishing, but also for such provisions as he might eat while one of their household; and agreed, in case Teddy finally concluded it would be desirable to hire him as clerk, to do his work faithfully and honestly.

"We 'll have the stand before two weeks go by, an' I reckon you 'll be right there helpin' us with it," Carrots said enthusiastically, as he once more prepared the bed for the invalid, and saw to it that there was food enough on hand to satisfy his wants during the coming day.

It was later than their usual time for retiring when the boys finally lay down to sleep; but, despite this fact, they were awake next morning as early as on any previous occasion, and, before leaving, Carrots again cautioned Ikey against allowing his presence in the box to be known.

"You need n't be worried," the invalid replied. "Now my leg does n't ache so bad, I can keep mighty still, no matter what happens. Yesterday I had to turn over pretty often to rest it, an' was 'fraid sometimes the folks would hear me."

Then the boys clambered over the fence once more, and another day's work was begun.



BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

MANY years ago (so many that the writer's little daughter, when told how many, asked, "Mama, are you a hundred years old yet?"), there lived in a pretty town on the banks of the Hudson River, not many miles from New York, a little girl named—well, we will call her Denise. That was not her real name, but some one who is very closely related to her now bears it, and so we will give it to her.

She had neither brother nor sister, and was sometimes a little bit lonely, even though she had no end of pets, including dogs, kittens, rabbits, birds, and a beautiful big goat named "Tan" to drive about in a little carriage. Tan loved her dearly, and, when not harnessed to his carriage, would follow her about like her big Newfoundland dog, "Sailor." No matter where Denise went, the goat "was sure to go," until people used to laugh and say, "Here come Tan and Denise," instead of "—Denise and Tan."

The little girl loved her pets as dearly as they loved her, but the dream and desire of her life was to have a dear little pony to ride and

drive, and—last but by no means least—to love; for her fondness for horses amounted to a passion, and with them she was absolutely fearless. They, in turn, seemed to love and comprehend her to a wonderful degree; responding to her voice and submitting to her caresses when they were often fractious and quite unruly with others.

So it seemed a very gratifying ending to the long cherished wish, when, on her tenth birthday, one bright October morning, her father said to her, "Many happy returns of the day, my pet! Run to mama, and ask her to dress you for a walk. I've a surprise at the end of it, for both you and her."

"Another surprise!" exclaimed Denise. "Why, I thought I'd seen all the surprises before breakfast!"

"No, dear; I've another. It's a little thing, and if you don't like it you may tell it to just run away, as you've no place for it."

"Now, whatever *can* it be?" thought Denise, as she hurried up-stairs and, bursting into mama's room, cried, "Oh, mama, dress me

quickly, please; for papa has a walk at the end of a surprise — and you're not to know a thing about it, either!"

Never were curls made tidy so quickly, or clothes scabbled on in such a hurry. Before papa had time to find hat, gloves, or cane, a very excited little girl stood before him crying: "If you don't start quickly, I just know my head will fly off like a bottle of soda-water that's all fizz!"

About thirty minutes' walk along the shore of the beautiful river, whose waters seemed to dance and sparkle in sympathy with Denise as she pranced and skipped along, brought them to the village, where papa turned down a side street which led to a livery and boarding stable. Denise's heart began to beat so loudly that she felt sure it could be heard, and her brown eyes to sparkle as though some one had dropped a little diamond into each.

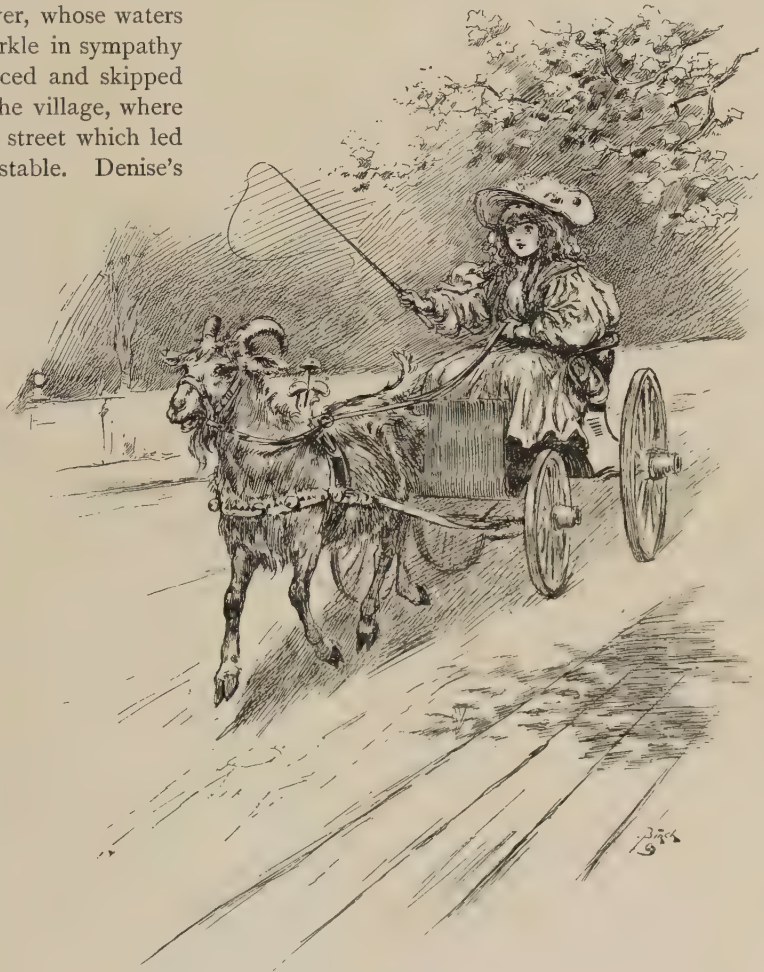
"Oh me!" she whispered to herself. "I just *know* it's a new carriage and set of harness for Tan; and papa has asked Mr. Andrews to get it for me, because he heard me say that the old ones were getting very shabby for such a handsome goat."

Tan, by the way, was an unusually large specimen of his kind, measuring quite thirty-two inches at the shoulders, and boasting a head and pair of horns that were the admiration of all who saw them. He was named Tan because of the color of his hair, which was a bright tan and shone like satin when well brushed by Timothy, the coachman. So the prospect of a new harness and carriage for Tan was quite enough to set Denise's heart dancing.

At last the stable was reached, and the first

thing her eyes fell upon was a beautiful little phaëton with bright yellow wheels, and a shining top that could be raised and lowered, "just like big folks's."

In the bottom, for her feet to rest upon, was a little yellow Angora-wool rug, to match the color of the wheels. On the seat was a soft, white wool blanket, bound with yellow silk, and in one corner was fastened a big blanket-pin that was certainly intended to pin that blanket snugly



"TAN" AND DENISE."

around something's throat. Over the shining dashboard was folded a handsome fur robe, made of a leopard's skin, and trimmed all round the edges with wildcat's fur.

The leopard's head looked very fierce, as it

stared at Denise with big glass eyes; but I hardly think that a live leopard would have made much impression upon her, so speechless and dumb this fascinating sight had turned her.

But when she went closer, and took out the exquisite little whip which stood in the whip-socket, and read her own initials on the gold band which held the dainty ivory handle to the snake-wood stick, her joy began to pour forth in a torrent of words which quite drowned the remark of old Timothy, who stood by, enjoying it all as though the whole thing had been planned for one of his own little Timothy's at home.

"Whist, darlint! while I roon and fetch up the little hoorse that fits insoide," said he, as he disappeared through a side door.

Presently Denise's ears heard a patter, patter! patter, patter! Looking behind her, she beheld the dearest, darlingest little pony that anyone ever saw!

He was black as a crow from the tip of his saucy little nose to the end of the long silky tail that dragged on the ground behind him, excepting one little white moon just back of his right eye, which seemed to have been put there on purpose to kiss, it was so soft and round.

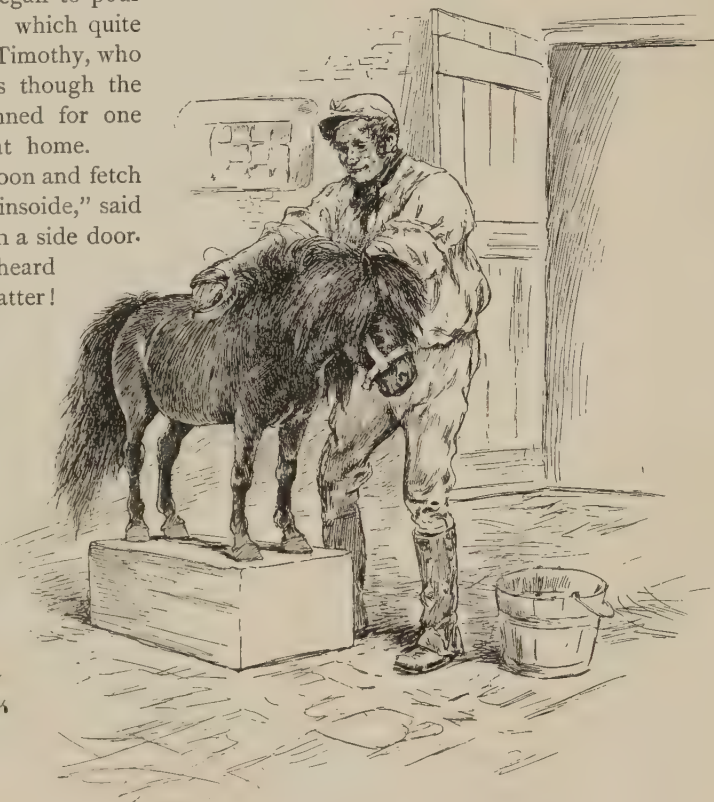
For a moment Denise did not move nor speak, and then, with a cry of delight which amply repaid her father for his long weeks of searching and planning for this perfect little turnout, she flung her arms around the pony's neck and laughed and cried and kissed until the poor little fellow was quite bewildered, and did not know whether his new mistress was one to be desired or avoided.

Presently, however, he decided that it was all right, and, with a happy little neigh, he thrust his soft nose into her hands, pressed his face close to hers, searched her pockets for sugar, and tried to say as plainly as a horse could:

"This is my new little mistress, and as she seems to love me already, I'm going to show her how much *I* can love her."

Then Timothy produced the harness that fitted the "little hoorse" which "fitted insoide," and pony was harnessed to the phaëton that had been made to his measure.

No words can express the rapture of that



THE LITTLE PONY ON HIS BOX. (SEE PAGE 248.)

drive. To hold the pretty reins and feel the prompt response given by the well-trained little animal; to watch his pranks and antics as he dashed along, apparently trying to show how graceful he could be in order to convince his new mistress that he left nothing to be desired—it really seemed too good to be true, and Denise feared it might all be a dream from which she would waken and find that pony and all had vanished!

The little feet fairly flew over the ground, and the drive home was quite the shortest she had ever known.

Mama stood on the piazza, watching for the surprise to come; and when she saw the handsome pony and the carriage with her husband and her own little daughter sitting in it come dashing up the driveway, she was as much pleased as mothers usually are when they know that their little girls' dearest wishes are realized.

The entire household had to be summoned to see and admire this pony, which was surely more wonderful than any pony that had ever lived; and the charming little fellow was talked to and caressed and petted and fed with apples and sugar until he was in a very fair way to be made ill.

"And now," said Denise, "what shall we name him, mama?"

"You must name him yourself, darling," an-

swered mamma, "for he is all your very own, to love and care for."

"Well," said Denise, in a tone which settled the matter beyond all question, "I'm going to call him 'Ned Toodles': Ned because he is as black as old darky Ned who comes for the ashes, and Toodles because he is so little and round and roly-poly."

So "Ned Toodles" was the name given to the dear little pony, who thenceforth figured very conspicuously in the life and pranks of his mistress, and caused no end of jealousy among the other pets.

At last Denise was persuaded to let Ned be led away to his new quarters, Timothy exclaiming as he marched off with his small charge in tow, "Faith! howiver am I to clane sooch a



"THE LITTLE FEET FAIRLY FLEW OVER THE GROUND, AND THE DRIVE HOME WAS THE SHORTEST SHE HAD EVER KNOWN."

schrapp of a thing as this? I'll have to be hoontin' up a big box to sthand him on!"

And, sure enough, that was exactly what he had to do, and it took but a short time for the intelligent little animal to learn just what the box was for; as soon as his stall door was opened, he would march out, get upon the box, stand very still while he was curried, and then lift first one foot and then the other to have it cleaned and washed.

Nothing gave Timothy greater satisfaction than to brush the beautiful coat until it shone like moleskin, and to comb the silky mane and tail until each particular hair seemed to stand out for very pride.

Ned soon grew to love his little mistress very dearly, and to answer with a loud neigh the queer, piping whistle by which she always called to him.

No pen can describe the delightful drives of the charming autumn days. Jack Frost

seemed particularly gracious that year, and painted the trees more gorgeously than ever before. At least, it seemed so to Denise; but perhaps, seeing it all from her own little carriage as she drove along in the golden sunshine, singing to Ned the little song of which he never seemed to tire, gave an added charm to everything.

This song was all about a "poor little robin" whose name was "Toodle-de-too," and Ned seemed to think that it had been composed especially for him, and would invariably go very slowly as soon as Denise began to sing it, and would turn back one ear, as though to hear better.

When the song ended he would give a funny little jump of approval, and then trot on again.

And so the happy autumn days sped by, and Denise felt that there never had been so happy an introduction before as that which made her acquainted with Ned Toodles.

THE STORY OF A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

TERESA A. BROWN.

WHILE we are listening to the wild storms of winter howling around our comfortable homes, let us take a look at the home and life of the brave life-savers, who are guarding life and property along our coasts.

Few people realize what these men have to endure, or how many heroic deeds could be gathered from the records of even one of these little stations.

During the year ending in 1895 the disasters on our ocean and lake coasts numbered 675, with a passenger list of 5823; of these 5797 were saved by the gallant keeper and his brave men; over 100 other persons were rescued from drowning at the different stations.

We can judge from this report how efficient must be the corps of officers in this important department of the Government; millions of dol-

lars worth of property, in the shape of valuable cargoes, are yearly saved from the greedy ocean by the crews of the Life Saving Service.

There are now on the American coasts 230 stations properly equipped, and the cost to the Government is made good by the value of lives and money saved; indeed, under the present system, there are fewer lives lost yearly on the whole coast-line than were formerly sacrificed on the Jersey coast alone in that time.

The general superintendent of the Life Saving Service resides at Washington; there are district superintendents who have charge of all stations in their district, which they must visit once in three months. Each district superintendent must inspect the public property, and drill the various crews in all exercises, on the occasion of his visit of inspection.

A journal of the daily doings at each station is forwarded weekly to the Department at Washington; where wrecks occur, and lives or vessels are lost, a rigid investigation is made by the Department, with a view to detecting any possible neglect or carelessness on the part of the life-savers.

The station itself is a two-story house built securely and solidly upon some good site along the beach; it is comfortable and roomy, fur-

with Old Ocean as their master; they must be able to handle a boat in the roughest weather, and to face all the dangers of the deep.

Each man must undergo a strict medical examination, and must bring to the station his certificate of good health; and he is also obliged to sign an agreement to faithfully perform all duties.

The keeper receives a salary of \$900 a year (up to 1892 it was but \$700); he must be at



A UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING STATION.

nished by the Government, and has the boat-room and kitchen on the lower floor; a large bedroom for the keeper, another for the surfmen, and a store-room occupy the second story.

The boat-room is large, and opens by great double doors upon the beach. It contains the life-boat and all the life-saving apparatus—always in perfect order and readiness.

The crew consists of a keeper and six surfmen, though some stations number seven surfmen; these men are graduates from no naval college, but have served their apprenticeship

the station all the year round, but is allowed a month's leave of absence in summer if he gives up his pay. A surfman receives \$65 a month, is at the station during eight months of the year, and has the privilege of leaving the station for twenty-four hours every two weeks,—but in lonely stations they generally remain for the active season, which begins September 1, ending May 1; when a man leaves in May, he goes where he pleases, and if he does not return in September the keeper gets another man in his place for the next winter season.

The keeper is held responsible for the condition of everything connected with the station; he must drill the men in their duties, divide the work evenly, and see that the men are orderly. No liquor is allowed on the premises; drunkenness or neglect of duty is punished by instant dismissal from the service; the man who is detailed to cook must keep the kitchen in perfect order; and each has his share of the housework to perform, for no women live at the stations.

The crew are numbered by the keeper from one to six, and at midnight preceding September 1 the station goes into commission; at that hour the keeper gives patrol equipments to two of the surfmen, and they start out on the first patrol, and the active season has fairly begun; everything runs like clockwork after that, and as strict a discipline is maintained as on board a man-of-war.

The patrol from sunset to sunrise is one of the most important duties in the service, and the most careful rules are laid down in regard to its performance. When stations are near together, as on dangerous coasts, the two patrolmen from Station "B," starting along the beach in opposite directions, walk until they meet patrolmen from "C" and "D," with whom they exchange checks, and return to their own station. At the end of a week the checks are returned to their proper stations, and this is kept up during the season, week after week.

The keepers of lonely stations provide the surfmen with time-detectors. A time-detector is similar to a clock with a hinged cover, fastened by a lock—the key to which is retained by the keeper; beneath the cover a revolving plate supporting a paper dial is placed, and a die so arranged that when a patrol-key is inserted and turned in the clock a mark is made upon the paper dial recording the hour of striking. At the end of the "beat" is a post to which a key is affixed; when the patrolman reaches this he winds the clock,—the dial-plate is marked; failure to be at the clock, without good and sufficient reason, is punished by dismissal.

At midnight, at such a station, the keeper gives to the two patrolmen a clock containing fresh dial-plates, and these two men going

in opposite directions patrol the beach till four in the morning. When these return to the station, two other men take their places till sunrise. The next night, at sunset, two new men keep guard until eight in the evening, and at that hour their places are taken by two others, until midnight. Then, returning to the station, the keeper is called, new dial-plates are inserted in the clocks, they are locked and given to two new patrolmen, who walk till four in the morning. So from sunset till sunrise our American coasts are patrolled by solitary watchmen, on the lookout for vessels in danger.

No weather is severe enough to daunt these brave men, and they trudge all night in rain, hail, wind, or snow, while we are comfortably sleeping.

The patrol duty at a station is so arranged that those men who have the long patrol one month are put on the short patrol the next; the night-watches are divided into three watches of four hours each.

On the discovery of a wreck by night, the patrolman burns a red signal light (with which he is always supplied) to notify those on the wreck that they have been seen, and that assistance will be rendered.

He then hastens to the station, and the whole crew turns out; the boat is run out on its carriage, all apparatus is collected, and they proceed to the part of the beach nearest the wreck. If practicable, the life-boat is launched, each man wearing a life-belt. They pull off to the wreck, and under the keeper's orders, which are promptly obeyed, the passengers are taken off to the beach, and the boat returns until all have been rescued.

If the boat cannot be used on account of the surf and the weather, they proceed to rig the breeches-buoy line between the wreck and the shore.

Coming abreast of the wreck, preparations are made to get a line to the vessel. Each man has his part of the work to do: the keeper, assisted by man No. 1, has been loading the gun; he puts in it a projectile to which is fastened a strong braided line, six hundred yards long, and so coiled in a box that it may follow the shot without getting entangled. If their aim is well taken, the shot will pass over the wreck

and the shot-line will fall across some part of the vessel.

The crew on the wreck haul in this line, to which the life-savers have attached a pulley with a heavier rope through it; both ends of this rope are kept on shore.

Fastened to this pulley, or tail-block, is a tally-board with directions in French and English, instructing the wrecked men how and where to make it fast.

When it is fast on board the vessel, the life-savers fasten a hawser to one side of the

To this large rope is fastened the breeches-buoy (whose form is well known) by a snatch-block; this block can be opened at one side and closed securely after it has been slipped over the hawser.

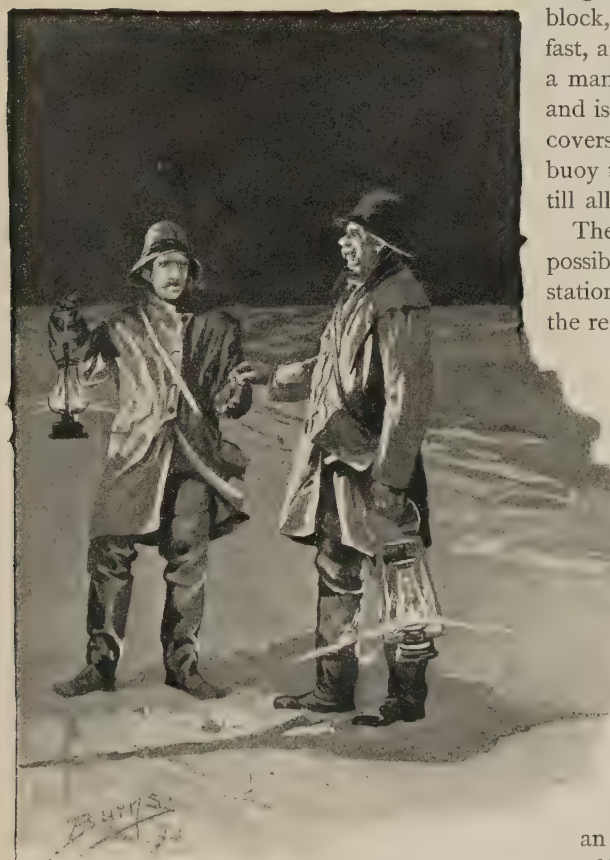
Meantime, the surfmen have buried the sand-anchor deep in the sand, and tackles are hooked to this anchor and the hawser, which has been made taut. Then a crotch is set under it upon the beach, which raises it over eight feet from the ground. The breeches-buoy now hangs from the hawser by the snatch-block; to the slings by which the buoy is attached to the block, one side of the whip-line has been made fast, and the buoy is hauled off to the wreck; a man gets in, putting a leg into each opening, and is hauled to shore through surf that often covers him; he is taken out, and the breeches-buoy travels to and fro over this aerial railway till all are rescued.

Then the apparatus is recovered as far as possible, the beach-cart is drawn back to the station, the boat and gear are put in order, and the rescued ones are attended to.

The daily routine of station life is broken only by this wrecking duty.

On Mondays, flags and bedding must be aired, weather permitting, and all the regular household duties performed. On Tuesdays there is boat practice; this consists in hauling the boat-carriage to the beach, unloading, launching her, and pulling out through the surf—backing, turning, or doing just what the keeper commands, he steering the boat. After practice, the boat is put on the carriage, hauled back to the boat house, cleaned, and left in perfect order.

Wednesday is signal-drill day. There is an international code of signals, composed of flags representing the different letters of the alphabet. Each surfman has a set of miniature flags, and he signals to the keeper, who answers them with his flags—so any man at the station can read a message from a wrecked ship. All the principal maritime nations have adopted this code, and as vessels are provided with flags, and books containing the key to different signals, printed in many languages, communication



PATROLMEN EXCHANGING THEIR CHECKS.

whip-line and haul on the other, and the hawser is pulled out to the wreck; this hawser also bears a tally-board, directing that it be made fast two feet above the whip-line.

Now there is one endless small rope, and a large one three and a half inches in circumference, connecting the wreck with the shore.

between vessels and stations can be easily carried on, whatever the ship's nationality.

Thursday is the day for drilling with beach apparatus. A pole planted in the sand represents the mast of the wrecked ship. The beach apparatus, beach-cart, hawsers, guns, lines, blocks, and buoy are all run out in short time and all the manœuvres gone through with, as if in actually rescuing a crew; from the time

made all the men models of promptness and obedience. After this drill the crew returns the beach apparatus to the station, leaving everything, as usual, in order.

On Fridays, the entire crew is drilled in the resuscitation of apparently drowned persons.

The crew recites the formula laid down for treatment of such cases, and then each man takes his turn in operating on another as though

at work upon a patient. If the method adopted by them were practised in every case of supposed drowning, no doubt lives would be oftener saved.

The rescued man's clothing is loosened, his mouth and nostrils wiped thoroughly dry, and he is turned upon his face, with a tightly rolled wad of clothing placed beneath the stomach, and the operator firmly presses the parts above that organ for a minute or so until all the water flows from the mouth. Then he is laid on his back, the wad being so placed under his back as to raise the pit of the stomach above the general level of the body. The operator then kneels or sits astride of the patient's hips, grasping with his hand the small ribs, pressing with the balls of the thumbs on the pit of the stomach, and finally letting go his hold



SAVING A SAILOR BY MEANS OF THE BREECHES-BUOY.

the word "action" is spoken by the keeper till the supposed rescued man is brought to the supposed beach, only six minutes have passed! It seems almost incredible, but their training has

after a last push which forces the air out of the body; the ribs resume their normal position, which creates a partial vacuum in the lungs, air enters the empty space through the mouth and



SIGNALING A MESSAGE TO A VESSEL BY FLAGS.



INTERIOR OF SIGNAL TOWER.

nostrils to fill it; this process is repeated from four or five to fifteen times a minute, and often is kept up for four or five hours—until the patient breathes naturally or all hope is given up.

The clenching of hands and jaws, formerly considered signs of death, are now looked upon as evidence that some life remains; in many cases at these stations the jaws have had to be pried open with the aid of some sort of lever.

While one man is endeavoring to make the patient breathe, others are warming him with hot bricks, bottles of hot water, and hot flannel cloths applied to limbs, armpits, and the soles of the feet; but none of their ministrations interfere with the first operator, who is restoring the breath to the patient. If any life is left, this vigorous treatment generally brings it back.

Saturday is general house-cleaning day; floors and windows are washed and cleaned, etc. On Sunday nothing but necessary housework is done. Patrol duty is performed every night in the active season, and of course is the hardest part of the life; at times the shore is cut away by violent storms and the men have to walk through

the icy water, which is often up to their armpits; their health is constantly endangered, and now and then one loses his life.

Several times there has been a bill before Congress to increase the pay of the surfmen, and it is to be hoped that such a bill will be passed; both keepers and surfmen earn their paltry salaries by faithful and heroic service amid peril and hardship.



Charles Thaxter Hill—
94

A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"Do you know how to get to grandpa's?—
I went on New Year's day—
You climb the hill where the pine-trees grow,
And grandpa comes half-way.

"He waits in the road for mama and me,
And plays he 's a robber bold.

Then, when I can't help laughing,
How grandpa pretends to scold!

"He threatens me with his cane, and says:
'A kiss or your life, my dear!'
And then with a regular bear-hug
I wish him a Happy New Year!"

THE TARDY SANTA CLAUS.

BY KATE D. WIGGIN.



I AM a little Santa Claus
Who somehow got belated;
My reindeer did n't come in time,
And so of course I waited.
I found your chimneys plastered tight,
Your stockings put away,

I heard you talking of the gifts
You had on Christmas Day;
So will you please to take me in
And keep me till November?
I 'd rather start Thanksgiving Day
Than miss you *next* December!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AT this bright turn o' the year, my hearers, the heart of your Jack holds two great wishes for you — his short wish (that 's for a joyful Christmas); and his long wish (that 's for a prosperous, happy New Year)!

By the way, this new year, 1896, begins on Wednesday; and Wednesday, you know,—or perhaps you ought to know,—is named after Woden, a Saxon of old, famed for valor and might. The name means "mighty warrior," and Woden was the Saxon name of the Norse god of victory. Now, victory does not mean that somebody must *wish* you happiness, and all the good things that bring it about and keep it. You must try for it—win it, the fruit of victory.

There is a splendid sermon for you, my friends, in that one word, Victory; but I shall not preach it. I understand too well your bright faces, your hearty, sympathetic nods, your fresh young valor, and the joy and work before you in 1896.

Bless me! Here comes a letter as full of cheer and summer-time as these days are of cheer and winter. You shall hear it:

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My grandmother says that when she was a little girl she was especially fond of a certain little poem about elves or brownies. To this day she remembers the first stanza,—a copy of which I now send you,—but she has forgotten the rest, and also the author's name, if, indeed, she ever knew it. Now it seems to me, dear Mr. JACK, that you can help us. It is only natural that you should know all about it. In shady woods down among the grasses and mosses and wild flowers, JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT must hear a great deal of gossip of the elves and fairies. So do please tell me the rest of this song, that a bumble-bee may have hummed to you long ago.

Here is the opening stanza:

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,

* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1894, page 1048.

We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather—

Yours truly, EYRE POWELL.

YES, indeed, the bees do hum many a song to your Jack, my friend, but they have not happened to hum the lines you mention. They are apt, rather, to drone in the laziest way a recital of busy deeds to come, and to top off with a confused, buzzing account of sweet flowers and hidden blossoms that have helped them make their stores of honey. But that dear Little Schoolma'am of the Red Schoolhouse — *she* knew the pretty rhymes; and she sang that first stanza to every listening thing in my meadow, as soon as it came to this pulpit.

"Oh, yes," said she; "tell your friend and her grandmama that the lovely lines were written by one William Allingham. He was born at Ballyshannon in Ireland nearly seventy years ago, and he died in 1889. His poem, 'The Fairies,' opens with this stanza, and there are five more verses just as pretty."

Dear me! What a memory that wonderful little woman possesses! She could repeat every one of those six stanzas right off! But perhaps many of you, my hearers, know them too. At all events, Eyre Powell and that good grandmother can now readily find the whole song, and enjoy it to their hearts' content.

THAT CORK QUESTION.

AND here is another letter—this time an answer to the question: "Who knows where corks come from?"*

DEAR JACK: Since you asked about cork I have been looking up the subject and have found some very interesting facts. That traveled bird of yours who said it came from a kind of oak-tree was right: it is an ever-green oak that botanists call *Quercus suber*. The tree is only about thirty feet high, and is principally cultivated in Spain, although it also grows in Africa and in other parts of Southern Europe. When it is fifteen or twenty years old the first stripping of bark is made; only the outer layer is taken, the workers being very careful to leave the inner bark uninjured. This first layer is rough and woody, of no use save in tanning; but ten years later another has been formed of finer quality, and the quality continues to improve after each stripping.

The bark is taken in midsummer; two cuts are made around the trunk, one near the ground, the other just under the branches; then, after making three or four long slits down the tree, the layer of cork is loosened by a wedge-shaped instrument and taken off in strips. These are scraped and cleaned on the outside and then heated and pressed flat.

Until quite recently great difficulty was found in cutting out the corks, as most of the work was done by hand, and the knives were so quickly dulled; but now a machine is in use which saves a great deal of that trouble.

If any of your congregation will look at the rough bark of some of our native oaks, and try to cut in through the tough outer layer of corky wood, sometimes nearly two

inches thick, it will be easy enough for them to understand how another tree of the same genus can produce the thickest coating—the cork of commerce.

ISABELLA MCC. LEMMON.

A CLEVER HORSE.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about something that I saw on the street the other day. There was a cart with two horses standing in front of a store and the driver was inside. The wind was blowing very hard indeed, and it blew the blanket partly off one of the horses. The horse, I suppose, began to feel cold, so he reached his head around, and catching the corner between his teeth pulled the blanket over himself again, and when the wind blew the cover back the horse cleverly pulled it up until the driver came and fixed it; but the driver, I am sorry to say, gave the horse a hard hit in the nose for biting at his cover. He did not know how clever his animal had been.

C.

THAT PRIZE COMPETITION.

OF all surprised good folk that ever were seen, it really seems that the dear Little Schoolma'am and her Committee are just now the most thoroughly surprised. Have you heard about it? Surely you boys and girls of the Red Schoolhouse must have caught news of it now and then. How the

dear Little Schoolma'am had a committee of judges all ready, placidly awaiting orders. They are four sound-minded, high-principled individuals, who have not forgotten their own happy youth in the days when young folk were not, as now, the hardest workers in the community; and when they saw Mrs. Corbett's clever rhyme, "Marion's Adventures," with its preposterous spelling (at least the Little Schoolma'am said it was preposterous), and learned that the young folk were asked to send corrected versions, they smiled calmly, and remarked, in effect:

"We understand that you wish us to examine the versions sent, select the best according to the conditions given, and award the prizes. Well, the task set these young ST. NICHOLAS readers is interesting, demands cautious painstaking, and a little patience, yet certainly is not difficult in itself. The rewards offered are moderate and sensible, and if only the juvenile public take interest in a contest so temperately proposed, why, you'll find us at your service on almost any fine morning, ready to deal out our critical judgment, and those fifty brand-new dollar-bills, with much pleasure."

Now mark you how the matter turned out!

"MARION'S ADVENTURES."

REPORT CONCERNING THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

TEN THOUSAND COPIES RECEIVED, IN ANSWER TO THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S OFFER!

THE Little Schoolma'am's Committee, headed by the little lady herself, report as follows:

More than *ten thousand* corrected copies of Mrs. Corbett's verses, "Marion's Adventures," printed in the October ST. NICHOLAS, have been received.

It has been an exceedingly difficult task, as you may imagine, to select from so huge a mass of copies the twenty-four that are best entitled to the prizes offered. As the copies came pouring in by dozens, by scores, by hundreds, the committee, day after day, read and re-read, sifted and sorted—only to find, at last, that the twenty-four prizes could not possibly be made to "go round." In fact, there were far more than twenty-four versions that, *in spelling*, were absolutely correct. But, it will be remembered, there were other considerations that, by the terms of the contest, had to be taken into account,—the age of the sender, the neatness of the copy, penmanship, date of sending, etc. So, when at last the committee had placed together all the manuscripts that were correct in spelling, they went over these carefully and repeatedly, noting and comparing with painstaking zeal, to find the twenty-four that seemed most worthy of prizes—under all the conditions of the contest. And here is the award:

FIRST PRIZE: Ten dollars.

Marion Buck (age 16), Waterbury, Conn.

THREE SECOND PRIZES: Five dollars each.

Laura Hickox (12), Toledo, Ohio.

Josiah Dwight Whitney (16), Beloit, Wis.

Sophie Moeller (13), New York City.

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FIVE THIRD PRIZES: Two Dollars each.

T. B. Stevenson, Jr. (11), Evansville, Ind.

Alice Goddard Waldo (12), Dresden, Germany.

Eleanor Walter Thomas (15), Columbia, S. C.

Alice Lovett Carson (14), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Caroline Louise Prichard (15), Tacoma, Wash.

FIFTEEN FOURTH PRIZES: One Dollar each.

Faith A. Davis (11) Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mabel Edith Gross (12), St. Paul, Minn.

Marion Reid Fenno (11), East Boston, Mass.

Emily A. Dinwiddie (16), Greenwood Depot, Va.

Lydia Ballou Almy (13), Norwich, Conn.

Mary Stanley Hoague (15), Boston, Mass.

Sadie Felker (15), Oshkosh, Wis.

Jessie E. Gould (15), Everett, Mass.

Sara F. Richards (14), Plainfield, N. J.

Beatrice Sells (13), Salt Lake City, Utah.

Marjory Morton Dexter (13), New Bedford, Mass.

Helen Gore (13), Auburndale, Mass.

Katherine Fleming Worcester (13), Burlington, Vt.

Robert Vermilye Butler (13), Utica, N. Y.

Walter Thompson Karcher (14), Philadelphia, Pa.

But when this award was ratified by a final and unanimous vote, still there remained fifteen answers that were correct in spelling, and equal in all respects to several of those that had won fourth prizes. And then there were the *English* boys and girls! How could the Little Schoolma'am have overlooked the fact that hundreds and hundreds of

the young folk of Great Britain would enter into this competition with heartiest zest,—and, moreover, would prove very formidable competitors!

Some of the most beautiful and correct copies received came from across the ocean—and would not Uncle Sam's brand-new greenbacks be of questionable value to the young folk who reckon their gains in pounds, shillings, and pence?

Here was a quandary; not enough prizes for the American winners, and in addition to them were a number of English lads and lassies equally deserving of prizes! What was to be done?

Well, just here the publishers of *ST. NICHOLAS* generously came to the rescue of the dear Little Schoolma'am and her distracted Committee.

"Increase the number of fourth prizes," said they; "and award also a set of prizes in English money for the English boys and girls."

No sooner said than done; and the happy but tired Committee could rest from its labors.

So, in addition to those named in the list already given, fourth prizes (of one dollar each) are awarded also to the following:

ADDITIONAL PRIZES: One Dollar Each.

Josephine Mairson (15), Hartford, Conn.
 Alice Louise Small (14), Saginaw, Mich.
 Laura Benét (11), Bethlehem, Pa.
 Marjorie M. Howard (14), West Newton, Mass.
 Bertha Moss (13), Elmira, N. Y.
 Maude A. Marshall (14), Minneapolis, Minn.
 M. Bell Dunnington (12), University of Virginia.

CANADIAN.

Rose Fanny Michaels (10), Montreal, Canada.
 Nora Maynard (14), Stratford, Ontario.
 Louie G. Woodruff (13), Montreal, Canada.
 Gordon Howe Blackader (10), Montreal, Canada.
 Muriel L. Tatum (12), Montreal, Canada.
 Bess L. Campbell (10), Ottawa, Canada.
 Kenneth Miller (10), Montreal, Canada.
 Marie Parkes (15), Toronto, Canada.

Also, in simple justice, there was awarded to our English cousins a set of prizes scaled to an equal value in pounds and shillings with those offered to American boys and girls in dollar bills.

ENGLISH PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE: Two Pounds Sterling.

Mary Clarke (15), Birmingham, England.

TWO SECOND PRIZES: One Pound Sterling each.

Olive Underhill (11), Oxford, England.

Beatrice Mildred Barlow (15), London, England.

THREE THIRD PRIZES: Eight Shillings each.

Olwen Marian Lloyd (14), Cheshire, England.

Hilda De Angelis Johnson (15), Manchester, England.

Frances Cornwallis (15), Eastbourne, England.

TWELVE FOURTH PRIZES: Four shillings each.

Daisy Weekley (14), London, England.

Margaret K. Bradley (14), London, England.

Louise Kathleen Simonds (12), Reading, England.

Hilda Leonard Cook (12), Essex, England.

Marion Evelyn Densham (15), Croydon, England.

Edith Ellen Cantelo (15) Nottingham, England.

Margery Darbyshire (15), Kantsford, Cheshire, England.

Sylvia Heath (16), Birmingham, England.

Dorothy Hewett (15), Ross, Herefordshire, England.

Isabelle Hastings (13), Piccadilly, London.

Margaret Muriel Gray (16), Helensburgh, Scotland.

Evelyn Eleanor Smith (13), Dromahaire, Ireland.

And now here are the verses themselves, in correct form:

MARION'S ADVENTURES.

A LITTLE maid wanted to go to a ball.

Said mamma: "You're too young;" but she cried: "Not at all—

I'll wear my white frock, with red gloves, I suppose;

My blue shoes will be sweet with rose-colored bows, And there's my new ring—'t is all that I need.

I'll be dressed in great style, and seem lovely indeed."

To the garden she flew, saying: "No time to spare; I must choose a nice flower to put in my hair." But the garden was bare, and Marion sighed. Neither berry nor bud in the borders could hide. She stood on the path for a minute, I ween, But a beet and a boulder alone could be seen. A scent from some leeks was borne on the gale. "I'll go," she exclaimed; "to the wood and the vale."

So she went on her way, but she went forth in vain.

She caught a bad cold, she was hoarse and in pain;

She would climb on a bough:—when it broke with her weight,

She regretted the feat, for she could n't walk straight.

She uttered a wail—"Oh! my heel and my toe! I've injured my gait—I've done it, I know!" A wry face she made, and great tears did she shed—

Then homeward she limped, heart heavy as lead.

As she hied to her room the clock pealed out eight,

And Marion fain would have dressed for the fête, But she fell in a faint. When her father was told

The sad tale, he turned pale: "If our horse was n't sold,

And the weather so foul—ere an hour it will rain—

I'd call for the doctor to lessen her pain."

So Marion wept—she had missed the gay ball, And she gave a deep groan that was heard in the hall.

Marian's Adventure.

A little maid wanted to go to a ball.
Said mamma: "You're too young,
but who said; 'Don't at all —
I'll wear my white frock, with
red gloves, I suppose;
they'll show well to sweet with
rose-colored bows,
and those is my new ring — it is
all that I need.
I'll be dressed in great style, and
soon long indeed." "
For the garden she flew, saying:
"Oh time to spare;
I must choose a nice flower to
put in my hair."
Out the garden she ran, and
Ovalon sighed.

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE COPY THAT WON THE
FIRST AMERICAN PRIZE.

Marian's Adventure.

A little maid wanted to go
to a ball.
Said mamma: "You're too
young; but she said:
"Not at all —
I'll wear my white frock,
with red gloves, I
suppose;
My ring and will be set
with rose-colored bows;

[Laura Hickox.]

MARIAN'S ADVENTURES.

A little maid wanted to go to a ball.

Said mamma: "You're too young;" but she cried:

"Not at all —

I'll wear my white frock, with red gloves, I suppose;
My blue shoes will be sweet with rose-colored bows,
And there's my new ring — 'tis all that I need.
I'll be dressed in great style and seem lovely indeed."

FACSIMILES OF PARTS OF TWO COPIES THAT WON SECOND AMERICAN PRIZES.
[Josiah Dwight Whitney.]

Marion's Adventures.

A little maid wanted to go to a ball.
 Said mamma: "You're too young"; but she cried: "Not at all -
 I'll wear my white frock, with red gloves, I suppose;
 My blue shoes will be sweet with rose-coloured bows,
 And there's my new ring - 't is all that I need.
 I'll be dressed in great style, and seem lovely indeed."

To the garden she flew, saying: "No time to spare;
 I must choose a nice flower to put in my hair"
 But the garden was bare, and Marion sighed.
 Neither berry nor bud in the borders could hide.
 She stood on the path for a minute, I ween,
 But a beet and a boulder alone could be seen.
 A scent from some leeks was borne on the gale.
 "I'll go," she exclaimed; "to the wood and the vale."

So she went on her way, but she went forth in vain.
 She caught a bad cold, she was hoarse and in pain;

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE COPY THAT WON THE FIRST ENGLISH PRIZE.

There is not room to reproduce the prize copies in full, but a facsimile reproduction of a portion of the three copies that won the first and second American prizes is given on page 259, and on this page you will find also a facsimile of a part of the best English copy, the work of Mary Clarke, who won the prize of two pounds sterling. Beautiful, indeed, are these copies; and, to the credit of all concerned, let it be added that there were several others that pressed closely upon these for the honor of first place in their respective lists.

And how many of you must be disappointed! Of those who failed to win there is such a host who

have deserved praise that it is not possible to give them all honorable mention. The Little Schoolma'am prints with pride the following Roll of Honor, containing a partial list of the names of the boys and girls whose copies most nearly approached those that won the prizes. Many of those named below spelled as correctly as the winners, though they did not so well fulfil all the conditions of the contest. If space allowed, she would gladly add many other names to this list. Indeed, while heartily congratulating the winners, the Little Schoolma'am and the committee can warmly commend also a great majority of the losers.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Elsie C. Hartshorne, Emily Mansfield Ferry, Alice L. Davison, Christine Barker, Katherine S. Sewall, E. Marion Grant, M. Esther Gill, Fredericka Loew, Florence Smith, Betsey Harnden, Horace P. Austin, Anna Knowl-

ton, Mary Le Conte, Florence E. Turner, Abbie M. O'Neill, Miriam Berry Wood, Elizabeth Newton, Louise Ashley Billings, Alice G. White, Cherry Wood, Annie Iola Williams, Georgie A. Bowes, Lucetta G. Bechdolt,

Julian Willard Helburn, Margaret Doane Gardiner, Alice E. Underwood, Pauline E. Durfee, Vernon D. Cook, Robin Moffatt MacRay, Anna B. Shank, Sue Leonard, Augusta Leonard, Winifred Eells Newberry, Ida C. Bailey, Fanny S. Gibson, Nelson G. Morton, Nora Maynard, Annie Lothrop Crawford, Sophia Margaret Hagarty, Clara E. Schaffler, Ethel L. Osgood, Prudence M. Holbrook, Emily De Wilt Gould, Neely Trowbridge, Warren Hale Horton, Lulie H. Stevenson, Arthur E. Hill, Janie W. Hewlett, Nellie E. Bastress, Clara P. Briggs, Herbert Merryweather, Ivy S. Wright, Rosamond Allen, Dorothy Cogswell Manning, Charles Richard Selkirk, Lily Idler, May Idler, Helen Fruth Harlan, Margaret Adam, Katherine Gray Church, Henry Seymour Church, Mary S. Weston, Nellie Nevitt, Mary Cushing Dame, Lawrence A. Holmes, Virginia Beach, May Davis, Helen Seymour, Alan H. Lloyd, Edwin H. Van Etten, Robert M. Falkenau, Josephine Walsh, Marion W. Clark, Eleanor E. F. Servoss, Margaret Hincks, Gladys Painter, Thaddeus Joy, Margaret Waldo Higginson, Ethel Van S. Hogeboom, Caroline V. Scott, Rachel S. Haines, Helen Disbrow Moore, Laetitia N. Herr, Esther G. Mills, Sylvia K. Lee, Charlotte G. Tournellot, Mary Patterson Durham, Laura M. Hill, J. Warren T. Mason, Bertha Dean Royce, George Roberts, Jr., Percy Winans Bristol, Nurab McLoughlin, Mary Carolyn Smith, Agnes Louise Plant, Edith W. Davenport, Bessie May Fulmore, Pauline Wirt, Fred L. Pomeroy, Dorothy Hollick Narr, Everetta Kirkbride, Gertrude Rutherford, James L. Whitney, Edith Poor, Matie K. Griffith, Margaretta Moore Henszey, John Randall Dunn, George W. Kelley, Catherine Farley Wardwell, Isabel Georgina Bartlett, Susie M. Himmelwright, Arthur S. Williams, Hannah M. Fairlee, Isabel P. Rankin, Margaret Williams, Robert Rain Dawson, Sadie A. Woolson, William H. Cook, Gertrude Schultz, Carrie L. McClune, Anita G. Clark, Paul C. Wild, Myra R. McLeod, Norman George Conner, Charles B. Finch, Althea A. Rowland, Anna G. Howard, Elizabeth Coffin, Harold Day Foster, Helen Grace Thorburn, Margaret Josephine McGinnis, Luther Plueger, Jessie

Kellogg Henry, Grace D. Phillips, Maria Malvina Wentworth, Mary Waddill, Laura B. Shoemaker, Saidee Cornell Bartlett, Alice T. Olin, Margaret Elizabeth Richardson, Charlotte Helen Lovell, Geoffrey Monk, Agnes Bell Austin, Lewis C. Hinkel, Gertrude Blatch, Beatrice Charlotte Mead, Helen Wheeler, Edward W. Rothman, Margery Whiting, Agatha Cassels, Alexandra Carrington, Catherine Leitch, Carita B. Archibald, Edith Winifred Arnold, Anna Blakeman Lewis, Cordelia Place, Hazel S. Day, Katherine Creekmore, Helen E. Royce, Helen Pool Richmond, Marjorie Beddington, Laura E. Crozer, Margaret Ivie Dunlap, Margaret Warner Bright, Helen Louise Sargent, Mary Beardsley, Ruth Whittemore, Marion Stevenson, Ruth W. Price, George Melcher, Henry G. Tomlinson, Margaret Goddard, E. Helena Kriegsmann, Ella C. Davey, Arthur W. Combs, Marguerite Fiske, Dorothy Whiting, Henrietta Whitney, Mary Noel Macdonald, Katie Marguerite Cantello, Alexander George Berry, Florence Holbrooke, Emilie O. Merrick, Ruth Martin, Elsie B. Towell, Charlotte Bryson Taylor, Jessie Gibson, Jennie Spalding, Edwin I. Abbot, Muriel Beatrice Gerrard, Cecil B. Johnson, Harold Auchmuty, Winifred Sutcliffe, Alice A. Dodds, Frederick Butler Thurber, Eva I. Whittier, William F. Oakley, Margaret Winslow, Annie Carlisle, Archibald Craigmile Duff, Fred L. Humphrey, Beatrice Pickett, Ethel Dodd, Jennie A. Walker, May F. Waldo, Julia Maria Bourland, Mabel Rainsford Haines, Helen Sandison, Mortimer Y. Ferris, John Neal Hodges, Clara D. Lauer, Katherine Armstrong, Dorothy Ferriman, Henry Stanley Hillyer, Walter J. Glenney, David U. Cory, C. W. Fisher, Jr., Lilian J. F. Barker, Narcia Callvert, Arthur Stanley Pease, Alice Birney Blackwell, Catherine Prindle, Margaret B. Mendell, Frederick Prime, Jr., Ruth W. Miller, Violet Mary Vernon, Lucy Ethel Cook, Margaret Fitzhugh Browne, Arthur Boulden, Henry Herbert Armstrong, Marie M. Buchanan, Thomas Ybarra, Marguerite De V. Mills, Mary Chandler Draper, Euphemia Van R. Waddington, Jessie G. Rathbun, Olive C. Lupton, Gordon Morse, Winifred C. Smith, Clara G. Nitchie, Wyllie Hart, Elinor Purser.

Now about the words oftenest misspelled. One was *fête*. It came as fate, fete, feat, feet, feate, feite, fait, faite, fiat, fat, fété, fête, and in several other forms. Other stumbling-blocks were *ween*, *borne*, *lecks*, *gale*, *regretted*, and *fain*. Also *ere*, and *you're*.

The Little Schoolma'am expected a number of inquiries as to the spelling of the name "Marion," and many came. Both the spellings, Marion and Marian, were allowed, as both forms seem to be used for the feminine name. On this point, however, a nice little note from one of the Canadian winners is worth quoting:

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM:

I beg to add that I am not entirely settled in my mind as to the propriety of changing the "o" in the proper name to "a."

But as all my girl-friends whose names are "Marion"

spell theirs with an "a"; and as F. Marion Crawford spells his with the other letter, I decided that one form was purely masculine and the other feminine; so, for safety's sake, I made the change.

With most sincere sympathy for the reopening of school, I remain,

Yours hopefully,

MARIE PARKES.

And, by the way, it is a curious coincidence that the winner of the First American Prize was named Marion, and that the name appeared once more upon the American list and once on the English list of winners, besides several times upon the Roll of Honor—in each case spelled Marion.

Many letters asked concerning the use of the dictionary and spelling-book, but, as announced in the October number, the Committee could not answer inquiries. All that need be said now is that no objection to the use of the dictionary or

similar works of reference by a boy or girl, *unaided otherwise*, has caused the rejection of *any* answer.

And now there is an admission to make—one that the Little Schoolma'am (who celebrates the Fourth of July patriotically) does not make joyfully. American school-folk, please pay attention: So far as penmanship goes, the English and Canadian children excel Uncle Sam's boys and girls.

So, young Americans, look to your penmanship!

The age-limit has been insisted upon, and no answer has been counted from any competitor less than ten or over sixteen years old. The oldest sender gallantly ruled herself out by admitting that she was thirty-three, and the youngest, who did not fail to confess he was only seven years old, sent a creditable answer.

Next, you shall see extracts from some of the letters that have come with the answers. Little "Beth," from Alabama, beseeches the Little Schoolma'am in this wise:

"Please say that it does n't count as having received assistance if your father just hints that there is a mistake. Mine did, but I sat down and puzzled until I found it all by myself, and it was so little too. I've used up fifteen cents' worth of foolscap paper, and tried just as hard as I could to get it right, but I don't want to cheat."

A boy from Iowa says: "I think I can spell first-rate, but I can't write worth a cent. I have to hunt eggs and carry in wood, so you couldn't expect me to write very nice." But his writing is far above the average for his age.

One girl writes: "I almost know there will be no one younger than I who will try. I was ten a few days ago, and had to wait to write it till I was ten."

A few letters—very few, fortunately—speak of disadvantages under which little puzzlers labored. One poor child is partially paralyzed; another would like to win a prize to help pay a doctor's bill—poor little chap! One little girl "has not walked for three years"; two are blind, and another two almost blind; one plucky little fellow writes from the hospital, where he has been for five months, and has had his leg amputated; and another writes propped up in bed recovering from a serious illness.

How hard *all* these little folk have tried! At times one can fairly hear the scratching of the pen, and see the little fist clutching the holder!

More cheerful letters are, happily, more plentiful. "I have enjoyed this poem, and Mama and I have had many laughs over poor Marion!" says little Mabel. "I have to thank you heartily for providing such an instructive as well as amusing study," a Boston mother writes; and this pleasing sentiment is shared by a brisk ten-year-old, who says: "I do despise spelling and have worked hard on this. Anyway, I am glad I did it, for it is better than ever so many spelling lessons!"

Very creditable pieces of work come from an Indian girl; a little Swiss girl, who says: "I take your magazine, though I am not a compatriote"; a Dutch girl who writes from Haarlem; a bright

twelve-year-old, whose well-spelled answer has traveled all the way from Trebizond, Turkey; an almost equally accurate boy of the same age, whose answer started from Assiout, Egypt.

The copies came, indeed, from many countries. There were hundreds from Canada and Great Britain, and fair numbers from France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and Mexico. Of all the boys and girls in Spain one little maid had the fortitude to enter the lists.

The first envelope opened was posted in New York on September 25; another was posted in Trebizond, Turkey, early in October; and the last came from Brazil, dated October 19th.

Several copies were illustrated—some excellently, considering the ages of the young artists. One of the versions was written on paper sprinkled with violets in water-colors. Two others enclosed four-leaved clovers as an earnest of good-luck—which will doubtless come to the senders next time. Two, again, came from Jamaica from the grandchildren of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and two were from Concord from the grandchildren of Emerson. A bright little countess wrote from Vienna, and a countess mother signed a certification under the republican flag of France. An earl's crest sealed an envelope from Ireland, but, best of all, the great majority may be said to represent nature's little noblemen and noblewomen of the world in general.

So the copies came from far and near, North and South, East and West, and hardly one but deserved praise.

One bright young contributor sent this clever bit of verse, with its rather reckless rhyming:

HONEY GROVE, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT:

Long life and good health to the Little Schoolma'am,
Whose kind heart suggested the beautiful plan
By which your young readers are given a chance
Their purses to fill, and their wits to enhance.
As the Schoolma'am herself was a little girl once,
I am sure she remembers how quickly the month's
Allowance is spent. And as Christmas draws nigh
How "close" we must be, and how hard we must try
To save up enough to buy Grandpa a cane,
Little Brother a ball, and Papa a watch-chain.
Though I may not receive any prize, it is true,
I'll rejoice with the bright lads and lassies that do.

Your constant reader, GEORGIA KENDALL.

The Committee is confident that Georgia Kendall's closing lines express the sentiments of all the competitors.

In conclusion, the Little Schoolma'am thanks you all most heartily for your painstaking efforts; and she hopes that now you will, after the manner of the boys who lose a match-game, give three hearty cheers for the winners!

CHARADE.

My *first* was uttered by my *second*; my *first* is not as good as a knife to cut my *second*; my *first* tells what my *second* did to my *second*; my *first* is used in the preparation of my *whole*; my *second* flavors my *whole*; my *second* may eat my *whole*.

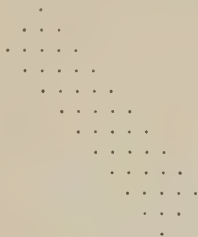
ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated American pioneer and hunter.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. A LETTER. 2. A short sleep. 3. To leap. 4. A checkered cloth. 5. Wearied. 6. An evil spirit. 7. Loved to excess. 8. A black man. 9. To draw off by degrees. 10. Lubricated. 11. A snare. 12. A letter.

M. N. M. and M. B. C.

SUBTRACTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take fifty from a girdle, and leave a wager. Answer, Be-l-t, bet.

1. Subtract five from a frolic, and leave a lively dance.
2. Subtract five from a fictitious story, and leave an old name for Christmas.

3. Subtract five hundred from a piece of stamped metal, and leave ground grain.

4. Subtract fifty from a punctuation mark, and leave an animal.

5. Subtract five from to bend, and leave a remedy.

6. Subtract five from a mechanical power, and leave a look of malice.

7. Subtract fifty-one from a flowering shrub, and leave a resinous substance.

8. Subtract five from to exist, and leave a falsehood.

9. Subtract one hundred from peaceful, and leave a Scottish garment.

10. Subtract five from uncertain, and leave a chill.

11. Subtract five and fifty from to slope the edge or surface, and leave an industrious insect.

A. C. BANNING.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A BIRD. 2. Infrequent. 3. Globes. 4. A point of the compass. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

HIDDEN BOYS AND GIRLS.

EIGHTEEN boys are here concealed, of every age and size; One in each line hiding,—just for a surprise.

I can reach to upper C: I value much my voice.
With renewed avidity he pursues his choice.
They two went together to the music-room,
Where he sang a song, "When rye-fields are in bloom."
Oh, no, 't is this, I think, "When the bloom is on the rye."

A most delightful song; I'll sing it bye and bye.
I advise you to stop, a trick or two 's enough.
It's better not to go too far, when the play is rough.
A tale I have to tell; I one listener would crave.
Try to live right, and be very good and brave.
Place a wreath of amaranth on your hero's bier.
A moral philanthropist was he when here.
Yes, I like the chromos, especially the rose.
If elixir 's what I need, I'll take some, I suppose.
Put by a tenth, or a certain part, if wise.
Hurrah for the bicycle! men, take exercise.
I hear them in fancy, rills and rippling streams.
The rain from off the roof ran cisterns full, it seems,

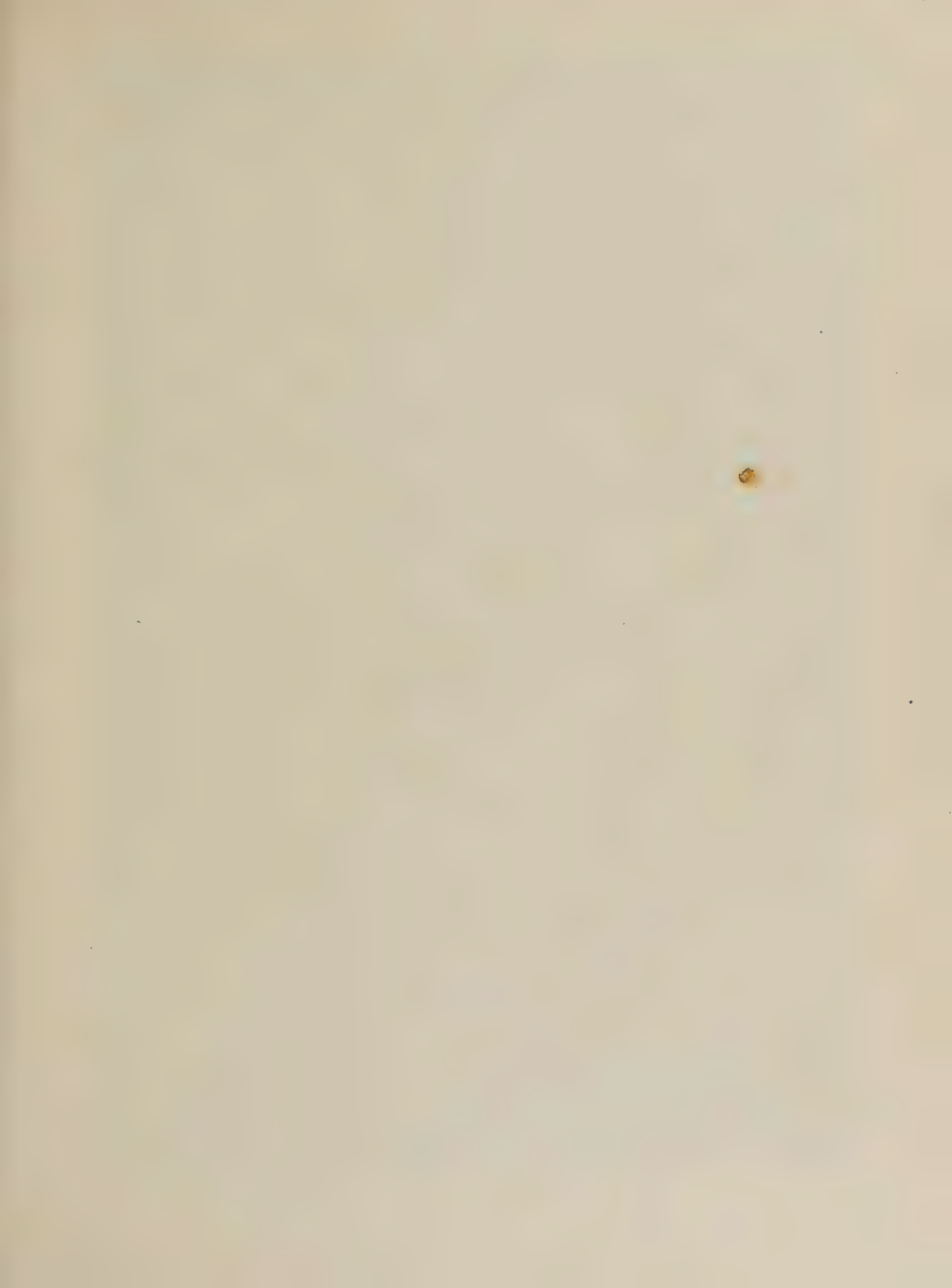
TWENTY little maids are here,
One in each line—a pretty dear.

How much is a franc, estimated by a cent?
Don't let that rebel in, or you will repent.
They're going to convict, or I am much misled.
"Why do you let errors mar your work?" she said.
I shed or cast away a garment when it's patched.
Pray help to succor a child, from danger lately snatched.
She made linen cuffs and collars for the boy.
Don't you think that barb a rather dangerous toy?
Oh, I think the camel is safe enough to ride.
Have you the flag at hand? We've won it for our side.

See the latest fashion. What enormous sleeves!
That he is a Trojan, everyone believes.
Out of here! Scat! Her in every room I find.
Have the vest and sleeves with silk of that shade lined.
Here 's a man that has important news to tell.
That 's so! Phial is spelled vial as well.
Is that hussar a hero? What will be his rank?
Speaking of Mont Blanc, "blanc" he pronounced as "blank."

Gold and enamel in dainty trifles seen.
I have just returned from audience with the queen.

E. R. BURNS.





"YES, SIR; TO LET YOU IN,' SHE ARCHLY SAID."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1896.


No. 4.



THE LITTLE MAID'S REPLY.


(A True Incident.)

By Charles Lee.



The little maiden opened wide the door
To let the honored Washington depart:
The great-souled General, her mother's friend —
The first in war, in peace, in every heart.

"A better office to you, dear," said he,
And placed his hand benignly on her head.
With curtsy quaint and reverent, smiling glance—
"Yes, sir, to let you in," she archly said.





THE GIBSON BOY.

(Paper-cuttings by Charles Dana Gibson when a boy.)

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.



ABOUT twenty-five years ago, a certain small boy who lived in Boston had a slight attack of illness. It was nothing serious in itself, but it led to something remarkable; for, one day, when the patient was rather fretful and listless, his father, to amuse him, began with a pair of scissors to cut out figures from paper—a horse, a dog, a cow. The little lad was instantly interested, and his delight was doubled when he found that after a few trials he, too, could make pictures with the scissors.

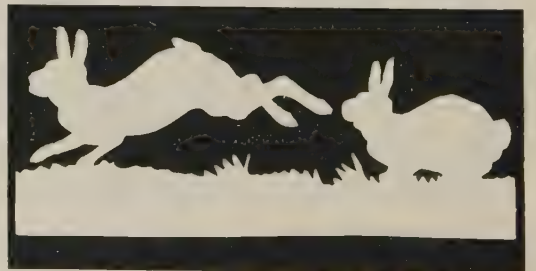


CHARLES DANA GIBSON AT THE AGE OF EIGHT.

From that day he and they were almost inseparable. His mother feared he might injure himself with sharp scissors, and so he was provided with a good-sized pair of round-pointed shears. These he wore hung by a string around

his neck, and everywhere he went, they went too. The little fingers were constantly busy turning out silhouettes of everything that attracted the child's fancy, until he became as skilful with his odd tool as many an older artist is with his brush. Strangely enough, he showed no desire to draw, and of all those who marveled at his knack of picture-making and wondered what would come of it, probably no one imagined that in later life he would win a brilliant reputation with his pencil. For the little boy of those days is now the Charles Dana Gibson whose work has gained such eminence in the last few years that it is almost unusual to take up a copy of a high-class magazine that does not contain at least one article illustrated by him. Every one knows "Gibson's girls"—those majestic and charming creatures who put into visible form the ideal of the best type of American young womanhood; but it seems a long way from them back to the quaint products of the artist's childish skill.

The earliest attempts of the small boy's fingers were rude, naturally enough. He began by cutting out pictures of monkeys, and quickly went on to other animals. While there could never be any doubt what the figures were meant to be, it must be acknowledged that the earliest apes and squirrels were wanting in spring, and that his dogs and horses lacked





spirit. But these qualities came with the incessant practice the child bestowed upon the work which was also his favorite play.



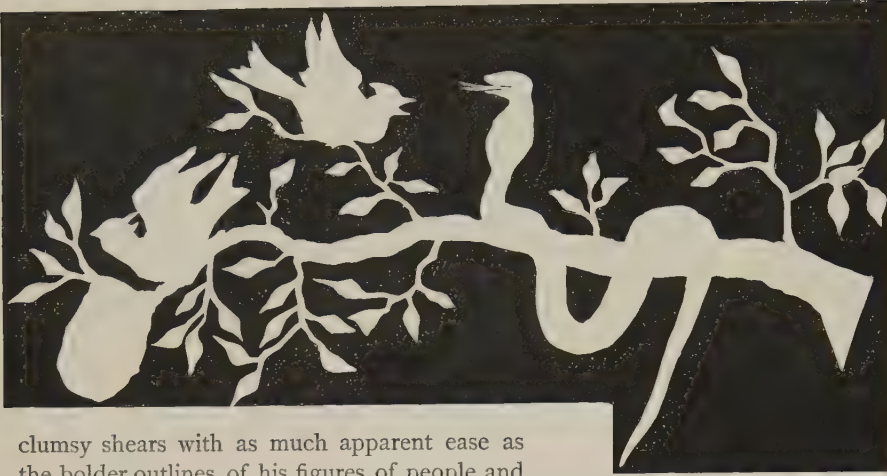
shift the shears in cutting, as an older person would do, but held them stationary and moved the paper. When he began to use the scissors his hand was too small to hold them in the ordinary fashion, so while his thumb was thrust through one loop of the handle, his fingers closed around the outside of the other loop—a trick Mr. Gibson has never unlearned, for to this day he wields a pair of scissors in the same manner as in his almost baby days.

He found his models everywhere: the circus and the menagerie abounded in suggestions for pictures, the Natural History Museum was a treasure-house of designs. The image of the animal seemed to be photographed upon the child's brain, and as soon as he was at home the scissors were at work reproducing the figure.

To look at the boy as he worked, no one would have thought him especially intent upon his occupation. He would sit quietly, his eyelids drooped, apparently indifferent to the fate of the picture he was shaping. He did not



To the little artist the material upon which he worked seemed to be of no consequence. Any paper, white or tinted, thick or thin, blank or written over, would answer, so long as it was uncrumpled. There was no paste-brush used to join different parts of his pictures; a single piece of paper would serve for a figure, and sometimes for a series of figures, or for a whole scene. The delicate foliage of his trees and vines, the convolutions of his serpents, the open mouths of his baby birds, were wrought by the



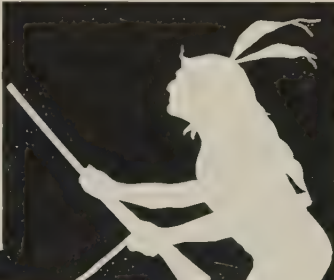
his master's horse, of the countryman who whipped some balking mule, or of the quarrelsome rooster in his various belligerent attitudes. One of his most laughable works shows a hen and her chickens fleeing before

clumsy shears with as much apparent ease as the bolder outlines of his figures of people and large animals. In and out of the jaws of the big scissors would move the slip of paper, until the lace-like picture fluttered forth complete.

As the child grew older he did not restrict himself to copying in his silhouettes only the living or pictured models that came in his path. His future skill as an illustrator was foreshadowed in the way he chose his subjects. He would come home from school full of some story he had heard there.

"They read such a nice story in the class today," he would say. "See, I will make you a picture of it."

And forthwith the fingers would be at work cutting out the image of the dog who took care of

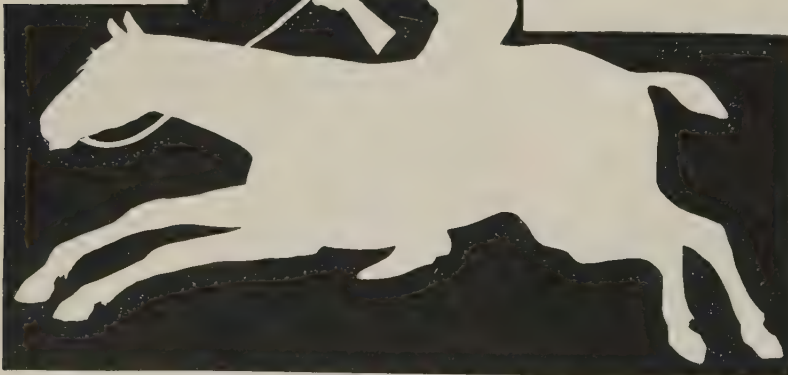


the pursuing foe. Each little chick is evidently in a different state of mind from any of the others. The first tiptoes along sedately serene, because it is close to its mother; the second makes longer strides to overtake the old hen; while the third, conscious of the fierce enemy close behind, brings its wings to aid its legs in flight.

The pictures did not always deal with homely or domestic subjects. Sometimes there would be produced a mounted Indian on the war-path, or rabbits leaping through the grass, or a father bird defending the approach to his home against a thievish snake with darting tongue, while the mother bird hangs protectingly over the nest that swings from the end of the bough.

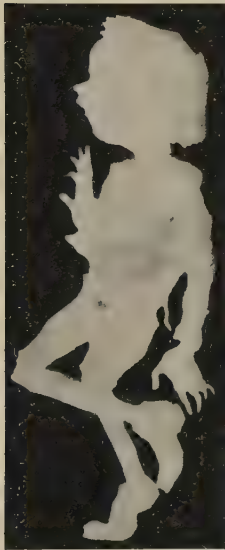
The little Dana had other inspiration than that furnished even by the stories he heard or the pictures he saw. His quick imagination was at work devising scenes to illustrate, and droll and tricky fancies leave their mark on his

work. Here a small dog, with spectacles perched on his nose, rides a pony. Here a rabbit and a squirrel meet, and shake hands. There a procession defiles before him, a bird in front holding out a hat for contributions, a rabbit whose long ears flap from under his drum-major's bearskin,





a helmeted rooster bearing a banner, and, last in the line, a dog dressed like an old woman, wearing an apron and a bonnet, and carrying a broom. Again, it is a small pig that struts along with his umbrella spread over his head, while all the birds look at him in amazement; or else it is an attempt at caricature in the picture of a boy with an abnormally large head and absurdly long fingers and toes.



No wonder that the family and friends marveled at the cuttings, and collected and preserved specimens of the child's work. They even had some of them displayed at an art exhibition, where they called forth notice and comment from Mr. Clarence Cook.

"But perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole exhibition," he wrote, "are the frames that contain the silhouettes in white paper, cut by Master Dana Gibson, a boy now ten or twelve

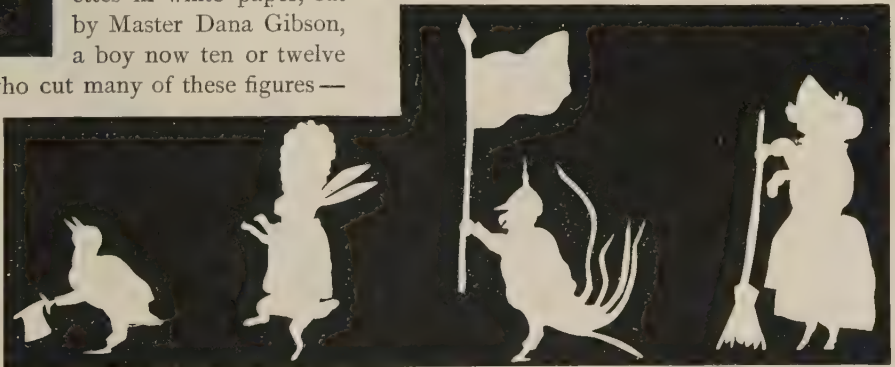
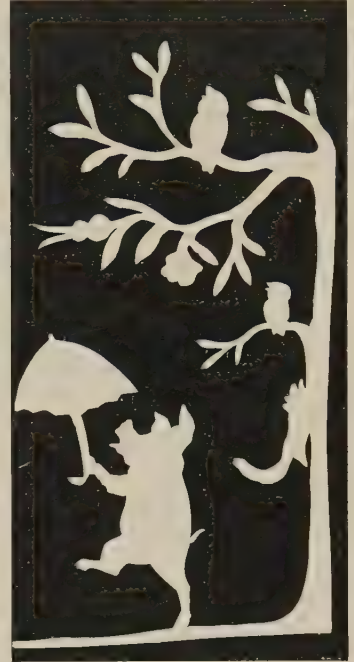
years old, but who cut many of these figures — and many of the best of them — when he was but eight years old. In almost every case they are cut from the idea in his

own mind, not copied from other pictures, and they are done without any aid whatever from teaching; the work is the product of instinct without training. The subjects are all of life in action; whatever is done, is done with a perfection that we never saw surpassed."

So far from seeming unduly puffed up by the praise his skill received, the child showed only surprise. To him there appeared no difficulty in such work.

"Any one could do it," he would say simply, when some person would comment upon his proficiency. "Any one can do it who will try. It's the easiest thing in the world."

For none of his designs did he ever draw an outline. In fact, at the time he was doing his best work of this kind he had never taken a drawing-lesson, although he belonged to a family of artistic tastes, and his grandfather, his father, and his mother had all had more or less facility with brush or pencil. But the lad's





designing was done altogether with his scissors. With only these he managed to convey shades of meaning and of expression, and to give spirit and life to his pictures. Even although he repeated his subjects again and again, there was great variety in his work.

And he had infinite patience. Over and over he would cut out a picture until he had it, to his mind, exactly right. His failures would be crumpled in his hand and tossed aside without a word. One day some one who had watched him as he rejected cutting after cutting, asked him what was the trouble.

"It's that dromedary's lip," sighed the child, pausing in his work and lifting a puzzled brow. "I have tried and tried, but I'm afraid I can't get it right without going to see the dromedary again."

Until Dana was ten years old he was a rather quiet, stay-at-home little fellow. He was full of fun of a dry kind, and occasionally there would come a flash of sarcasm that showed his wits were not confined to his finger-tips. As he grew older and became interested in outdoor sports and made boyish friendships, his paper-cuttings began to be neglected, and when he was about fourteen years of age he laid down his shears. In their place he took up the pencil.

Among the last of his silhouettes that have

been preserved are the picture of a child digging in the sand, and that of the boy with the cockatoo perched upon his wrist. The eagerness of the little girl as she bends forward so that her short skirt tilts up at the back, her lips parted, her shovel and pail firmly grasped, are photographic in their clearness; while in the pose of the boy the mingled pride and fear with which he holds the bird are as accurately given as the minutest details of his dress. No shading or coloring could make the picture more vivid.

This slight sketch must close at the very outset of Mr. Gibson's artistic career. He was only sixteen years old when he entered the New York Art League as a pupil, and



he is not yet thirty.

No one can say how much of his wonderful skill he owes to the training in eye and hand he unconsciously gave himself as a boy; but it is easy to trace in his scissors silhouettes the power he possesses in an eminent degree of giving a picture in a

few clear, telling strokes. The direct vision of his childhood he has never lost.

THE PRIZE CUP.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



“‘WHY, WHAT IS IT, TRACE?’ ASKED IDA LISLE.”

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

TRACY TRIUMPHANT.

“THERE comes Tracy. He’s a remarkably fine boy. The mother is a rare woman, but she finds it a hard struggle to get along, and it’s a constant study with some of the well-to-do parishioners how to help the family without making them feel that they are objects of charity. Notice what a frank, engaging face

he has!” Fred said, as Tracy, brightly smiling, came down the bank.

“How are you, Trace?” he went on, when Tracy was nearer, and gave the new-comer a hearty handshake. “This is my friend, Mr. Canton Quimby, of Yale. We have just taken a run up from the beach to look at our place. What did Laurie tell you?”

“He said you were here, and a friend with you, not quite so tall, but a little stouter, and with fuller cheeks,” said Tracy, laughing to see

how perfectly the Yale Junior answered the child's description.

"All that in his own sign-language?" Canton Quimby inquired with evident interest.

"Oh, yes; he has been more our teacher in that than anyone has ever been his. Come up to the house, won't you? Mother will be glad to see you," said Tracy.

"I'm afraid we can't at present," Melverton replied; "but I've something to say to you here. Sit down, for it may be a long story."

But Tracy remained standing before the young men on the bench, while he heard from Fred's lips, with running comments by Quimby, an account of the strange doings on the Melverton premises, and of Gid's dismissal.

Astonishment at the loss of the cup, and the mystery attending it, and, as must be owned, the satisfaction of his grudge against Gideon, sent the blood mounting to the boy's head in keen excitement.

"I never had any faith in that Ketterell fellow!" he exclaimed; "and I was surprised—"

A timely recollection of his mother's warning checked the impetuous outburst; but for that he might have gone on and given his latest, burning reasons for disliking Gideon.

"Surprised I should have employed him," Melverton rejoined. "I am a little surprised myself. But my mother thought we ought to give him a chance. And I surely believed he was honest. Mind, I don't say I'm convinced to the contrary yet. He has unquestionably been negligent, and he may have been knowingly unfaithful, but we are bound to have a good deal of charity for the son of so worthy a mother—and of so unworthy a father!"

"That's true," Tracy assented, generously; "that's what mother says. Old man Ketterell can't be trusted even to collect money for the washing his wife does to support the family. Gid comes honestly by his shiftlessness."

"So we won't be hard on him," Fred went on. "But this affair must be looked into; and in the meanwhile, Tracy, can't you, as a special favor to me, keep your eye on the place, and perhaps air the house for us in fine weather?"

Tracy was delighted.

"I'll do anything that Gid did,—or ought

to have done,—and think it nothing but sport," he said, heartily.

"That's altogether too much," the young man protested.

"Just let me try it!" cried the boy. "Our own garden does n't take more than a few hours a week, and Mr. Walworth likes to help about that. I get tired of reading and study. And—I shall be so glad to do the least thing in return for all the favors your family has done for us," he added, with grateful emotion.

"Oh, don't mention trifles of that sort!" Fred replied, with responsive feeling. Then he resumed:

"It's just possible you may pick up a clue that will lead to the unraveling of the mystery. Look out for any suspicious characters that come prowling about the place; and find out, if you can, any that have been seen there during Gid's administration. If you make any discoveries, send me at once a telegram that I and nobody else will understand, for I don't want any publicity given to the affair at present. I sha' n't mention it to a living soul, except the chief of police."

"Can I tell my own folks?" Tracy asked, thrilled to the roots of his hair by the confidence his friend reposed in him, and by the importance of his trust. It did n't seem possible that he could keep it all to himself.

"Tell them—oh, certainly; we can rely upon their discretion," Fred replied. "Now come over to the house, and I'll give you the keys and explain matters."

"You're sure you can't just step up to the door and speak to my mother and Ida?" said Tracy.

But Fred answered firmly: "Not this time"; and led the way up the Melverton bank.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRACY GETS A "CLUE."

"WHY, what is it, Trace?" said Ida Lisle, noticing her brother's panting breath and gleaming eyes when he came in to dinner.

"The strangest things have been happening!" he exclaimed. "They're not to be spoken of outside,"—he glanced around at the

young minister coming out of his study — “but I can tell you all, here at home.”

And, without waiting to be questioned, he broke forth impetuously;

“The Melverton house has been entered, Fred’s beautiful prize cup has been stolen, Gid Ketterell has been turned off, and I am in charge!”

The exciting news was discussed as the family sat down at the table.

“I am sorry for Gideon — and so sorry for his mother!” said Mrs. Lisle. “I hope he is not suspected of taking the cup.”

“Not exactly, but —”

And Tracy went over the circumstances of the case as well as he could recall them.

“Now I am to look after the place, and do what I can — if there ’s anything I can do — toward clearing up the mystery. I have n’t the slightest idea how I am to begin.”

“Possibly I can give you a hint,” suggested Mr. Walworth. “Gideon, I understand, says he received no one into the house in the absence of the family?”

“He was quite positive about that; so Fred told me,” replied Tracy.

“I shall regret to contradict Gideon’s testimony,” rejoined the young minister. “You know the rock among the syringas, where I sometimes have my cushion, and my book, and my writing-pad —”

“Your out-door study, we call it,” said Ida.

“Last Tuesday afternoon I was there, making some notes, when I noticed a young fellow coming down through the hollow by the brook. Something in his manner excited my curiosity; and I watched him as he went up rather slyly over the bank toward the Melverton house. I saw him throw something from behind the shrubbery; then I heard a voice, — two voices, — and he disappeared in the direction of the house. I continued to hear the voices for a while, then they ceased with the shutting of a door. I had forgotten the circumstance, and was absorbed in my studies again, when — I hardly know how long after — I heard the same subdued voices, and shortly after saw the same young fellow come down over the bank, moving cautiously till he got into the ravine. Then, instead of going up the brook,

the way he came, he followed it down toward the bridge, and I lost sight of him.”

More than once during this recital Tracy had interrupted it to demand excitedly, — “Who was it? Who was the fellow?” and his sister had silenced him with, “Can’t you wait a minute? Can’t you let him tell his story?” At length the minister replied:

“I don’t know his name; but I have several times seen him, oftener on the river than anywhere else. Under the clump of willows, not far from where the brook flows in, somebody keeps a boat, which I have seen him help himself to, as if he had a right to it.”

“A muscular young fellow with a bend in his shoulders? Carries his head forward — like this?” cried Tracy eagerly.

“That ’s it; that ’s very like him,” Mr. Walworth smilingly assented.

“It ’s Osk! It ’s Oscar Ordway!” Tracy exclaimed. “The very last fellow the Melvertons would wish to enter their house!”

“Mind, I don’t say positively he did enter it,” said the minister. “I ’ve only told you how it appeared to me.”

“Of course Gid let him in,” Tracy cried jubilantly. “You ’ve given me a very important point, Mr. Walworth. If Osk Ordway did n’t drink some of that cider, and if he does n’t know something about the missing cup, then there ’s no sense in my knowledge-box!”

“Don’t start out with the notion that there ’s more sense in it than there really is,” his sister warned him, laughingly. “There ’s a limit even to that, as we all know.”

“Oh, but anybody can see,” cried her brother, “Osk is in it, and Gid knows he is. I know boys that know Osk, and I ’m going into this affair, to the very bottom.”

“Don’t be rash, my son,” his mother cautioned him. “Whatever you do, be considerate, be discreet.”

“Considerate?” echoed the boy, in a flush of high spirits. “I ’m the most considerate, the most discreet — I ’ll prove it to you! In all my talk with Fred Melverton, I never mentioned the mean trick Gid played our Laurie, nor his impudent attempt to drive me from the place. If that does n’t show forbearance!”

“Well, be as circumspect in everything, and

I shall be satisfied," said his mother. "Why, Laurie! where have you been?" she cried, precisely as if the child, who just then came running in, had possessed the sense he lacked.

There had been inquiries for Midget as the family were sitting down to dinner; but he was so wayward a little wanderer, often very hard to find, since no calling could make him hear, that they gave little heed to his absences, assured that he would reappear when he was hungry, if not before.

He was in a joyous mood, and he had a merry tale to tell, which all except the minister understood.

"Somebody has taken him to ride," said his sister.

"On a bicycle," added Tracy, reading the child's rapid gestures. "There were two bicycles; they picked him up at the bridge —"

"Gave him a fine ride to the village," Ida struck in, "and dropped him at the bridge again."

"Fred and his friend," concluded Tracy; "it was Fred who gave him the ride. They were going to see the chief of police."

"You don't mean to say he tells you *that*!" said Mr. Walworth.

"Oh, no, not about Fred's errand to the village," Tracy replied. "Fred told me that was his intention. I wish I could have caught him when he came back to the bridge, to tell him about Osk Ordway. For it's a clue!" he cried, "decidedly a clue, and I am going to follow it up!"

CHAPTER XVII.

GIDEON MEETS HIS FOE.

WHEN Gid Ketterell went out from the Melverton place after his dismissal, he took the brookside path below the bridge, and strode as straight as the winding way would permit to the clump of willows by the river, where Osk Ordway usually kept his boat.

The boat was gone.

"He's off with the boys somewheres," Gid muttered, casting impatient glances up and down the placid stream out of his reddened and sullen eyes. "Never mind; I don't move from this spot, all the same, till he comes in!"

There was a tree that pushed out so straight from the group, before its top and branches curved upward over the water, that trunk and root together made a saddle-shaped seat. This Gid bestrode; and with a twin trunk at his back, forming an upright support, he found himself in a comfortable position while waiting for the boat. Comfortable as to his body, but by no means so as to his state of mind. Savagely angry with Osk, whom he blamed for his disgrace, and for the terrible suspicion that had fallen upon him; almost as angry with himself for having weakly yielded to Osk's influence after he had been warned against it; afraid to go home and fall into the hands of his mother — agitated with these emotions he took no thought of the quaint and gnarly old easy-chair he sat on, nor of the pleasant, sun-flecked shade flung over and about him, on the stream and on the shore, from the long willow-boughs swaying in the breeze.

The breeze fanned his hot brow; the water rippled and sparkled in the sun; bees and dragon-flies hovered over the water-lilies and pickerel-weeds, and butterflies flitted along the shore; turtles were sunning themselves on a half-sunken log, and a kingfisher, springing his rattle as he flew from a tree near by, poised a moment in the air, and then struck the wave with a splash. But Gid Ketterell saw none of these things. He took out his knife, and began to whittle the trunk on which he sat, in the bark of which many a previous jack-knife had carved the rude initials of names he knew.

He was not even aware that he had a knife in his hand. Behind his screen of boughs he listened for voices, and looked up and down the shore for the returning boat, thinking intently of the bad thing that had happened to him, what he ought to have done differently, and what he was still to do and say when he and Osk should meet once more face to face. He hoped that would happen soon, before he had time to get over his anger; for it was anger alone, as he very well knew, that gave him courage for the encounter.

"If I had only owned up when I had a chance!" he said to himself. "Why did n't I? Why did n't I? I'd have done it, if I had n't been afraid and ashamed to say how I

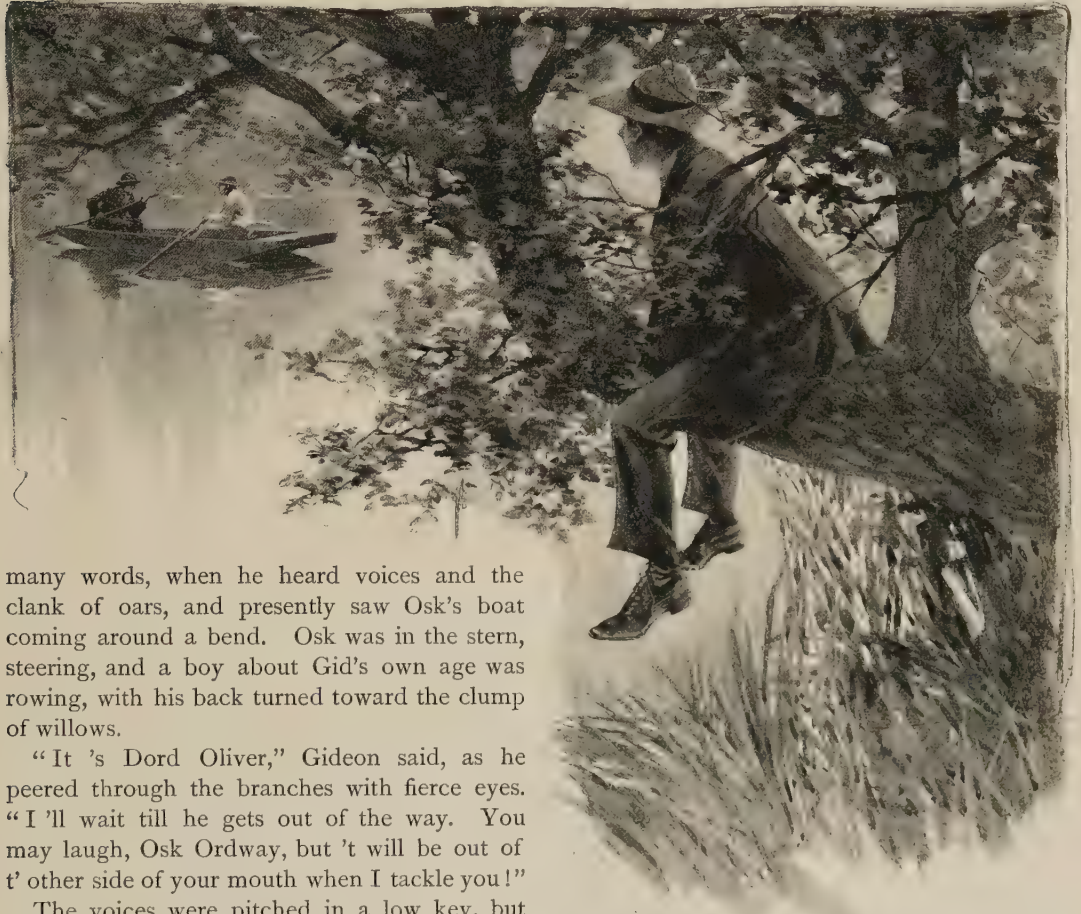
had let him impose on me—forcing his way in, making me show him the cup, and drinking the cider. Now see where I am! After I'd begun to lie, I could n't go back. Telling the truth could n't have made it any worse for me; I should have got turned off just the same. I could stand that. But to be blamed for what Osk did afterward! For it was Osk—I know it was Osk!"

He was musing in this way, though not in so

"Oh, yes, you can; he's one of the sort you can do almost anything with; you can wind him around your little finger—at least, I can! Only don't tell him I said I had seen it; he made me promise not to."

"They're talking about the cup!" thought Gid, stunned and breathless. He listened again, as the boat drew nearer.

"I'm afraid you won't get any cider," said Osk; "for there was only one more bottle left.



many words, when he heard voices and the clank of oars, and presently saw Osk's boat coming around a bend. Osk was in the stern, steering, and a boy about Gid's own age was rowing, with his back turned toward the clump of willows.

"It's Dord Oliver," Gideon said, as he peered through the branches with fierce eyes. "I'll wait till he gets out of the way. You may laugh, Osk Ordway, but 't will be out of t' other side of your mouth when I tackle you!"

The voices were pitched in a low key, but sounds pass easily over the water, and soon Gid could hear parts of the conversation. The sound of his own name, uttered by Osk with a derisive titter, was like the sting of a hornet.

"They're talking about me!" he muttered, holding himself stiff and still against the upright trunk to keep from being seen.

Dord made some reply, but the words were indistinguishable. Then Osk said:

"'THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME,' HE MUTTERED."

I left that for manners. But you can make him show you—mind, I don't say what."

If he meant the cup, he was talking as if he believed it was still in the place where he had seen it. Gid was bewildered by this supposed assumption on the part of the suspected thief, until he had rallied his wits a little.

Meanwhile the boys ran the boat aground, and began to throw out fish, which they counted as they cast them on the shore.

"It's all make-believe," Gid reasoned. "He thinks it's time for the cup to be missed. He knows I'll accuse him, and he talks that way so he can bring up a witness to prove that he thought it was still in the house. But he can't throw dust in my eyes — not very much!"

By turning his head a little and looking back he could watch every movement of the others; while they might likewise have seen him if they had not been so busy with their catch of fish. After they had thrown these out and had stepped out themselves, they made the boat fast to a stake, within three paces of the ambushed Gideon.

"You divide 'em, while I'm cutting twigs to string 'em on," said Osk, looking up into the willow branches, and advancing directly toward Gid on the other side of his upright tree. He was raising his hand to reach the hanging branches beyond. "Ough!" he ejaculated, starting back as if he had chanced upon a wild Indian in ambush. "What in thunder — Gid!"

Gid turned up at him angrily glowering eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" Osk demanded, quickly recovering from his surprise — "stuck here in the crotch of the tree!"

For sole response Gid continued to glare at him threateningly. Osk perceived at once that some untoward thing had happened. No doubt Gid had overheard his talk with Dord; well if it were nothing worse!

"Here's Gid Ketterell," cried Osk, "glum as an oyster. I can't get a word out of him."

"Osk Ordway," said Gid, without moving from his seat, but keeping his fiery eyes on the author of his woes, "you'll get words out of me you won't like to hear, before we part company. I can wait until you string your fish and let Dord get out of the way; for I guess you'll think it's as well to talk with me alone!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

OSK ORDWAY'S LITTLE FINGER.

ALL this Gideon said without faltering, but a spasmodic catching of his breath made his voice sound ominously thick and tremulous.

"Thunder and Mars!" Osk exclaimed. "I never saw you so mad in all my life. I did n't know you *could* be so riled! If it's anything I've done, I'll make it all right."

"Oh, yes!" Gid retorted. "I know you will. I'm one of the sort you can do anything with! — wind me around your little finger, can you? We'll see about that!"

"That was all in fun," Osk said, trying to turn off his embarrassment with a laugh. "I'll see you in a minute."

He cut two or three forked branches, and turned to his companion on the shore.

"That's all right, Dord," he said, seeing how the fish had been divided. "Take whichever pile you please, and don't wait for me. I've got to have a little row with Gid here," lowering his voice; "he's pudgicky about something,—what I was saying to you, I suppose. Keep dark about that thing, Dord!"

Osk busied himself stringing his own fish until Dord was gone, then turned once more to Gid, who got down from the tree-trunk and stood confronting him.

"Now what is it, Gid?" Osk asked in the friendliest way.

"You know what it is!" Gid flung back, his quivering features charged with wrathful reproach.

"My talk with Dord, I suppose," said Osk. "But I don't see anything in that to raise your porcupine's quills at me this way. A fellow must have his joke. That's all it was."

"It ain't that, and you know it," replied the implacable Gid. He still grasped his knife, looking as if he might easily be tempted to turn it into a weapon. Osk, who, like most bullies, was not so intrepid as he wished to appear, kept a wary eye on the blade.

"Why, Gid, you're out o' your head! you're crazy, sure!" he said, taking a step backward.

"You'll find out whether I'm crazy or not," said Gid, growing more bold and menacing as Osk showed a disposition to retreat. But as he advanced, Osk stopped with a fire in his eyes, and put up a warning hand.

"Quit right there, Gid!" he said, with his chin out and his head thrust insolently forward from his bent shoulders. "I ain't going to stand this nonsense — talking to me that way

and threatening me! Put up that knife or I'll throw it into the river,—and you after it."

"Better try it!" Gid answered, defiantly. "I'll talk as I please, spite of your bluster and pretended ignorance. I've been turned off by Fred Melverton,—kicked out,—accused of stealing,—and all through you, Osk Ordway!"

"You don't say!" Osk exclaimed. "I never believed that would happen, and I'm awfully sorry. Did he miss the cider?"

"Yes; and he missed something else, Osk Ordway!" Gid leveled at him a terrible look, and put the question Fred had put to him,—
"Where is that prize cup?"

"That prize cup!" Osk repeated, with real or feigned astonishment. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do mean! The prize cup I was fool enough to show you, and you were dishonest enough to steal!" said Gideon.

"You don't say *that* has been taken! You left it in the drawer; I saw you," Osk said rather weakly, as it seemed to Gid.

"And nobody else saw me," Gid retorted. "Nobody else knew where to look for it. The cider and the cup are the only things Fred has missed. You know about the cider and you know about the cup."

"Did you tell him that?" Osk inquired quickly.

"No, I did n't. But I wish I had. I had denied touching the cider, or letting anybody into the house. Then when he said the cup had been taken, I could n't go back on my word. I wish now I had," Gid repeated, with bitter self-reproach.

He related all that had happened in his interview with Fred, and again charged Osk with the robbery. Osk laughed scornfully.

"The idea of my doing such a thing as that!" he exclaimed. "You don't really think I did, Gid Ketterell. For my part," he went on, without listening to Gid's indignant protestation, "I don't believe the cup has been stolen. I don't take any stock in that story. Fred is bluffing you. He took it out of the drawer himself, to give you a good scare, after he found out about the cider."

"You think so?" Gid replied, shaken by the

plausible argument, and grasping at that straw of hope.

"No doubt of it," said Osk. "Fred says to himself, he says, 'Two bottles of cider gone,' he says; 'he's had somebody in the house, and now I'll teach him a lesson.' See?"

"No, I don't see!" Gid muttered. He was, however, more than half convinced that Osk was right, and he wished to be wholly convinced. "I don't believe he'd have made a fuss about the cider, if that had been all he missed; he ain't that kind of a chap. Anyhow, it's all through you I've lost the place."

"You'll get taken back again," Osk assured him. "Only stick to your story, and soon as he sees you're not to be beat out of it, he'll conclude he's in the wrong."

"The cup is all I care for," Gid murmured, his anger fast giving way before the wily influence of his betrayer. "If I could only think it was the way you say!"

"I'll bet my life on 't!" Osk declared; "but keep still about it, and you never'll hear from it again. As for the place, I'm sorry; but even if you don't go back, you'll have a better time this summer than if you'd kept it; you'd have soon got sick of all that."

"I suppose I should," Gid admitted; "but what will my mother say when she knows?"

"She need n't know," said Osk. "You can go off every day just as if you were going to Melverton's, and have all your time to yourself. Would n't she like some of these fish? I'll give you some to carry home; they'll please her, and keep her from noticing anything strange in your looks. Then I've got some schemes to let you into. You know we've always had good times together, Gid."

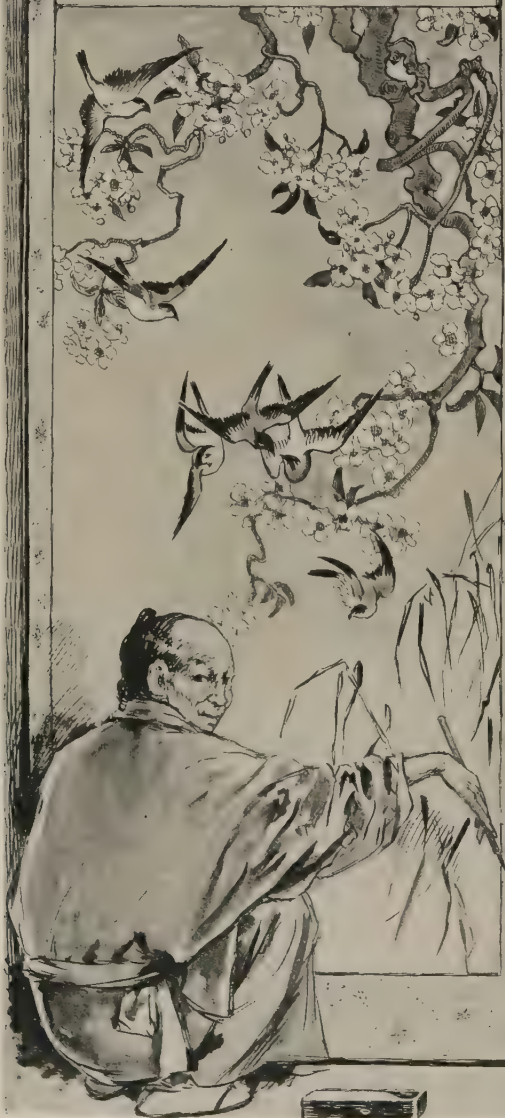
"But why did you talk about me that way to Dord Oliver?" said Gid, with a last feeble flaming up of his waning resentment. "You told him about my showing the cup."

"I never mentioned the cup! It was all talk, anyway; a fellow must say something. You know you and I are always good cronies," said Osk, completing again the process, which he had boasted was so easy, of winding Gid around his little finger.

(To be continued.)

Those Clever Japs!

Do Japanese birdlings
never fly upward?
Are Japanese grasses
all black and brown?
Have Japanese apple-
trees roots, I wonder?



Does a bamboo boast a
chrysanthemum crown?
Is it Japanese art or
Japanese nature
That painted my screen
all upside down?



By
MAY
BARTLETT
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BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST JOURNEY BEGUN.

"YOU'RE joking, sir!" exclaimed Tom.

"Oh, no, I'm not; I mean just what I say. So far as I have been able to learn from our landlord, you have no family or other ties to bind you to this place; you are free to go and come as you like."

"I suppose I am," the boy admitted.

"Well, I'm heartily tired of traveling alone, and I'd like to have you with me; in the first place because I've taken a fancy to you, and secondly because you are a mystery."

"A mystery!"

"Yes; you're a long-lost son, you know. Don't be offended; of course your private affairs are none of my business, but in all my travels I never before met a long-lost son, and you can't guess how delightful a new sensation is to a man of my years and experience."

"I wish Zeb Pettibone would n't tell everybody that comes along all about me," said Tom, with flushed face.

"Don't be vexed," said the explorer, soothingly; "I don't believe he would have told me if I had not asked him. Now, to return to our muttoms, as the French say: You are, like all boys, fond of adventure, and you'll get lots of it with me—you know the sort of adventures I meet with. You can be of a good deal of assistance to me too: you can help pack my valise, arrange our routes, and all that sort of thing. I assure you I shall appreciate your aid very much, for details have always bored me dreadfully; and, to tell you the truth, I'm not the man I was two or three centuries ago. Now what do you say? Are we partners? Yes or no?"

"Yes," Tom replied promptly.

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"Good! Shake hands on that!"

When they had shaken hands Sindbad said:

"One of the objects of our travels shall be to find your parents. You don't suppose you had a fairy godmother, do you?—because if you had, it will be a very easy matter. Try to remember."

"Why, of course I had n't," replied Tom, laughing; "there are no fairy godmothers nowadays."

"Are n't there, though?" said Sindbad, with a mysterious wink. "Don't you be too sure of that. But you, probably, did n't have one, or you would have heard from her before this. After all, you're just as well off, for fairies are very tricky. I know that to my cost—look at these ragged trousers; it's the fault of a fairy that I'm obliged to wear them at all."

"How is that?" asked Tom.

"Well, it's a long story, and I won't try to tell it all; suffice it to say that during one of my later voyages I rendered a certain service to a powerful and influential fairy, and in return she granted me one wish."

"You did n't wish for those trousers, did you?"

"No; but I wished that whenever I put my hand in my pocket I should find money. 'That'll be all right,' said the fairy; 'put your hand in your pocket now.' I did so, and drew out a gold coin. 'I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged,' I said. 'I suppose this sort of thing will continue indefinitely?' 'It will last as long as the trousers do,' replied the fairy, with a peculiar laugh that I did n't like; and she vanished. Well, I resolved at once, of course, that I'd take mighty good care of those trousers. And I have done so, but you see what they look like now. I'm ashamed to be seen in them, but what can I do?"

"Can't you find money in the pockets of any of your other trousers?" inquired Tom.

"Not unless I put it there."

"But see here," said the boy, "why don't you fish out money enough from the enchanted pocket to last you two or three weeks? You could put it in another pocket, and then pack away these trousers till you needed them again."

Sindbad shook his head sadly.

"Don't you suppose I thought of that years ago?" he said. "I tried it a good while before you were born, but it would n't work."

"Why would n't it?" queried Tom.

"Because that fairy played a mean trick on me. She always seemed fair and square, and I should n't have thought it of her, but she did it. I invariably find the money in the pocket when I want it, but the trouble is—" and Sindbad lowered his voice to a whisper and glanced apprehensively over his shoulder—"it does n't last."

"Does n't last? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that it dematerializes—melts into thin air, a few minutes after it leaves my pocket. You've no idea how much embarrassment that has caused me. Only a short time after my interview with the fairy I tried the plan you just suggested. I filled one of my coat pockets with gold coins, and in five minutes they had disappeared, leaving nothing behind them but their memory. Why, I've paid the landlord of this house twice, and the money has disappeared both times. The only way I ever manage to have any cash about me is to change one of the gold pieces; the change does n't disappear until I spend it. That's why I got Mr. Pettibone to give me those bills for a ten-dollar gold piece."

"That looks a little like obtaining money under false pretenses," said Tom, bluntly.

Sindbad's face flushed.

"No, it does n't, either," he said. "I did n't pretend anything; I just gave him the eagle, and it was all right when it left my hands. It's all the fairy's fault, anyhow; if anybody is guilty of false pretenses, she is."

"But Mr. Pettibone is the loser, just the same," suggested Tom.

"Well, are you going to keep harping on that subject all day?" asked Sindbad, irritably. "That enchanted pocket is my only means of support, and I'm far too old to work. What would you have me do?" and he rose

and began pacing the piazza, while his face was red and angry.

Tom made no reply. He had read, only a few days before, that it was usually impossible to admire distinguished persons, except at a distance; that when one approached them too closely one was likely to experience a shock; and he reflected sadly that this statement was but too true of Sindbad.

The color upon the sailor's face soon died away. Pausing abruptly, and fixing his blue eye appealingly upon the boy's face, he said:

"You must admit, anyhow, that there are extenuating circumstances in my case."

Tom could not help being melted by that glance; he began to think he had judged Sindbad too harshly.

"Yes, of course there are, sir," he replied. "But why did you tell Mr. Pettibone you could n't give him another gold piece, when you say that you are able to produce them by the hundred?"

"Well, you *are* a hair-splitter," said Sindbad. "But I'll answer your question: I don't believe in throwing away money, no matter how great my resources. Pettibone has been paid twice already, and his bill was exorbitant in the first place. But come, I don't propose to stand here arguing with you all the afternoon. Do you wish to go into partnership with me, or do you not?"

"I do," replied Tom, promptly.

"Very good; as Sindbad, Smith & Co., Explorers, we may, and I believe we shall, achieve wonders that will eclipse all my former exploits. I've been thinking of taking a partner for several centuries; but somehow I never got about it, never found exactly the right person. I believe I have now, however; and you ought to feel highly honored by my preference."

Tom replied that he did feel honored, and then asked:

"But who is the 'Co.,' sir?"

"The 'Co.' at present is nominal," replied Sindbad; "but we may run across some one whom we shall wish to take into partnership with us. If we don't, it will make no particular difference. Sindbad, Smith & Co. sounds a good deal better than Sindbad & Smith, anyhow; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it does. What shall we do first, Mr. Sindbad?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess we'd better just drift along and wait for something startling to turn up."

"But suppose nothing startling does turn up?" suggested Tom.

"I can't entertain such an absurd supposition for a moment," said Sindbad. "You have read enough about me to know that something *must* turn up if I start to go anywhere. 'Suppose nothing turns up!' That makes me laugh. He! he!"

"You don't think my being with you will make any difference, do you? It might," said the boy.

"Bless you, no, my dear fellow!" replied Sindbad. "Why, my presence on any public conveyance is sure to bring on some sort of a catastrophe. It's only once in a long while that a vessel upon which I embark is n't wrecked; and as for railroad trains—well, you know, don't you, how I happen to be here?"

"You were in the great accident last Tuesday, were n't you, sir?" asked Tom.

"Yes; and I was the only person in my car who was n't injured. Oh, you'll have plenty of excitement when you travel with me, my lad."

Tom was silent; observing that his face wore a rather dubious expression, Sindbad hastened to add:

"I don't think you need expect any trouble. Of course I can't undertake to guarantee your safety, but I have no doubt that the fact of our partnership will be a great protection to you. Naturally, you won't at first have the same restful feeling in the midst of a tornado or a shipwreck that I experience, but it'll come to you after a while. Why, I used to be half scared out of my wits if a storm came up when I had been a day or two at sea,—it makes me laugh to think of it,—but now I don't enjoy a voyage if I'm not shipwrecked. You'll feel just the same in time."

"I hope so."

"Oh, there's not the shadow of a doubt of it. But we must be getting ready to go. When does the next train start?"

"In which direction?"

"In any direction; it's all the same to me. Have you any preference?"

"Well," hesitated Tom, "I've always wanted to go to New York."

"We'll go, then; but it's two hundred miles from here, and there's no telling how many weeks it will take us to get there."

"Weeks!" laughed Tom. "Why, the five-twenty express is due in the city at ten o'clock."

"Oh, yes, it's *due* then," said Sindbad, with a look of awful meaning; "but will it get there then?—that's the question; I shall be on board."

"But trains that you ride on are n't *always* wrecked, are they?" asked the boy, with some uneasiness.

"Well, once in a while there's an exception," replied Sindbad. "But," he added hastily, "we must not waste any more time in idle talk. You go and get ready for the journey, while I pack my valise and make myself a little more presentable"; and he bustled into the house, followed by his bewildered partner.

The explorer occupied two of the best rooms in the hotel. As he entered his parlor he said to Tom:

"Make haste, my boy, for it's nearly five o'clock now."

The lad climbed up to his attic room and packed his few belongings, wondering if it were not all a dream.

When he returned to the piazza he found Mr. Pettibone awaiting him.

"Here yeou be, hey?" said the old man, sourly. "I've been a-lookin' fer yeou. All slicked up, ain't yeou? What hev yeou got in that bag?"

"My clothes. I'm going away with Mr. Sindbad."

"Yeou're *what*?" cried the landlord.

Tom coolly repeated the statement.

"B-but I wanted yeou tew go aout an' feed the hosses," gasped Mr. Pettibone.

"I can't do it; we've got to catch the five-twenty."

"But see here, I wanted yeou tew stay here an' dew chores fer me; I need a boy raound the place."

"You're too late," replied Tom; "I've made other arrangements."

"I 'll give yeou a dollar a week an' yeour keep," persisted Mr. Pettibone.

"Can't do it. Besides, I heard you tell Mr. Sindbad that I was an elephant on your hands, and was n't good for anything."

"That 's what he said," laughed Sindbad, suddenly emerging from the house. "The lad has you there, landlord."

"So yeou 've hired him, hev yeou?" said Mr. Pettibone.

"Not exactly; we 're partners now."

"Humph! Wa-al, I wish yeou joy o' yeour barg'in."

"Thank you, landlord; I have n't a doubt that Tom and I shall get along admirably. Good day."

"Good day," added Tom, with a half malicious grin; and the partners walked away, leaving Mr. Pettibone staring after them with wide-open mouth.

Sindbad had donned a stylish traveling-suit, and seemed to be in the best of spirits.

"I 'm very glad I happened to run across you," he said; "I feel in my bones that we 're going to have lots of fun together. But I say, why did n't you tell me that my eyes did n't match? When I got up-stairs and looked in the glass I was awfully embarrassed to see one blue eye and one black."

"I did n't like to mention it, sir," replied Tom. "But"—with a start—"they 're both black now!"

"Oh, yes; of course I corrected the mistake as soon as I discovered it."

"Then—then your left eye is a glass one, sir?" hesitated Tom, fearful of offending his new partner.

"Glass? Nothing of the sort; it's a real, practical eye. I have an assortment of them,

of all colors; got 'em on my twentieth voyage, and learned how to use 'em."

They had now reached the station, and the five-twenty express was thundering in. Sindbad rushed to the window and purchased the tickets; in another minute the first journey of Sindbad, Smith & Co. was begun.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

"THIS is n't the way I usually travel, and I don't like it," growled Sindbad, as he seated himself beside his partner. "It 's plebeian,



"THE PARTNERS WALKED AWAY, LEAVING MR. PETTIBONE STARING AFTER THEM."

that 's what it is; and I do detest anything low."

"Why, what 's the matter, sir?" asked Tom, who had been admiring the magnificence of his surroundings.

"I always ride in a parlor-car," said Sindbad, discontentedly; "and it 's rough for a man of my years to have to put up with inferior accommodations like these. Some folks in my

position would make a great fuss, but I 'm not one of that kind. I suppose I shall get used to it before our journey is over. I 'll try to, anyway."

"There 's a parlor-car on this train," said Tom.

"I know there is, but I have n't money enough to pay for seats in it. The fare was more than I thought it would be, and I 've only forty cents left out of the ten dollars Mr. Pettibone gave me."

"But the magic trousers are in your valise, are n't they, sir?" said Tom. "You might slip your hand into the pocket, and—"

"Of course they are not in the valise," interrupted Sindbad, severely. "I should think you would have more sense."

"I thought —"

"Never mind just now what you thought," said Sindbad, who seemed very much out of sorts; "but listen to me. Suppose an accident happened to this train, and the enchanted trousers were in the valise; and suppose I lost the valise, as I probably should: then where would I be? My only source of income would be gone, and I should be obliged to begin life over again — which at my age is a more serious thing than you seem to imagine."

And the explorer gazed resentfully at his partner, who began to feel quite remorseful, though he did not know exactly why.

"Where *are* the trousers, sir?" he asked.

"They 're — where I can't very well get at them just now. The fact is, I generally use them as a chest-protector when I 'm traveling, and they are utilized in that capacity now. I have an ingenious way of folding them, and I don't doubt that they have saved me many a severe cold."

Tom murmured his admiration of Sindbad's fertility of invention, but his compliments did not seem to soften his irritated companion in the least.

"That 's all right," said the explorer; "but we may have to travel four long, weary hours in this exquisitely uncomfortable car, just the same."

"I have a little money with me," said Tom, diffidently.

"Oh, have you?" cried Sindbad, his counte-

nance clearing up. "Why did n't you say so before? How much have you?"

"About four dollars and a half."

"Then we 're all right; we 'll have parlor-car seats. Of course, as we 're partners, you expect to contribute something to the cash capital of the firm. I don't ask you to do a great deal; but as I have already expended nine dollars and sixty cents, I think you ought to put in your four and a half dollars."

Tom, still a little embarrassed, expressed his entire willingness to do so.

"Spoken like the open-hearted lad I took you for!" said Sindbad. "And now let 's go right in and get our seats."

But Tom lingered.

"There 's one thing I 'm kind of sorry about," he said sheepishly.

"What is it?"

"The money is nearly all in pennies and nickels."

"Tut! tut!" said Sindbad, frowning. "Why, how is that?"

"It 's some money I had been saving to get a pair of skates this winter, and I put it away just as I got it. I hate to count out in pennies the two dollars that the parlor-car seats will cost."

"Well, there 's no help for it," returned Sindbad; "so come along."

They marched into the parlor-car, at the door of which they met the conductor, of whom the explorer inquired:

"Have you two good seats for my partner and myself?"

"Just two left, sir. This way, please."

In a few moments Sindbad and Tom were seated in two very comfortable chairs in the center of the car.

"This is something like," said the explorer, leaning back with a sigh of relief; "but it does worry me to have to pay for these seats in pennies."

"There are *some* nickels," said Tom, deprecatingly.

"They 're not much better than the pennies. Where is the money?"

"In my bag."

"Well, get it out as quick as you can, and make up two rolls of a dollar each,—in nickels

if you can,—and inclose them in paper. Too late! here 's the conductor now."

As the official paused before Sindbad, the great explorer, assuming an indolent air, said:

"Pay the man, Thomas, my lad. It 's really too much trouble to get my money out. How much is it, sir?"

"Two dollars," the conductor replied.

"I leave all these little details to Thomas. Thomas, where is the money?"

"I 'll get it, sir"; and Tom began nervously fumbling at the lock of his bag, which receptacle he presently opened, and drew therefrom a tin bank.

"We must break it open, sir," he said. "I guess you 'll have to do it. I don't believe my hands are strong enough."

By this time the eyes of every one in that part of the car were upon them. With red, angry face, Sindbad began work upon the bank.

"If you 'd only told me it was sealed up in this way, I 'd have remained in the other car," he hissed in his junior partner's ear. "This is awfully embarrassing — good gracious!"

The explorer had miscalculated the amount of force needed to open the bank; it had suddenly burst open, and its contents were scattered in every direction.

Two or three of the passengers laughed outright, several others tittered, and nearly all the rest grinned. The conductor stood scowling and muttering impatiently, while the two explorers scrambled about the floor for the fugitive coins.

It happened that the train was going over a particularly rough bit of road at the time, and the partners had hard work to recover their capital. Sindbad twice fell at full length; and Tom, when in the act of rising with a handful of pennies, was precipitated into the lap of an irritable old lady, and his money was again strewn upon the floor.

"Really, sir," said a stout gentleman, upon whose feet Sindbad had come down rather heavily, "this is absurd. Why don't you pay the fare and let your boy's pennies go?"

"My motives do not concern you, sir," replied Sindbad, redder and angrier than ever; "but you shall know them. I desire to inculcate principles of economy in the mind of this

lad. I want him to appreciate the value of money, and to that end I gladly sacrifice my own personal ease."

"And that of every one else in the car," said the stout gentleman. "I 'll pay your fare myself if you 'll keep off my feet."

"I refuse your offer with scorn, sir!" returned Sindbad, hotly. "Thomas, pick up the nickel over by that lady's left foot."

"I 'll come back in half an hour," said the conductor, and he stalked away.

A few minutes later all the coins that could be found were collected in Tom's hat.

"Now, we 'll count them," said Sindbad; "or, rather, I will. You hold the hat, and don't you drop it, if you value your peace of mind."

Then the explorer counted out the coins, watched closely by all his fellow-passengers. There proved to be three hundred and thirty-seven cents and nine nickels.

"Only three dollars and eighty-two cents," said Tom, with a long face; "and I know there were four dollars and a half in the bank. I 'm sure there are a lot of pennies under that old lady's chair on the other side of the aisle. Shall I wake her up, and ask her to let me look for them?"

"Don't you dare do anything of the sort," said Sindbad, in a low, fierce tone. "Have n't I been humiliated enough already? Have you no sense of shame? Just make two rolls, of one dollar each, of these pennies, and don't offer any more idiotic suggestions."

Tom, greatly crestfallen, proceeded to obey his partner. When the conductor returned, the money was ready for him.

"I 'm not obliged to take these pennies," he said gruffly; "but I 'll do it this time."

He fiercely punched a number of holes in two tickets, which he thrust into Sindbad's hand, adding:

"The next time you travel in my car, sir, I 'd be obliged if you 'd provide yourself with a dollar bill or two."

Sindbad leaned back in his seat, muttering: "In all my fifteen hundred and twenty-one voyages I was never so humiliated before! I, Sindbad, the world's most famous explorer, laughed at by a car full of idiots, and bullied

by a common conductor! This partnership business I'm convinced is n't by any means what it's cracked up to be!"

Tom felt crushed.

"Well, then," said Sindbad, with the air of a martyr, "I have only myself to blame, and I won't complain any more. I *did* think, when I first saw you — but it's no matter."



"TOM WAS PRECIPITATED INTO THE LAP OF AN IRRITABLE OLD LADY."

"Never mind, sir," he said, with a feeble attempt at consolation; "maybe there will be a horrible accident before long."

"No such luck," grumbled Sindbad. "This is what I get for associating myself with an amateur explorer. Amateur explorer! Why, I begin to think that you're not even *that*! You never explored anything in your life, did you?"

Tom acknowledged sadly that he never had.

"I'm doing the best I can, Mr. Sindbad —" Tom began.

"Oh, I don't doubt that!" interrupted the explorer. "Say no more, I beg of you."

"I shall get used to your ways after a while, and then maybe things will be different," ventured the junior partner, timidly.

"Maybe," replied Sindbad; "but, to be honest with you, I'm afraid they won't be. This

seems to be a case of misplaced confidence; or perhaps I ought to say, poor judgment. I'm willing to take all the blame on myself, you see; I always was magnanimous, and I suppose I always shall be. But this business reminds me painfully of my experience with Hindbad; I don't like to say so, because I know it hurts your feelings, but I must, really."

Then the explorer sighed deeply and closed his eyes.

Tom sat silent and crestfallen for a long time. He keenly felt his unworthiness to associate so intimately with a man of Sindbad's eminence, and he heartily wished himself back in Oakdale.

"And I'll go back, too," he said to himself, "and go to work for Zeb Pettibone. This partnership might as well be dissolved first as last. I don't seem to take to the exploring business as I thought I would, and I suppose Sindbad will be glad to be rid of me. He's awfully short-tempered, anyhow; and I don't believe we would get along very well together. Then it would be very monotonous, too; for I'm sure no accident will ever happen while I'm —"

His soliloquy was cut short by a sudden shock which threw him from his chair. All the lights were extinguished; then Tom felt the car turn over and fall down — down — down.

It was with a feeling almost of relief that he reflected that an accident had actually happened; he knew how pleased Sindbad would be. He was about to call out to the explorer when his forehead came in violent contact with some hard object, and his senses left him.

"Ah — coming to, are you?" were the first words he heard when he recovered his consciousness. "Now is n't this perfectly delightful? It really seems like old times, does n't it? But I forget, you were not with me in the old Bagdad days."

"We're in a boat, are n't we?" said Tom, rather weakly. "I can't see anything."

"It's a rather dark night," replied Sindbad; "but the moon may be up before long. Yes, we are in a boat — a flat-bottomed rowboat. You see, the train ran off the track and dropped from a high bridge into a river. Several boats shot out from the shore, and this one shot right to the spot where I was swimming, with you under my left arm. We were hauled on board, and here we are. Do you think you are much injured?"

"No; my head hurts a little, that's all," said Tom, straining his eyes in a vain attempt to distinguish the forms of their rescuers, of whom he knew by the sound of the oars there were at least two. "Where are they taking us, sir?"

"Ah, that remains to be seen," answered Sindbad, in a mysterious voice. "This is no ordinary boat, my lad."

"Less noise there!" said a voice out of the darkness — a deep, hoarse, harsh voice, the very sound of which made Tom quake.

"Don't be alarmed," whispered Sindbad in his ear; "it's just this sort of thing that we're looking for." Then in a loud tone he said, addressing the unseen oarsman: "That's all right, my friend; my partner and I were just saying how very kind it was of you to take all this trouble on our account."

"Well, you keep quiet, that's all," replied the unseen.

"I hardly think you know who I am, my good fellow," said the explorer, the tones of his voice showing the annoyance he felt. "My name is Sindbad — G. W. Sindbad, formerly of Bagdad."

"Don't you 'good fellow' me," was the response, uttered in an angry tone. "I know who you are well enough; and let me tell you, you are in the biggest scrape of your life — one that you won't get out of in a hurry."

"Is n't this great?" whispered Sindbad in Tom's ear.

(To be continued.)

MONDAY IN KITTEN-LAND.



"THE SCHOOL-BELL IS RINGING!"

KITTENS MUST NOT
PUFF DURING
SCHOOL HOURS



THE LAST ONE IN.

HEMMED IN WITH THE CHIEF:

BY FRANK WELLES CALKINS.

My father was one of the earliest settlers in Western Iowa. He kept a fur-trading store up where old Fort Meade now stands, in the early '40's, and the Ponca-Omahas, whose villages were some miles above, did considerable trading with him.

They were a peaceable, friendly lot; and after I returned from school at Detroit, I became well acquainted with some of the chiefs who came to bring furs in exchange for goods.

Among these Indians was old *Wa-sah-be Jinghe* (Little Black Bear), or Little Bear, as we used to call him, a sociable old fellow. He could talk English fairly well for an Indian, and was a man of consequence in his tribe.

It was in the second year after my return from school, that I arranged with Little Bear to go with his band on a fall buffalo-hunt. I was then seventeen or thereabouts, fond of hunting, and of a wild life.

We set out in September, more than a hundred men, women, and children, myself the only white person in the outfit. I drove a team of horses to a light wagon. Little Bear also had a wagon, as had two or three others; but most of the Indians used pack and saddle ponies, with the usual travois-poles dragging behind. We drove a herd of hunting-ponies. In fact, we represented the motley and barbarous appearance of Indians on the move.

It was yet early for the buffalo to begin to move southward from the upper Missouri; and though several scouts were on the alert each day, we sighted only two or three considerable bunches during the first week. We succeeded in surrounding one band, and killed about thirty. It was exciting while it lasted—a kind of mixed *mêlée* in which racing, plunging, shooting, and yelling indulged one's taste for adventure to the fullest extreme. After the hunt, the meat was cut up and carried to camp by the squaws, who

had followed at a distance, while we hunters—some fifty of us—rode ahead with a tremendous flourish.

Upon this first hunt I killed one young bull. I kept a small hump steak, the tongue, and hide, and, cutting the rest into about equal parts, gave one to each head of a family in the band. This earned for me the name of *Washushe*, meaning "good" or "generous," by which I was known among the Omahas ever after that.

It was the next morning after this hunt that the chief, Little Bear, came to my tent, just as I had finished my steak, biscuit, and coffee. He brought two wolfskin disguises, which I had before seen in his tepee. Each was made of two wolf-pelts sewed together, with mounted nose and tail, and there were arm-holes with short skin sleeves, and leggings for the thighs, which came nearly down to the knees, the whole covering fastened to the body with deer-skin thongs.

He had before promised to take me on a "wolf-hunt" after buffalo, and he now put on the largest of the coverings, and manoeuvred about in front of my tent, showing the various attitudes of the wolf, in shambling along, in trotting, and in sneaking upon its prey.

His squaw, who was wielding her *wewajaba* (fleshing-knife) upon an upturned buffalo-pelt pinned to the ground with wooden pegs, stopped her work and grinned approval. He certainly mimicked the wolf well: and the disguise, excepting the legs and the size, was perfect.

"Hoogh!" he said, when he had shown me how to act in crawling up to game, "we go hunt um *tewan* that way"; pointing to the northwest up the creek.

I was glad to go upon a still-hunt; for, to tell the truth, the mixed hurly-burly of the usual Ponca method, and its useless dangers, did not

recommend it to me when I had had time to reflect after the excitement was over.

When Little Bear and I mounted our ponies and rode out that morning, the camp was in an uproar, as usual in the preparation for a hunt. A scout had come in with news of a big herd to the eastward, and the Indians were running in ponies, saddling and cinching them on all hands, and there was much bucking and plunging among the wild and skittish ones, as usual. Squaws were hustling about at the command of their lords and masters, and young lads, in half-leggings and short shirts, were rushing to and fro, making a great parade of helping to get the hunters started.

Little Bear must have told his leaders of the proposed hunt with me, for no one paid the slightest attention to our going out.

We jogged directly up the little valley for an hour or more; and then, in rounding a point of the hill, sighted a large band of buffalo feeding among the ravines, and upon the slopes on the opposite side of the valley. There was an immense number in sight, but, as the high grounds were covered as far over as we could see, we knew there must be more beyond.

Little Bear grunted with huge satisfaction, and gave me to understand in hurried words of Ponca and pigeon English that the big herds were coming down from the north.

We hustled our ponies into a ravine near at hand, and tied them to some bull-berry bushes. Then, carrying our disguises and guns, the chief with his bow and arrows at his back, we slipped down the ravine into the creek channel, keeping entirely out of sight of the herd. The wind was fairly in our favor, and we kept along the bed of the stream, in which ran a little trickling brook at the bottom, until we reached the mouth of a dry run leading across the valley and through the middle of the herd. There were such runs and ravines cutting back into the hills every half mile or so.

Up this gully we went at a jog-trot, bending low, until it became so shallow that we could begin to see the buffalo upon the hills above.

The chief then squatted and motioned me down. We put on the wolf-skins, he taking the largest; for, despite his name, he was a large and powerfully made man.

Adjusting the eye-holes so that we could see plainly, we crawled out upon the open ground upon our hands and knees. Almost the first thing that happened to me was to get one of my knees filled with cactus spikes; and while I writhed about trying to pull them out, I heard Little Bear growling under his breath, "Hoogh! *terwan* heap plenty — we kill heap!"

He had steered clear of the cactus. As soon as the pain would let me look about me, I saw that we were, indeed, in the midst of a "heap" of buffalo. The hills on both sides were now freckled with them, some feeding and some lying down; while up the ravine the high lands swarmed with them as far as one could see.

On both sides of the run there were half a hundred buffalo, perhaps, scattered about close at hand, some of them within bow-shot. These last, which were cropping the feather-grass, stopped occasionally to gaze curiously at our advance.

We shambled slowly along, the chief in front, and evidently determined to crawl into the very midst of the herd before beginning execution.

We passed within a dozen yards of a big bull, who snorted at our advance and shook his huge shaggy head angrily. Then he followed us and began to paw the ground and bellow in a hoarse, muttering note. Glancing over my shoulder I noticed that he was even threatening attack. Little Bear, too, had halted, and was looking back, I thought, uneasily; but he moved on again when the bull came no closer, while I, imitating his wolfish movements as closely as possible, followed after him. I saw that the groups of buffalo were growing more numerous on all sides, and a score of them were coming toward us with their shaggy fronts lifted. My heart thumped hard against my ribs with excitement.

"Let 's shoot some of them," I whispered. At that instant a number of the bulls began to bellow, and to throw dirt with their hoofs.

Their noise and stir started a herd down the nearest hill, and we saw a host of them come tearing down the slope, with long, lunging jumps, some of them flinging their heels and tails high in the air, jumping sidewise, and bawling in a mad, freakish way, just as cattle sometimes plunge down a hill, half in play, half in a state of nervous excitement. There

was now a perfect bedlam of noise, and clouds of dust were rising on all hands. The chief motioned to me to shoot.

I carried a short, thick-barreled buffalo-gun — it was before the days of breech-loaders — which threw an ounce and a half slug. I aimed at a bull some fifty feet away, who offered a broadside shot in his pawing. The heavy ball knocked him off his feet, and the next moment he was at the last gasp.

The chief also fired his rifle, with what effect I did not see, for our shots did not startle even the nearest animals, so great was the noise of their own bawlings, and so thick the cloud of dust they had raised. A mad craze seemed suddenly to have possessed the whole herd, for a great crowd had pressed down out of the ravine, and hundreds were plunging down the bluffs. The situation had suddenly become startling and dangerous.

The chief, in alarm, sprang to his feet, and threw the wolf-skin from his head. I did the same. He had evidently counted on scattering the buffalo, and frightening them off by our first shots.

Instead, a tumbling mass of them had gathered about the animal which I had shot, and, excited to greater frenzy than ever by the smell of blood, were filling the air with hoarse, deep, quavering roars, which made the ground tremble under us.

The dust from the multiplying numbers which surged in toward us, pervaded as it was with alkali, set me into a paroxysm of sneezing and coughing in spite of my intense alarm. It now enveloped us in so thick a cloud that we could practically see nothing. Suddenly the chief seized me by the arm. "Come," he said, "we go quick!" and we started at a run. We dodged hither and thither to get out of the way of plunging, bawling animals, many of which lunged past within arm's reach.

The dust had grown continuously thicker, and my eyes, filled with the smarting alkali, failed me utterly before we had run fifty yards. I was again seized by a violent fit of coughing and sneezing.

I shouted to Little Bear, between my coughings, that I could not see. He answered only, "We go quick — quick!" and keeping a tight

grip upon my arm, jerked me this way and that, as we rushed ahead.

But, active and powerful as he was, he could not save me in my blindness from collision. I was hit by one of the huge animals, and knocked over. The creature struck me on the left side, and I was wrenched from the chief's grasp, and sent rolling over and over in the dust. In fact, I was knocked breathless, half-stunned, and could not have arisen at once of my own accord. I should have been run over and crushed but for the chief. As it was, I just had sense enough to know that I was jerked from the ground, tossed upward and borne forward upon his shoulders.

He ran like a deer, carrying me as if I had been a papoose, jumping and dodging this way and that, among the throng of animals, whose rumbling tread sounded in my ears like the muttering of thunder.

Twice he was run into and thrown, and we both measured our full lengths; but he was on his feet again in an instant, and, lifting me as before, darted ahead, seemingly unhurt. How he managed to keep his eyesight and his bearings in that choking cloud, and among that excited mass of animals, is, and always will be, a mystery to me.

But he did it.

He carried me out of that bellowing, crazy crowd of animals, and set me upon my feet upon the hill above them, giving utterance to a huge grunt of satisfaction when he found that I could stand.

When I had rubbed the dust out of my eyes, somewhat, I saw him grinning humorously at me. The herds had rolled on across the valley, and were going over the opposite hills.

Undoubtedly I owed my life to Little Bear, and I was grateful to him. On returning to the buffalo which I had killed, we found my rifle with stock and locks badly broken and crushed; the gun was ruined; and even the tough carcass of the dead animal had been so trampled as to be almost beyond recognition.

There was plenty of exciting work after this, and we killed many buffalo in our wolf-skin disguises. But we were careful thereafter not to be caught in the midst of charging herds.



"HE RAN LIKE A DEER, CARRYING ME AS IF I HAD BEEN A PAPOOSE."

HOW THE FLAG WAS SAVED.

(*A Story with two sequels. A second sequel to "The Fairport Nine."*)

BY NOAH BROOKS.

A SEQUEL is a continuation of a story; it is a second story that comes after another one, to add to it what could not be told in the first place. But a story that I once told the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* is a story with two sequels.

Fifteen years ago, as certain grown-up people may remember, I wrote for the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, who are now the grown-ups, a story called "The Fairport Nine." It was all about a party of boys who had a base-ball club in Fairport, Maine, and who made of themselves a little company of soldiers. In the story, they played base-ball matches with the "White Bears," a rival company of boys; and they paraded as a militia company, with a fife and drum and flag. It was this flag that made it possible to have sequels to the story of "The Fairport Nine," as you shall hear.

The boys in "The Fairport Nine" were real boys, and I was one of them. We lived in the town of Castine, Maine, and I merely changed the name of that dear old town to Fairport when I wrote the story. And when I told how a flag was presented to us, as a company, by some of the grown-up girls of the village, and how I, as the standard-bearer of the Fairport Nine, received the flag, and made a little speech in reply to the grown-up girl who presented it, I was telling only what actually happened so many years before. The boys' company paraded with the flag in 1840; the story was printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* in 1880—forty years afterward.

Seven years after the story was printed, I found the copies of the written speeches delivered by the standard-bearer and by the young lady who presented the flag to us. For, as I was the little standard-bearer, then aged ten years, the written speeches, now yellow with age, had been kept in the family through all these years. Meanwhile, as the years were spinning away into the dim and far-away past,

the boys of that small militia company had grown up and had taken their part and lot in life; and most of them had done their whole duty by their country when the country needed help.

So, in 1887, seven years after the story of "The Fairport Nine" had been printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*, I wrote the first sequel of that tale, in which was related the finding of the papers on which were written the speeches made when the flag was presented; and I took that opportunity to tell something about the boys who had grown to be men and had profited by the lessons they received in their native town of Castine so many years before. That sequel was printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* in March, 1887, nine years ago, and was entitled "A Lesson in Patriotism."

In the course of time, as we grew up, the boys' company of militia paraded no more; but the flag presented to us was kept in my custody as standard-bearer of the "Fairport Nine." When it disappeared, I do not know; but after a while, when I looked for it, it could not be found; and, as other things more important to a growing boy than a boys' flag began to come into my life, I forgot all about it.

And yet, it was a very beautiful flag—at least, we thought so. It was made of white cotton cloth, and was four feet long and two feet wide. In an oval line on that flag were set twelve red stars; and in the middle of the oval were three stars, two blue and one red. The flag was bordered with a bright red worsted fringe which came from the cabin curtains of the good ship "Canova," built on the Penobscot River, in 1823, and owned in Castine. When the ship was refitted in our port, about the time of which I am writing, the cabin furnishings were changed, and the big girls who made our flag were allowed to take the curtain-fringe; and, having beautified the flag with

that, they further decorated it with a red cord and two handsome tassels, which, after many a foreign voyage in the cabin of the *Canova*, were fastened on the flagstaff of the Fairport Nine, and dangled in the breeze, making a very brave show indeed.

I do not believe that any real soldier in the ranks of any army looks upon the flag of his regiment proudly fluttering over his head with greater pride than that with which we boys looked on the white flag with its group of red and blue stars.

And yet, when it disappeared from my bedroom, where it was safely laid away, nobody missed it until it had been gone for a long time. The truth is that the sports of childhood had been left far behind in the real battle of life.

But about a year ago a very strange thing happened. The pastor of the village church lives in the house that was formerly owned and occupied by the father of two of my playmates. Neither of those boys was a member of the Fairport Nine, however; one of them was older than any of us, and the other was much younger than any of us. Their father has been dead several years, and the present tenant of the house in which the boys had lived had occasion to make some changes inside of the building. One day, while removing some of the laths and plastering of a partition, the good pastor was considerably surprised to find in the space between two walls of lath-and-plaster a folded bundle of cloth. He drew it forth from its hiding-place, and shook out its dusty folds. It was the long-lost flag of the Fairport Nine!

Was n't this a famous find? And how did the pastor know that he had found the flag of the Fairport Nine? He had read in *St. NICHOLAS* a description of the flag, as it was written and put into a picture in 1887, and he knew it as soon as he saw it; and his children, living in the town where the Fairport Nine had flourished in 1840, had read the story as it was printed in 1880, and the sequel as it was printed in 1887. I suppose they will read this other sequel when it is printed in 1896, although they



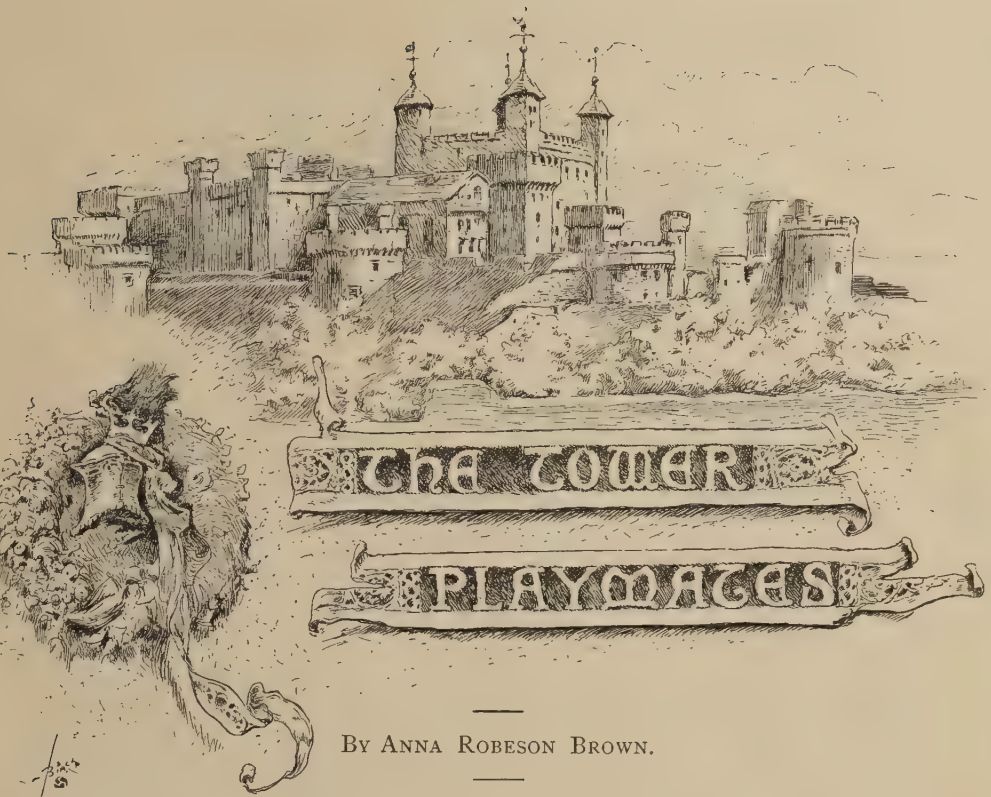
THE FLAG OF THE "FAIRPORT NINE."

are now young ladies, as big as the big girls that gave us the flag in 1840, and which is now so wonderfully restored to the writer, who was the standard-bearer.

The flag of the Fairport Nine is still in a good state of preservation, although its colors are faded and its white field is yellow with old age. It hangs in the study of the old man who carried it so proudly fifty-six years ago, when he was a very small boy. And as he looks on its faded folds, and recalls the names and lives of those who marched under the flying colors so long ago, he remembers with thankfulness that every one of the little soldiers has done his whole duty by his country, and that some of them were permitted to give to their beloved land the last offering that man can give — life on the field of battle.



"TWO BOYS—THE ELDEST HARDLY TWELVE—WITH TRAIN OF MEN AND GUARDS,
WHO WALKED WITH HEAVY TREAD AROUND THE MIGHTY WALLS AND WARDS."



BY ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

THE Lord Lieutenant's daughter, a little maid of ten,
 On Tower Green she played at ball, beloved by Tower men;
 Her merry face, beneath its coif of silk and string of pearls,
 Made her, in all her bright attire, the pink of little girls.
 For every stately guardsman she had a gentle word,
 And often in the barrack-room her prattling voice was heard;
 While, to the prisoners' weary eyes, whene'er her head was seen
 Beyond their rusty bars, it made a sunlight on the green.
 Bess to her mother clung in fear as thro' the Traitor's Gate
 'Twixt many a line of armed men two prisoners passed in state:
 Two boys—the eldest hardly twelve—with train of men and guards,
 Who walked with heavy tread around the mighty walls and wards;
 Grim, scowling men who did not cry, as some were wont to do,
 "Good-morrow, little Mistress Bess! How fares the world with you?"

One day Bess crept from home by stealth; she took her simple toys
 Into a shady courtyard nook, well hid and far from noise.
 And while she played she glanced about, and saw above her head
 A deep cut window in the wall, its bars with rust grown red,
 Grasping at these, two children's hands. Two pairs of merry eyes
 Looked down from 'neath the flaxen locks, and laughed at her surprise.
 "Who are you, maid?" a quick voice cried, imperious and gay.
 "Bess Brackenbury, please, fair sir; I only came to play.
 My father's Lord Lieutenant here; he keeps the Tower keys,
 And guards the prisoners safely. But who are you, sir, please?"

Then quoth the blue-eyed boy, still bent
 above the rusty sill,
 "I would the Lord Lieutenant had others
 at his will!
 Stay, child; that daisy pluck for me—a grass-
 blade—anything!
 Within these walls no token comes of winter
 or of spring.
 Some day I'll sure requite
 you—I am a royal
 king!"

Now English maids are
 loyal as English
 hearts are free;
 So, "Yea, my liege!" quoth
 little Bess (a court-
 bred maid was she!);
 She made a sweeping
 courtesy,—her care-
 ful mother's pride,—
 And plucked the daisy
 daintily, its curling
 leaves beside.

Alas! too far above her
 head the straining
 hands were set;
 And though on tiptoe high
 she stood, no nearer
 could she get.
 And so the blue-eyed boys
 above, the brown-
 eyed maid below,
 Stayed many a minute
 chattering till little
 Bess must go.
 Day after day the rusty
 grate by boyish hands
 was pressed,
 Day after day the court-
 yard nook rang loud
 with chat and jest,
 Until dear friends the chil-
 dren grew; all state
 was laid aside,—

Edward was "Ned," and Richard "Dick,"
 and Bess "the Royal Bride"!
 For Edward vowed, if e'er released from
 prison cell was he,

Bess Brackenbury should be his Queen, and
 never maid but she!

Thus days and weeks sped quickly by; each
 hour was full and fair.
 One day Bess to the window came, and no
 two heads were there.



"THOUGH ON TIPTOE HIGH SHE STOOD, NO NEARER COULD SHE GET."

She waited till the noonday sun shone hot
 on Tower Green;
 She waited till the sunset-gun—till the new
 moon was seen.

Her mother hunted wildly with many a sob
and cry :

"Oh, woe this day for England's babes if three
fair children die !"

But Bessie lingered, sobbing ; she listened
'neath the grate ;

Cried first, "It is too early !" and then, "It
is too late !"

She sat upon the cold, gray stones, and
hugged the precious toys

Which she had brought to show her friends,
who had no kindred joys !

She waited, hungry, weary ; when, sudden, to
the spot

Her father — wild-eyed, white-faced, trem-
bling-handed, hoping not —

Came, and caught her to his bosom. "Oh,
naughty daughter Bess !

What art thou doing in this place so far
from our distress ?"

Poor Bessie on his shoulder sobbed out her
hidden pain.

"Oh, father dear, they did not come ; I waited
long in vain !"

But when he heard the story, he turned away
his face ;

She might not see the sudden tears that
crept and dropped apace.

"They will not come again, my Bess ; thy play-
mates are not there ;

And England's coming years shall mark this
day for England's prayer !

Thy playmates wait for thee, my dear ; and
some day thou shalt know

How every loyal English heart shares in thy
childish woe !"

Bess wondered, did not understand, wept for
her friends full sore ;

And gladly in her mother's arms saw home
and bed once more.

But still, in long years after, to her grand-
child on her knee

She told the same old story of the Tower
playmates three ;

The little 'prisoned princes, her friends and
comrades dear ;

And their wicked Uncle "Crookback," whose
crimes caused many a tear.

While often, when the fire-light rose, some
wondering youngster said,

"Grandmother, tell the story of the King with
whom you played !"





A DREAM IN FEBRUARY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

COME to me, my precious Polly,—put away that tiresome dolly ;	All the pretty Mauds and Marys of a hun- dred Februaries
Let me tell you what I dreamed here in my chair beside the door :	Came a-tripping, dancing, curtsyng, bright as blossoms in a breeze —
Such a dream!—the day befitting ; for I dozed while you were sitting	Every damsel for whose wooing ever came a missive suing
Counting up your Valentines, dear, in the sunshine on the floor.	In the golden words of good St. Valentine's enchanted art :
Now what can a gruff old codger like myself, your crusty lodger,	Every maid at whom the cunning Cupid, on his errands running,
Have to do with youth and romance, "loves and doves," and holidays ?	Ever on this day in elfin mischief aimed his airy dart.
Can you look at me, unwinking, and declare you are not thinking	There was Marian, tall and stately, pacing down the room sedately,
Some such disrespectful thought, Miss, with your wide, transparent gaze ?	With her stiff brocade and satin brushing Chloe's muslin gown ;
Yet to me, gray-haired and stooping as I am, from Dreamland trooping,	There was Nell, the farmer's lassie, fresh from fields and pastures grassy ;
Fair as when they first wore blushes (you may doubt me if you please !),	Proud Inez, and Sue, the sailor's sweetheart, with the sea-winds brown.

Moll, the milkmaid, buxom, blowzy, with her curly locks all frowzy;
 Sweet Priscilla, looking shyly from her rosy, quaint calash;
 Saucy Mab, romantic Celia, dove-like Ruth, and grave Cornelia,
 Bashful Bess, and Kate, her black eyes kindling with a roguish flash.
 Maids from castle, cot, and kitchen, rustic Joan, and Gertrude, rich in
 Bygone splendors, high, historic, of an ancient place and time;
 And a modern girl from college, turning from her hoarded knowledge
 To peruse, with eyes of laughter, some one's brave but halting rhyme.
 Such a stir of garments flowing, ribbons flying, ringlets blowing;
 Such a clicking, gay and quick, in dancing steps, of high-heeled shoes!
 Such a rain of glances, pettish, tender, trustful, arch, coquettish,—
 How among that bevy could a poor bewildered bachelor choose?
 My old eyes were dazzled fairly. Sure, so bright a vision rarely
 Even upon this day of wonders may a mortal man behold.
 And I loved them all. Nay, Polly, never look so melancholy;
 For the strangest part, and sweetest, of my story is not told.
 As I gazed, in look and feature of each pretty, blushing creature
 Something—here 's the marvel—slowly I began to recognize.
Under bonnet, hood, or wimple, every face with smile and dimple
Bent my Polly's gaze upon me, looked at me with Polly's eyes!
 Clad in modern garb or olden, black her hair, or brown, or golden,
 Still each little maid my Polly's own beloved likeness wore.
 In a hundred forms, each sweeter than the last, I turned to greet her,
 And awoke—to see you sitting in the sunshine on the floor!
 Ah, my sweetheart, did the seeming of my all-unconscious dreaming,
 After all, but prove the power of Love's inimitable art?
 And does every loyal lover in all faces fair discover
 But the one, the face beloved, that is mirrored in his heart?
 Is there something in all loving, laughing eyes their kinship proving—
 Some sweet, common look forever of all love the seal and sign?
 Or—but there, we will not quarrel! Kiss me, dear; I'll skip the moral.
 Take me, Polly, for your ancient but devoted Valentine!





*When the leaves are gone, the birds are gone,
And 't is very silent at the dawn.*

*Snowbird, nuthatch, chickadee,—
Come and cheer the lonely tree!*

*When the leaves are gone, the flowers are gone,
Fast asleep beneath the ground withdrawn.*

*Flowers of snow, so soft and fine —
Clothe the shivering branch and vine!*

"WHEN the leaves are gone, where are they gone?" was once asked me by an intelligent child.

"Let us go and see," I answered.

So my young questioner and I set forth on a tour of investigation. It was a sunshiny afternoon, the last day of November. First, we went through the orchard, where a few scattering leaves still clung to the gnarly branches. And the ground was as bare as though a thousand thousand leaves had not sunned and aired themselves, and drunk the sweet dew, in pleasant comradeship, all spring and summer. But as we came to the zigzag fence of rails, which bounded the orchard, we found that the broom of the wind had swept into the fence-corners the missing leaves, where they rustled under our feet, and whispered mysterious things.

From the orchard we went down the lane and into the woods, stopping to examine whatever interested us by the way. In places sure to be shielded from the cold winds of late autumn, we found blue violets, the foster-children of old November, who had strayed away from their own dear mother, May. There were also dandelions along the lane, some in bloom,

and some gone to seed. The blossoms would be only one inch from the ground, while the feathery seed-balls would be as high again, showing that the stem had grown after the flower ceased blooming. Bright as were the flowers, they grew so near the ground that we thought they shrank away as though they had seen the whip of winter lifted to strike them; and, indeed, it was the cold that caused them to be so stunted. And yet, so brave and hardy is the dandelion, that one will find scattered blooms about the pastures even in late December, and the shining seed-balls hugging the ground so closely that they might be taken for silver luck-pennies.

We stopped to look at the downy content of that sober plant, the mullen. Many plants had the central leaves folded continuously one about another, until a sort of large, gray-green bud was formed; and in one of these buds a bee was taking an afternoon nap, snugly sheltered from the air, which was growing somewhat chilly. We thought that any prudent insect might find a comfortable winter-home by asking the mullen to open its velvet leaves just a little, and then to fold them tightly around the wanderer! And while we were speaking, a bluebottle fly went humming past us, as if to say he had no mind yet to be asking shelter of any one!

By a still, sunshiny pool, we noticed the handsome stonecrops as they seemed to wade from the margin into the water. They were a rich coral-red, showing off well among the faded weeds and withered rushes. We found life-everlasting still fragrant when we crumpled it in our hands; and we thought the dry, silvery

calyxes of the asters almost as pretty in their star-shapes as the flowers themselves had been; while the goldenrod now stood with its still gray plumes in all the angles of the fence. We had also to notice what surprised us not a little—that all the berry brambles had gathered along their red stems a whitish bloom, something like that which covers the purple of ripe grapes, or the crimson of the peach. We thought this white coating might have been intended as a sort of furry protection against the coming cold of winter.

The border of the woods wore a sleepy look of contentment, as if there all were quite ready for winter. We found the clematis trailing over low shrubs and weaving in and out among the thickets. Like the goldenrod in its old age, the clematis had put on silvery plumes in place of flowers, and we bore away with us for decorations at home some of the graceful festoons of this vine. Still more ambitious than the clematis was the greenbrier (a species of smilax), which had gone climbing quite above our heads, and had suspended its clusters of small green-black berries, which might have been supposed to be fairy grapes, and which we hoped some late-lingering bird would find and eat, on a hungry winter morning now not far away. And while we were saying this, a number of little people in gray and black, as fantastic as maskers, came fluttering into the nooses of the clematis and greenbrier. "*Dee!* DEE! DEE! what do you here, coming without permission into our territory?" There are not so many words in the chickadee language, but such as there are are most expressive, and we soon beat a retreat. Not long after we entertained ourselves by playing hide-and-seek around a great tree-trunk with a nuthatch. Now, the nuthatch has the advantage of his cousin the woodpecker in one respect—he can go around the trunk of a tree head downward as well as in the upright position; and he was, on this occasion, full of quick and cunning ways.

While still not far in the woods, we came to a dear, hospitable nook under a protecting bank, where a tinkling spring, descending to meet a quiet stream, kept the mosses green, though it was so near frosty December. As we

listened to the gentle music of the spring,—“tinkle, tinkle,”—the same notes came repeated from a distance to us. We had to think twice before we decided that what we heard was the sound of sheep-bells in a pasture some fields away. Then we said that, for those who listen well, the various voices in nature—both living and unconscious voices—have much that is in common; and my sweet child-comrade told me how she had once heard a sparrow singing like a running brook as he perched on a willow branch, close by!

As we wound along the little woodland stream that slipped so softly by we could scarcely hear it, we saw what had become of hosts and hosts of leaves of all varieties. The little stream had drowned them without a murmur; and now they lay, brown, red, and amber, on the shallow bed, looking brighter than when they fluttered, dry and rustling, along the ground. There were great leaves of the sycamore (which must be a thirsty tree, since it is so often found by running water), leaves broad as a giant's hand, brown as leather, and with the smell of wet leather. There were, also, large grape-vine leaves, with curious patterns wrought upon them by some insect—scallop and scrollwork and fantastic zigzag lines. There were dark-red oak-leaves, many of which had round little balls growing upon them; and in every ball was the egg of an insect called the gall-fly. Then we recalled how the stately wands of the goldenrod which we had noticed in the lane would often have a round, very hard woody growth in the middle of the stem. This, too, was a winter home—the cradle of a grub that would become in time a gauzy-winged fly.

But we had come to find out, when the leaves are gone, *where* they are gone. Wherever there was a slight hollow in the woods, it would be so filled up with leaves as to be level with the higher ground; and we would often heedlessly go over our ankles in the brown drifts; and wherever was an old hollow stump, there the leaves would be stored—much as though some tidy gardener had found this means of disposing of them. No wonder, with such a comfortable coverlet above them, the seeds are kept warm and alive, so that when spring

comes these old stumps sometimes show us lovely miniature gardens. "Yes," I said to my little friend, "you may call the leaves nature's patchwork quilt, which she tucks down cozily around her darlings when they first go asleep, so that they need never be chilled."

"If the old leaves could only know how much good they do, I should think it would make them very happy, and they would n't mind so much having to leave their homes on the trees," returned my bright young comrade.

But now the wind began to rise, and the bare tree-tops to sigh all together, and strange, small noises here and there to cause us to look

about, to discover if any one was coming behind us. There would be danger of falling branches, or of some old tree itself falling if the wind should blow hard; and so we must be gone. As we made our way out, far through the maple aisles, sunward, we saw the leaves in great quantities suddenly lifted on the wind. Just for a moment they seemed like bright shifting sands, or like the ripples of a yellow stream flickering in the sunshine. We knew that when the wind ceased to blow one might know which way it had blown; for the leaves would be left pointing in one direction, stems side by side, and the tips of the leaves likewise.

LETTERS TO A BOY.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WITH NOTES BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR HOSKYNs: I am kept away in a cupboard because everybody has the Influenza; I never see anybody at all, and never do anything whatever except to put ink on paper up here in my room. So what can I find to write to you? You, who are going to school, and getting up in the morning to go bathing, and having (it seems to me) rather a fine time of it in general?

You ask if we have seen Arick? Yes, your mother saw him at the head of a gang of boys, and looking fat, and sleek, and well-to-do. I have an idea that he misbehaved here, because he was homesick for the other Black Boys, and did n't know how else to get back to them. Well, he has got them now, and I hope he likes it better than I should.

I read the other day something that I thought would interest so great a sea bather as yourself. You know that the fishes that we see, and catch,

go only a certain way down into the sea. Below a certain depth there is no life at all. The water is as empty as the air is above a certain height. Even the shells of dead fishes that come down there are crushed into nothing by the huge weight of the water. Lower still, in the places where the sea is profoundly deep, it appears that life begins again. People fish up in dredging-buckets loose rags and tatters of creatures that hang together all right down there with the great weight holding them in one, but come all to pieces as they are hauled up. Just what they look like, just what they do or feed upon, we shall never find out. Only that we have some flimsy fellow-creatures down in the very bottom of the deep seas, and cannot get them up except in tatters. It must be pretty dark where they live, and there are no plants or weeds, and no fish come down there, or drowned sailors either, from the upper parts, because these are all mashed to pieces by the great weight long before they get so far, or else come to a place where perhaps they float. But I daresay a

cannon sometimes comes careering solemnly down, and circling about like a dead leaf or thistledown; and then the ragged fellows go and play about the cannon and tell themselves all kinds of stories about the fish higher up and their iron houses, and perhaps go inside and sleep, and perhaps dream of it all like their betters.

Of course you know a cannon down there would be quite light. Even in shallow water, where men go down with a diving-dress, they grow so light that they have to hang weights about their necks, and have their boots loaded with twenty pounds of lead—as I know to my sorrow. And with all this, and the helmet, which is heavy enough of itself to anyone up here in the thin air, they are carried about like gossamers, and have to take every kind of care not to be upset and stood upon their heads. I went down once in the dress, and speak from experience. But if we could get down for a moment near where the fishes are, we should be in a tight place. Suppose the water not to crush us (which it would), we should pitch about in every kind of direction; every step we took would carry us as far as if we had seven-league boots; and we should keep flying head over heels, and top over bottom, like the liveliest clowns in the world.

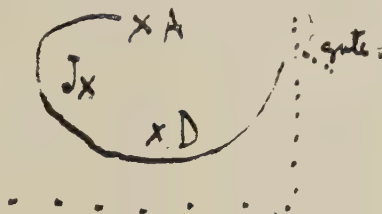
Well, sir, here is a great deal of words put down upon a piece of paper, and if you think that makes a letter, why, very well! And if you don't, I can't help it. For I have nothing under heaven to tell you.

So, with kindest wishes to yourself, and Louie, and Aunt Nellie, believe me,

Your affectionate UNCLE LOUIS.

Now here is something more worth telling you. This morning at six o'clock I saw all the horses together in the front paddock, and in a terrible ado about something. Presently I saw a man with two buckets on the march, and knew where the trouble was—the cow! The whole lot cleared to the gate but two—Donald, the big white horse, and my Jack. They stood solitary, one here, one there. I began to get interested, for I thought Jack was off his feed. In came the man with the bucket and all the ruck of curious horses at his tail. Right round he went to where Donald stood (D) and poured out a feed, and the majestic Donald ate

it, and the ruck of common horses followed the man. On he went to the second station, Jack's, (J in the plan) and poured out a feed, and the fools of horses went in with him to the next



place (A in the plan). And behold as the train swung round, the last of them came curiously too near Jack; and Jack left his feed and rushed upon this fool with a kind of outcry, and the fool fled, and Jack returned to his feed; and he and Donald ate theirs with glory, while the others were still circling round for fresh feeds.

Glory be to the name of Donald and to the name of Jack, for they had found out where the foods were poured, and each took his station and waited there, Donald at the first of the course for his, Jack at the second station, while all the impotent fools ran round and round after the man with his buckets!

R. L. S.

[Mr. Stevenson tells in the next letter how the demon "Tu" took up his quarters in the stable, and made things very lively for Mr. and Mrs. Talolo. Samoans believe that all sickness comes from the evil influence of such bogies.

The "Soldier Room," as it was called, in which Talolo and his wife took refuge from the demon Tu, was where Mr. Stevenson and I used to play a very interesting game with tin soldiers. We called it the "war-game," or "kriegspiel," for it was much the same as the mimic campaigns played by German officers in Europe. It was the most elaborate game I ever heard of, and the longest, for sometimes a single war lasted two months. A map was drawn on the floor, with rivers, mountains, towns, and roads all marked in different-colored chalk, and the two antagonists, with foot-rules, pen, and paper, and some five hundred tin soldiers apiece, occupied the territory assigned them. Everything was calculated to day's-

marches, and in some proportion to real life. Infantry marched ten inches a day on roads, cavalry eighteen inches, or twelve when hindered by light cannon, while the heavy artillery crawled along at the rate of three inches a day. The range of infantry fire, when unaccompanied by cannon, was twelve inches; the range of cannon was eighteen inches; and the number of shots was regulated by the number of regiments of four tin soldiers each. Thus an army of forty regiments, with heavy artillery, would be permitted forty shots; or eighty shots if it possessed two heavy cannon. The firing was managed by means of a little spring-gun loaded with duck-shot pellets. A single pellet was the plain infantry or cavalry shot; two pellets the light-artillery charge; six pellets the heavy artillery. I must say that if Mr. Stevenson usually out-manœvered me by his brilliant combinations and dashing play, I was a deadly marksman with the spring-gun.

The evolutions of the mimic armies were nicely calculated to scale, while the question of provisions and ammunition was met by little tin dies that had to be expended in proportion to the amount of firing or marching. Four tin dies a day was the price of heavy artillery's existence, and two for light cannon; and for every shot fired a single die had to be paid back to the base. The dies were brought back again in "carts" which held twenty dies apiece, and very often an army would get woefully short from want of foresight and thrift in this department. When an army could no longer meet its daily expenses, it had to desert its guns and carts on the road, and scatter in every direction; then the enemy's cavalry would get after it, and take every man prisoner who was within shooting range.

The game began by covering the ground with bits of paper, on which was written the strength of the force they represented. Then a week might be spent in little cavalry skirmishes by which both sides would try to "uncover" the other's paper and learn his dispositions. If you beat in the enemy's outposts, he had to tell you whether he was "in force" or not—that is, whether he had more or less than five regiments, with or without artillery. It used to be very exasperating sometimes to fail in

uncovering these slips, and find half-way through the game that you were still in the dark. Perhaps you might be scared into massing troops to hold a bit of paper in check that stood for nothing at all!

The weather, too, was not neglected, and like the real article in the real world it played an important part in a campaign; for sometimes the troops could march only half distances, and the heavy guns would be absolutely blocked by stress of rain or snow at most critical periods of the war. The big battles were very exciting, and many difficulties had to be overcome in order to succeed, or to minimize defeat; the reserves had to be sufficient, the weather good, the army well provisioned and supplied, the lines of communication well guarded, so that they might not be cut by a sudden cavalry rush, and regiments must be stationed at bridges to blow them up in case of a disaster. But one was often compelled to fight under unfavorable conditions, for perhaps an innocent-looking piece of paper that you treated with contempt would blossom out into a vast force. Occasionally two opposing bits of paper would bluff each other through an entire game, and materially alter its whole character.

When your army was five times greater than the enemy's fighting-line taken together with twice his reserves, he had to surrender without a shot. But in order to achieve this you had to tell him how many regiments you possessed, and unless they were sufficient to make him surrender, he did not have to tell you anything about his own strength. Thus you took the risk of his knowing your entire force without getting any corresponding advantage. In fact, secrecy was such an essential part of the game that you would often not take the full number of shots you were entitled to in order to keep the enemy in the dark. Out of every three soldiers knocked over, two were plumped into the "dead box," and one taken home to the base, from which he marched out again, in company with resurrected men like himself, to reinforce weak points and add still more to the uncertainty of the war.

It was indeed a most delightful game, and we used to play it day after day with unfailing zest, until our knees would ache and our backs get



MATAUTU, EASTERN END OF APIA, SAMOA.

sore with the stooping and kneeling. In only one way did it fail to correspond to real warfare, and that was in the persistent and unshaken courage of our tin heroes. We tried to remedy this defect with the dice-box, making a rule that when three fours were thrown the army was to be seized with panic and retire a full day's march, deserting its cannon and ammunition. But the rule was soon given up, for it was too heartbreaking to have one's most skilful calculations upset by an unforeseen and quite unnecessary panic. The uncertainty of the weather was trying enough to a commander, without bothering him with unexpected routs, though it must be confessed that three fours are sometimes thrown on real battle-grounds.

I could write a great deal more about the game, were there space enough at my disposal, for I have done nothing more than outline its general character. Its ingenious and complex rules would fill a small volume.—L. O.]

IX. FROM UNCLE LOUIS.

VAILIMA.

MY DEAR AUSTIN: Now when the overseer is away I think it my duty to report to him anything serious that goes on on the plantation.

Early the other afternoon we heard that Sina's foot was very bad, and soon after that we could have heard her cries as far away as the front balcony. I think Sina rather enjoys being ill, and makes as much of it as she possibly can; but all the same it was painful to hear the cries; and there is no doubt she was at least very uncomfortable. I went up twice to the little room behind the stable, and found her lying on the floor, with Tali and Faauma and Talolo all holding on different bits of her. I gave her an opiate; but whenever she was about to go to sleep one of these silly people would be shaking her, or talking in her ear, and then she would begin to kick about again and scream.

Palema and Aunt Maggie took horse and went down to Apia after the doctor. Right on their heels off went Mitaele on Musu to fetch Tauiilo, Talolo's mother. So here was all the island in a bustle over Sina's foot. No doctor came, but he told us what to put on. When I went up at night to the little room, I found Tauiilo there, and the whole plantation boxed into the place like little birds in a nest. They were sitting on the bed, they were sitting on the table, the floor was full of them, and the place as close as the engine-room of a steamer. In



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND MEMBERS OF HIS HOUSEHOLD AT VAILIMA.
From a photograph never before published.

the middle lay Sina, about three parts asleep with opium; two able-bodied work boys were pulling at her arms, and whenever she closed her eyes calling her by name, and talking in her ear. I really did n't know what would become of the girl before morning. Whether or not she had been very ill before, this was the way to make her so, and when one of the work boys woke her up again, I spoke to him very sharply, and told Tauilo she must put a stop to it.

Now I suppose this was what put it into Tauilo's head to do what she did next. You remember Tauilo, and what a fine, tall, strong, Madame Lafarge sort of person she is? And you know how much afraid the natives are of the evil spirits in the wood, and how they think all sickness comes from them? Up stood Tauilo, and addressed the spirit in Sina's foot, and scolded it, and the spirit answered and promised to be a good boy and go away. I

do not feel so much afraid of the demons after this. It was Faauma told me about it. I was going out into the pantry after soda-water, and found her with a lantern drawing water from the tank. "Bad spirit he go away," she told me.

"That's first-rate," said I. "Do you know what the name of that spirit was? His name was *tautala* (talking)." "Oh, no!" she said; "his name is *Tu*."

You might have knocked me down with a straw. "How on earth do you know that?" I asked.

"Hear him tell Tauilo," she said.

As soon as I heard that, I began to suspect Mrs. Tauilo was a little bit of a ventriloquist; and imitating as well as I could the sort of voice they make, asked her if the bad spirit did not talk like that. Faauma was very much surprised, and told me that was just his voice.

Well, that was a very good business for the

evening. The people all went away because the demon was gone away, and the circus was over, and Sina was allowed to sleep. But the trouble came after. There had been an evil spirit in that room and his name was *Tu*. No one could say when he might come back again; they all voted it was *Tu* much; and now Talolo and Sina have had to be lodged in the Soldier Room. As for the little room by the stable, there it stands empty; it is too small to play soldiers in, and I do not see what we can do with it, except to have a nice brass name-plate engraved in Sydney, or in "Frisco," and stuck upon the door of it: *Mr. Tu*.

So you see that ventriloquism has its bad side as well as its good sides; and I don't know that I want any more ventriloquists on this plantation. We shall have *Tu* in the cook-house next, and then *Tu* in Lafaele's, and *Tu* in the workman's cottage; and the end of it all will be that we shall have to take the Tamaitai's room for the kitchen, and my room for the boys' sleeping house, and we shall all have to go out and camp under umbrellas.

Well, where you are, there may be schoolmasters, but there is no such thing as *Mr. Tu*!

Now, it's all very well that these big people should be frightened out of their wits by an old wife talking with her mouth shut; that is one of the things we happen to know about. All the old women in the world might talk with their mouths shut, and not frighten you or me, but there are plenty of other things that frighten us badly. And if we only knew about them, perhaps we should find them no more worthy to be feared than an old woman talking with her mouth shut. And the names of some of these things are Death, and Pain, and Sorrow.

UNCLE LOUIS.

Jan. 27, 1893.

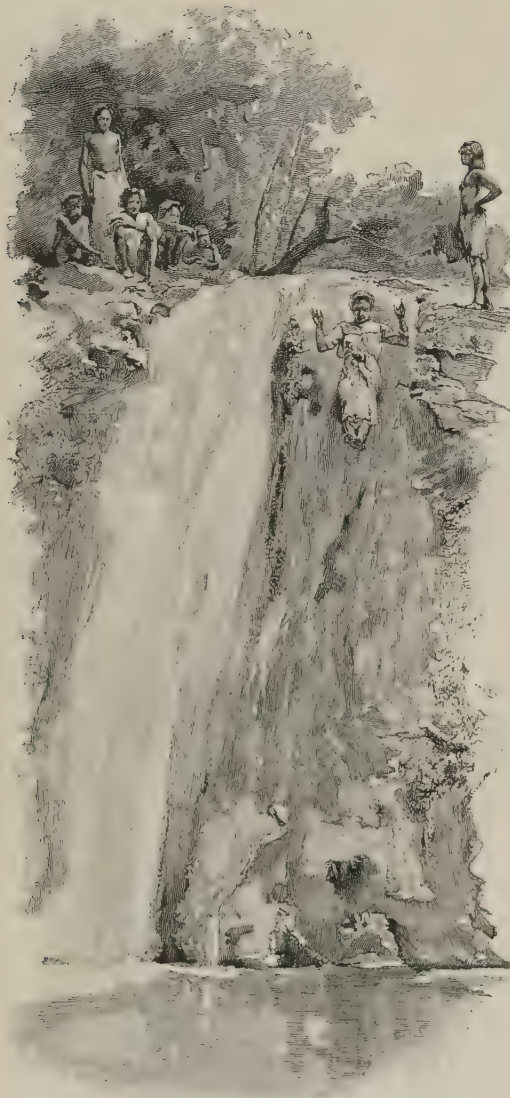
DEAR GENERAL HOSKYNs: I have the honor to report as usual. Your giddy mother having gone planting a flower-garden, I am obliged to write with my own hand, and, of course, nobody will be able to read it. This has been a very mean kind of a month. Aunt Maggie left with the influenza. We have heard of her from Sydney, and she is all right again; but we have inherited her influenza, and

it made a poor place of Vailima. We had Talolo, Mitaele, Sosimo, Iopu, Sina, Misi Folo, and myself, all sick in bed at the same time; and was not that a pretty dish to set before the king! The big hall of the new house having no furniture, the sick pitched their tents in it,—I mean their mosquito nets,—like a military camp. The Tamaitai and your mother went about looking after them, and managed to get us something to eat. Henry, the good boy!



POLA VAILIMA. A SAMOAN BOY.

though he was getting it himself, did house-work, and went round at night from one mosquito net to another, praying with the sick. Sina, too, was as good as gold, and helped us



THE PAPASEEA, A SAMOAN PICNIC.*

greatly. We shall always like her better. All the time—I do not know how they managed—your mother found the time to come and write for me; and for three days, as I had my old trouble on, and had to play dumb man, I dictated a novel in the deaf and dumb alphabet. But now we are all recovered, and getting to feel quite fit. A new paddock has been made; the wires come right up to the top of the hill, pass within twenty yards of the big clump of flowers (if you remember that) and

by the end of the pineapple patch. The Tamaitai and your mother and I all sleep in the upper story of the new house; Uncle Lloyd is alone in the workman's cottage; and there is nobody at all at night in the old house, but ants and cats and mosquitos. The whole inside of the new house is varnished. It is a beautiful golden-brown by day, and in lamplight all black, and sparkle. In the corner of the hall the new safe is built in, and looks as if it had millions of pounds in it; but I do not think there is much more than twenty dollars and a spoon or two; so the man that opens it will have a great deal of trouble for nothing. Our great fear is lest we should forget how to open it; but it will look just as well if we can't. Poor Misi Folo—you remember the thin boy, do you not?—had a desperate attack of influenza; and he was in a great taking. You would not like to be very sick in some savage place in the islands, and have only the savages to doctor you? Well, that was just the way he felt. "It is all very well," he thought, "to let these childish white people doctor a sore foot or a toothache, but this is serious—I might die of this! For goodness' sake, let me get away into a draughty native house, where I can lie in cold gravel, eat green bananas, and have a real grown-up, tattooed man to raise spirits and say charms over me." A day or two we kept him quiet, and got him much better. Then he said he *must* go. He had had his back broken in his own island, he said; it had come broken again, and he must go away to a native house, and have it mended. "Confound your back!" said we; "lie down in your bed." At last, one day, his fever was quite gone, and he could give his mind to the broken back entirely. He lay in the hall; I was in the room alone; all morning and noon I heard him roaring like a bull calf, so that the floor shook with it. It was plainly humbug; it had the humbugging sound of a bad child crying; and about two of the afternoon we were worn out, and told him he might go. Off he set. He was in some kind of a white wrapping, with a great white turban on his head, as pale as clay, and walked leaning on a stick. But, oh, he was a glad boy to get away from these foolish, savage, childish white people, and get his broken

* See "Letter-Box."



PROCESSION TO MEET VISITORS. SAMOA.

back put right by somebody with some sense. He nearly died that night, and little wonder! but he has now got better again, and long may it last! All the others were quite good, trusted us wholly, and stayed to be cured where they were. But then he was quite right, if you look at it from his point of view; for, though we may be very clever, we do not

set up to cure broken backs. If a man has his back broken, we white people can do nothing at all but bury him. And was he not wise, since that was his complaint, to go to folks who could do more?

Best love to yourself, and Louie, and Aunt Nellie, and apologies for so dull a letter, from

Your respectful and affectionate

UNCLE LOUIS.

THE END.

IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

By E. W. KEMBLE.



I.

"NOW, TOMMY, I WANT YOU TO DELIVER THIS TO MR. JONES, AND SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT."



II.

TOMMY STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY, NOT WISHING TO FRIGHTEN ANY ONE.



III.

BUT THE LITTLE BROWN BOYS ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN A THRILLING BEAR STORY, WHEN—



IV.

—THE BEAR APPEARS!

BETTY LEICESTER'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

[*Begun in the December number.*]



III.

HE days flew by until Christmas, and the weather kept clear and bright, without a bit of rain or gloom, which was quite delightful and wonderful in that northern county. The older guests hunted or drove or went walking. There were excursions of every

sort for those who liked them, and sometimes the young people joined in what was going on, and sometimes Betty and Edith and Warford made fine plans of their own. It proved that Edith had spent much time with the family of her uncle, who was an army officer; and at the Western army posts she had learned to ride with her cousins, who were excellent riders and insisted upon her joining them. So Edith could share many pleasures of this sort at Danesly, and she was so pretty and gay that people liked her a good deal; and presently some of the house-party had gone, and some new guests came, and the two girls and Warford were unexpected helpers in their entertainment. Sometimes they dined down-stairs now, when no one was asked from outside; and every day it seemed pleasanter and more homelike to stay at Danesly. There were one or two other great houses in the neighborhood where there were also house-parties in the gay holiday season, and so Betty and Edith saw a great deal of the world in one way and another; and Lady Mary remembered that girls were sometimes lonely, as they grew up, and was very good to them, teaching them, in quiet ways, many a thing belonging to man-

ners and getting on with other people, that they would be glad to know all their life long.

"Don't talk about yourself," she said once, "and you won't half so often think of yourself, and then you are sure to be happy." And again: "My old friend, Mrs. Procter, used to say, '*Never explain*, my dear. People don't care a bit.'"

Warford was more at home in the hunting-field than in the house; but the young people saw much of each other. He took a great deal of trouble, considering his usual fashion, to be nice to the two girls; and so one day, when Betty went to find him, he looked up eagerly to see what she wanted. Warford was busy in the gun-room, with some gun-fittings that he had taken to pieces. There was nobody else there at that moment, and the winter sun was shining in along the floor.

"Warford," Betty began, with an air of great confidence, "what can we do for a bit of fun on Christmas eve?"

Warford looked up at her over his shoulder, a little bewildered. He was just this side of sixteen, like Betty herself; sometimes he seemed manly, and sometimes very boyish, as happened that day. "I'm in for anything you like," he said, after a moment's reflection. "What's on?"

"If we give up dining with the rest, I can think of a great plan," said Betty, shining with enthusiasm. "There's the old gallery, you know. Could n't we have some music there, as they used in old times?"

"My aunt would like it awfully," exclaimed Warford, letting his gun-stock drop with a thump. "I'd rather do anything than sit all through the dinner. Somebody'd be sure to make a row about me, and I should feel like crawling into a burrow. I'll play the fiddle: what did you mean?—singing, or what? If

we left it until late enough, we might have the Christmas waits, you know."

"*Fancy!*" said Betty, in true English fashion; and then they both laughed.

"The waits are pretty silly," said Warford. "They were better than usual last year, though. Mr. Macalister, the schoolmaster, is a good musician, and he trained them well. He plays the flute and the cornet. Why not see what we can do ourselves first, and perhaps let them sing last? They'd be disappointed not to come at midnight under the windows, you know," said Warford, considerably. "We'll go down and ask the schoolmaster after hours, and we'll think what we can do ourselves. One of the grooms has a lovely tenor voice. I heard him singing 'The Bonny Ivy Tree' only yesterday, so he must know more of those other old things that Aunt Mary likes."

"We need n't have much music," said Betty. "The people at dinner will not listen long—they'll want to talk. But if we sing a Christmas song all together, and have the flute and fiddle, you know, Warford, it would be very pretty—like an old-fashioned choir, such as there used to be in Tideshead. We'll sing things that everybody knows, because everybody likes old songs best. I wish Mary Beck was here; but Edith sings—she told me so; and don't you know how we sang some nice things together, the other day upon the moor, when we were coming home from the hermit's cell ruins?"

Warford nodded, and picked up his gun-stock.

"I'm your man," he said, soberly. "Let's dress up whoever sings, with wigs and ruffles and things. And then there are queer trumpets and viols in that collection of musical instruments in the music-room. Some of us can make-believe play them."

"A procession! a procession!" exclaimed Betty. "What do you say to a company with masks to come right into the great hall, and walk round the table three times, singing and playing? Lady Dimdale knows everything about music: I mean to ask her. I'll go and find her now."

"I'll come, too," said Warford, with delightful sympathy. "I saw her a while ago writing in the little book-room off the library."

IV.



It was Christmas eve; and all the three young people had been missing since before luncheon in a most mysterious manner. But Betty Leicester, who came

in late and flushed, managed to sit next her father; and he saw at once, being well acquainted with Betty, that some great affair was going on. She was much excited, and her eyes were very bright, and there was such a great secret that Mr. Leicester could do no less than ask to be let in, and be gaily refused and hushed, lest somebody else should know there was a secret, too. Warford, who appeared a little later, looked preternaturally solemn, and Edith alone behaved as if nothing were going to happen. She was as grown up as possible, and chattered away about the delights of New York with an old London barrister who was Lady Mary's uncle, and Warford's guardian, and chief adviser to the great Danesly estates. Edith was so pretty and talked so brightly that the old gentleman looked as amused and happy as possible.

"He may be thinking that she's coming down to dinner, but he'll look for her in vain," said Betty, who grew gayer herself.

"Not coming to dinner?" asked papa, with surprise; at which Betty gave him so stern a glance that he was more careful to avoid even the appearance of secrets from that time on; and they talked together softly about dear old Tideshead, and Aunt Barbara, and all the household, and wondered if the great Christmas box from London had arrived safely and gone up the river by the packet, just as Betty herself had done six or seven months before. It made her a little homesick, even there in the breakfast-room at Danesly,—even with papa at her side, and Lady Mary smiling back if she looked up, —to think of the dear old house, and of Serena

and Letty, and how they would all be thinking of her at Christmas-time.

The great hall was gay with holly and Christmas greens. It was snowing outside for the first time that year, and the huge fireplace was full of logs blazing and snapping in a splendidly cheerful way. Dinner was to be earlier than usual. A great festivity was going on in the servants' hall; and when Warford went out with Lady Mary to cut the great Christmas pasty and have his health drunk, Betty and Edith went too; and everybody stood up and cheered, and cried, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! and God bless you!" in the most hearty fashion. It seemed as if all the holly in the Danesly woods had been brought in — as if Christmas had never been so warm and friendly and generous in a great house before. Christmas eve had begun, and cast its lovely charm and enchantment over everybody's heart. Old dislikes were forgotten between the guests: at Christmas-time it is easy to say kind words that are hard to say all the rest of the year: at Christmas-time one loves his neighbor and thinks better of him; Christmas love and good-will come and fill the heart whether one beckons them or no. Betty had spent some lonely Christmases in her short life, as all the rest of us have done; and perhaps for this reason the keeping of the great day at Danesly in such happy company, in such splendor and warm-heartedness of the old English fashion, seemed a kind of royal Christmas to her young heart. Everybody was so kind and charming.

Lady Dimdale, who had entered with great enthusiasm into the Christmas plans, caught her after luncheon, and kissed her, and held her hand like an elder sister as they walked away. It would have been very hard to keep things from Lady Mary herself; but that dear lady had many ways to turn her eyes and her thoughts, and so many secret plots of her own to keep in hand at this season, that she did not suspect what was going on in a distant room of the old south wing (where Warford still preserved some of his boyish collections of birds' eggs and other plunder), of which he kept the only key. There was a steep staircase that led down to a door in the courtyard; and by this Mr. Macalister, the schoolmaster, had come and gone, and the

young groom of the tenor voice, and five or six others, men and girls, who could either sing or play. It was the opposite side of the house from Lady Mary's own rooms, and nobody else would think anything strange of such comings and goings. Pagot and some friendly maids helped with the costumes. They had practised their songs twice in the schoolmaster's own house at nightfall, down at the edge of the village by the church; and so everything was ready, with the help of Lady Dimdale and of Mrs. Drum, the housekeeper, who would always do everything that Warford asked her, and be heartily pleased besides.

So Lady Mary did not know what was meant until after her Christmas guests were seated, and the old vicar had said grace, and all the great candelabra were lit, high on the walls between the banners and flags, and among the stag-horns and armor lower down, and there were lights even in the old musicians' gallery, which she could see as she sat with her back to the painted leather screen that hid the fireplace. Suddenly there was a sound of violins and a bass-viol and a flute from the gallery, and a sound of voices singing — the fresh young voices of Warford and Betty and Edith and their helpers, who sang a beautiful old Christmas song so unexpected, so lovely, that the butler stopped half-way from the sideboard with his wine, and the footmen stood listening where they were, with whatever they had in hand. The guests at dinner looked up in delight, and Lady Dimdale nodded across at Mr. Leicester because they both knew it was Betty's plan coming true in this delightful way. And fresh as the voices were, the look of the singers was even better, for you could see from below how all the musicians were in quaint costume. The old schoolmaster stood in the middle as leader, with a splendid powdered wig and gold-laced coat, and all the rest wore coats and gowns of velvet and brocade from the old house's store of treasures. They made a charming picture against the wall with its dark tapestry, and Lady Dimdale felt proud of her own part in the work.

There was a cry of delight from below as the first song ended. Betty in the far corner of the gallery could see Lady Mary looking up so pleased and happy and holding her dear white

hands high as she applauded with the rest. Nobody knew better than Lady Mary that dinners are sometimes dull, and that even a Christmas dinner is none the worse for a little brightening. So Betty had helped her in great as well as in little things, and she blessed the child from her heart. Then the dinner went on, and so did the music; it was a pretty programme, and before anybody had dreamed of being tired of it the sound ceased and the gallery was empty.

After a while, when dessert was soon coming in, and the Christmas pudding with its flaming fire might be expected at any moment, there was a pause and a longer delay than usual in the serving. People were talking busily about the long table, and hardly noticed this until with loud knocking and sound of music, old Bond, the butler, made his appearance, with an assistant on either hand, bearing the plum pudding aloft in solemn majesty, the flames rising merrily from the huge platter. Behind him came a splendid retinue of the musicians, singing and playing; every one carried some picturesque horn or trumpet or stringed instrument from Lady Mary's collection, and those who sang also made believe to play in the interludes. Behind these were all the men in livery, two and two; and so they went round and round the table until at last Warford slipped into his seat, and the pudding was put before him with great state, while the procession waited. The tall shy boy forgot himself and his shyness, and was full of the gaiety of his pleasure. The costumes were all somewhat fine for Christmas choristers, and the young heir wore a magnificent combination of garments that had belonged to noble peers, his ancestors, and was pretty nearly too splendid to be seen without smoked glasses. For the first time in his life he felt a brave happiness in belonging to Danesly, and in the thought that Danesly would really belong to him; he looked down the long room at Lady Mary, and loved her as he never had before, and understood things all in a flash, and made a vow to be a good fellow and to stand by her so that she should never, never feel alone or overburdened again.

Betty and Edith and the good schoolmaster (who was splendid in his white wig, and a great

addition to the already brilliant company) took their own places, which were quickly found, and dessert went on; the rest of the musicians had been summoned away by Mrs. Drum, the housekeeper, all these things having been planned beforehand. And then it was soon time for the ladies to go to the drawing-room, and Betty, feeling a little tired and out of breath with so much excitement, slipped away by herself and to her own thoughts: of Lady Mary, who would be busy with her guests, but still more of papa, who must be waited for until he came to join the ladies, when she could have a talk with him before they said good-night. It was perfectly delightful that everything had gone off so well. Lady Dimdale had known just what to do about everything, and Edith, who had grown nicer every day, had sung as well as Mary Beck (she had Becky's voice as well as her looks), and had told Betty it was the best time she ever had in her life; and Warford had been so nice and had looked so handsome, and Lady Mary was so pleased because he was not shy and had not tried to hide or be grumpy, as he usually did. Betty liked Warford better than any boy she had ever seen except Harry Foster in Tideshead. They would be sure to like each other, and perhaps they might meet some day. Harry's life of care and difficulty made him seem older than Warford, upon whom everybody had always showered all the good things he could be persuaded to take.

Betty was all by herself, walking up and down in the long picture-gallery. There were lights here and there in the huge, shadowy room, but the snow had ceased falling out of doors, and the moon was out and shone brightly in at the big windows with their leaded panes. She felt very happy. It was so pleasant to see how everybody cared about papa, and thought him so delightful. She had never seen him in his place with such a company of people, or known so many of his friends together before. It was so good of Lady Mary to have let her come with papa. They would have so many things to talk over together when they got back to town.

The old portraits on the wall were watching Miss Betty Leicester of Tideshead as she

walked past them through the squares of moonlight, and into the dim candle-light and out to the moonlight again. It was cooler in the gallery than in the great hall, but not too cold, and it was quiet and still. She was dressed in a queer old pink brocade, with its old lace, that had come out of a camphor-wood chest in one

twinkling lights of a large town. Lady Mary did not say anything more, but her arm was round Betty still, and presently Betty's head, with the mass of powdered hair, found its way to Lady Mary's shoulder as if it belonged there. The top of her young head was warm under Lady Mary's cheek.



"OLD BOND, THE BUTLER, BEARING THE PLUM-PUDDING ALOFT IN SOLEMN MAJESTY."

of the storerooms, and she still held a little old-fashioned lute carefully under her arm. Suddenly one of the doors opened, and Lady Mary came in and crossed the moonlight square toward her.

"So here you are, darling," said she. "I missed you, and all the ladies are wondering where you are. I asked Lady Dimdale, and she remembered that she saw you come this way."

Lady Mary was holding Betty, lace and lute and all, in her arms, and then she kissed her in a way that meant a great deal. "Let us come over here and look out at the snow," she said at last, and they stood together in the deep window recess and looked out. The new snow was sparkling under the moon: the park stretched away, dark woodland and open country, as far as one could see; off on the horizon were the

"Everybody is lonely sometimes, darling," said Lady Mary at last; "and as for me, I am very lonely indeed, even with all my friends, and all my cares and pleasures. The only thing that really helps any of us is being loved, and doing things for love's sake; it is n't the things themselves, but the love that is in them. That's what makes Christmas so much to all the world, dear child. But everybody misses somebody at Christmas time; and there's nothing like finding a gift of new love and unlooked-for pleasure."

"Lady Dimdale helped us splendidly. It would n't have been half so nice if it had n't been for her," said Betty, softly; for her Christmas project had come to so much more than she had dreamed at first.

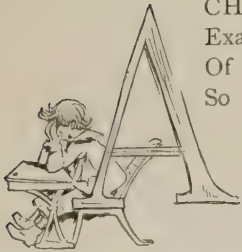
There was a stir in the drawing-room, and a louder sound of voices. The gentlemen were coming in. Lady Mary must go back; but when she kissed Betty again, there was a tear

on her cheek, and so they stood waiting a minute longer, and loving to be together, and suddenly the sweet old bells in Danesly church, down the hill, rang out the Christmas chimes.

THE END.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.



CHILD at school who fails to pass Examination in his class Of Natural History will be So shaky in Zoölogy,

That, should he ever chance to go

To foreign parts, he scarce will know

The common *Mus Ridiculus*

From *Felis* or *Caniculus*.

And what of boys and girls is true Applies to other creatures, too, As you will cheerfully admit When once I've illustrated it.

Once on a time a young Giraffe (Who when at school devoured the chaff, And trampled underneath his feet The golden grains of Learning's wheat) Upon his travels chanced to see A Python hanging from a tree, A thing he 'd never met before. All neck it seemed and nothing more; And, stranger still, it was bestrown With pretty spots much like his own. "Well, well! I've often heard," he said, "Of foolish folk who lose their head; But really it's a funnier joke To meet a head that's lost its folk.

Dear me! Ha! ha! it makes me laugh.
Where *has* he left his other half?
If he could find it he would be
A really fine Giraffe, like me."

The Python, waking with a hiss,
Exclaimed, "What kind of snake is this?
Your spots are really very fine,
Almost as good, in fact, as mine,



O. Heyard



But with those legs I fail to see
How you can coil about a tree.
Take away half, and you would make
A very decent sort of snake —
Almost as fine a snake as I;
Indeed, it's not too late to try."

A something in the Python's eye
Told the Giraffe 't was best to fly,
Omitting all formality.
And afterward, when safe at home,
He wrote a very learned tome,
Called, "What I Saw beyond the Foam."
Said he, "The strangest thing one sees
Is a Giraffe who hangs from trees,
And has — (right here the author begs
To state a *fact*) and has *no legs*!"

The book made a tremendous hit.
The public all devoured it,
Save one, who, minding how he missed
Devouring the author — *hissed*.

HOLLY AND THE RAILROAD SIGNALS.

BY ARTHUR HALE.



SIGNAL TOWER AND SEMAPHORES. SHOWING DOWN-TRACK (MIDDLE ONE) BLOCKED; UP-TRACK (RIGHT HAND ONE) CLEAR. FREIGHT TRAIN ON SIDING WAITING TO PASS OVER TO THE MAIN OR MIDDLE TRACK. UPPER SEMAPHORE CONTROLS MAIN LINE—LOWER ONE THE SIDING.

"I wish the train would start," said Holly.

The train had been standing still for about half an hour, and Holly was tired of looking out of the windows, for there was nothing to see except the smooth green sod on the sides of the railroad cut in which they had stopped. Holly and his brother Jack were going out of town to take a ride, and it certainly was aggravating to know that the horses were standing all ready at the station a few miles ahead, while the riders were stopped in this uncalled-for way.

Jack had been reading the newspaper with a good deal more attention than Holly liked, for he had learned by experience that it was not a good plan to interrupt his elder brother's reading; but when Jack had finished Holly started in with his wish that the train would start.

"Now, do you know," said Jack, tapping the

seat in front of him with the handle of his crop, "although I should be very glad to get to Beverly and to start on our ride, yet I do not wish the train to start just yet, and if you will come out with me I can show you why."

So they walked out of the car and jumped from the platform into the dry ditch. A number of men were standing there already.

The train had stopped just before it reached a little house, two stories high, which Jack called a "tower."

"There," said Jack, "we have a red block, you see; and if the train were to start now, probably it would run into something, and we might never get to Beverly at all."

"I do not understand what you mean by a red block," said Holly. "Has it anything to do with that post over there?"

"Yes," said Jack; "the arm that you see on

the top is a semaphore signal. It warns the engineer that there is something on the track ahead of him. He is not allowed to go ahead until the arm drops. The man up in the tower can raise and lower the arm."

"But how can he tell there is something on the track?"

"When we say there is something on the track, we do not always mean that some one has put something there, or is trying to wreck our train. Possibly there is on the track a train or car that has not reached the next station."

"Oh!" said Holly. "Then does the man at the next station telegraph back to this man in the tower?"

"Precisely; and the operator here won't signal to go ahead until the operator at the next tower has reported the track all clear."

"What was it you called the signal, Jack?" Holly asked, after a moment. "It was a queer sort of a name?"

"I called it a 'semaphore signal.' It is a word borrowed from the French, and is made up, I believe, from the Greek words for 'sign' and 'bearer.'"

Just then there was quite a little clatter on the top of the post they were looking at, and one of the arms dropped from its horizontal position until it hung almost vertical.

"There 's the white block," said Jack. "Jump in quick!"

The engine whistled four times; there was a great scurrying of the men to get on the train; and in the rear of the train Holly could see a



LAMP-BOY LIGHTING THE SEMAPHORE FOR THE NIGHT. 4.30 P.M.

man in uniform, and carrying a red flag, running toward the last car. Then the engine whistled twice, and the train started.

When they were well seated, Holly watched

to see if his brother would take up his newspaper again; but as Jack seemed in a communicative mood, Holly went on with his questions.

"Just what did you mean by a *white* block and a *red* block?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied Jack, "I called the signals white and red because the semaphore is arranged at night to show a white light for safety, and a red light for danger. There is at night a lamp at the top of the post; and when the arm is raised as if to bar the passage of the train,—that is, when there is something ahead,—a red glass is brought in front of the lamp, so that it shows a red light. When the arm falls again, the red glass moves away from the front of the lamp, and it shows a white light."

"But how about the block?"

"As to that, 'block' is a word we have recently borrowed from England. In this signal system they speak of the railroad as being divided into blocks; indeed the whole system is called the 'block system.' A block extends from one signal to the next; and our railroad men, when they come to a danger-signal, speak of 'getting a red block,' and when they come to a safety-signal, of 'getting a white block.' I don't know whether they use this slang in England or not."

Holly thought for quite a little while before he spoke again. Then he said:

"I see now. Although our train cannot start until the other train has left the station ahead, there is no danger of any other train running into us, because the signalman behind us keeps that train standing till we have passed the next station."

"I think you have the idea about right, Holly."

"What was all the whistling about when the signals changed to safety, as you say?" Holly asked.

But just at that moment the brakeman put his head into the car, and shouted "Beverly! Beverly!" and when Holly could see Dennis with the horses, he forgot all about the railroad and the signals, while he and Jack galloped up the bridle-path so fast that Dennis could hardly keep up with them.

Having arrived so late, they came back to Beverly station only just in time to catch the

return train. A trainman was standing on the rear platform, and as they stepped aboard Holly noticed that the man pulled the bell-cord once.

Just as the train was starting, however, two young girls ran out of the station, and the trainman hurriedly pulled the cord twice.

The train slowed up, and as the girls came into the car, the man started the train again with a single pull.

In the city horse-cars Holly had noticed that the conductor pulled the bell twice to start the car and once to stop it, and he was surprised to find the code of signals reversed on the steam railroad. He turned to ask Jack about it, but Jack was again hidden behind a newspaper.

They were, however, sitting in the rear seat of the car, and the trainman was standing near them, looking back out of the rear door; and Holly, after some hesitation, went up beside him and spoke to him.

"Excuse me," said he, "but how is it that you rang once to start the train and twice to stop it?"

The trainman looked somewhat surprised, but said simply, "Because it's the rule."

"But why is it the rule?" said Holly. "It is just the other way on the horse-cars."

The man stared at Holly for quite a little while, as if in doubt whether to say something cross; but his consideration of the case seemed to result in Holly's favor, and he said:

"Well, now, young man, I don't know that I can tell you why it is the rule. The rule is the rule, and we are not supposed to ask why; but I suspect it's this way: that was n't a bell-rope that I pulled; we used to have a bell, but now we have a little whistle. Perhaps you have heard it on the engines. Anyway, as I said, we used to have a bell; and when the train broke in two, of course the bell would ring once. Now, if one ring of the bell meant to stop, the engineer might stop when the train broke in two, and the rear section might run into him and make bad work. I suppose that's the reason they had two rings to stop and one to start. Of course nobody would ring one bell when the train was going fast, and that's the only time the train would be likely to break in two."

"Do trains ever break in two?" said Holly.

"Yes, they do sometimes—that is, the cars get uncoupled; and then, of course, the bell-cord used to break, and, as I said, the bell rang once on the engine. Now that we have got the whistle, it blows for three or four minutes when the train breaks in two, but they have kept the same rules. There is another thing about it. Suppose some fellow, who has no business to do it, wants to stop the train; like as not he will ring just once to stop it, and the engineer won't pay any attention to him."

Holly had been looking at the man with some interest as he talked, thinking that he had seen him before, and presently he said:

"Were n't you the brakeman who ran back with the red flag when the train was stopped about here going the other way this afternoon?"

"I am not a brakeman; I am a flagman," was the reply; "but I guess I 'm the man you mean. It was about here we got a red block, and I went back."

"Yes, that was what Jack said," said Holly—"that we had a red block; but why did you go back?"

"I suppose if I should say 'because it 's the rule,' that would n't satisfy you," said the flagman, laughing. "The rule is that you have got to go back to protect the end of your train, so that if another train comes along it won't run into yours."

"But I thought," said Holly, who was not averse to displaying his knowledge—"I thought there was a signal at the end of the block that would stop trains."

"Yes," said the flagman, "that 's true; and really there is not much reason for a fellow's going back now, and I understand they say we do it 'only as an extra precaution.' You see, the operator in the tower might be taken sick or something, and then the man with the flag would be of some use. The way it is now, two fellows must fail in their duty before any harm can come to you passengers."

"Just now," said Holly, who found his new friend was getting quite confidential, "you told me you were not a brakeman, but a flagman."

"Yes," said the flagman; "when the train stops I have to go back with the flag. I sup-

pose I am really a brakeman,—I might be called the rear brakeman,—but they call us flagmen and pay us a little more, and so we don't quite like to be called plain brakemen. It 's something like getting promoted from 'freight' to 'passenger,' you know."

Holly did not know, but he thought he could imagine, and he was quite disappointed when, without a word, the flagman hurried forward as they neared the next station.

The next morning it happened that Holly and his father were the only people early to breakfast. Holly had to go to school, and his father had to go to his office, while the rest of the household, on that day at least, did not have to go anywhere. So they two had the table between them.

"Papa," said Holly, "are n't you something on a railroad?"

"Why," replied Mr. Holworthy, smiling at the form of the question, "I am a director on one or two small railroads in the West; but I really don't know whether you call that being something or nothing."

"The reason why I ask is because yesterday I found out some things about railroads that I did not know before. Of course that is not very strange," he went on quickly, as he noticed that his father was looking at him quizzically; "but they really interested me quite a good deal."

"I am glad to hear that, Holly; for there really are a great many things to interest one about a railroad, and it may be of benefit to you to find out some of them. What were the particular things you found out, and from whom did you learn them?"

"Well," said Holly, "Jack told me some, and the flagman of our train told me others"; then, as his father seemed interested, he went on:

"Of course it was n't much, but it was about keeping trains from running into each other, and about signals for starting and stopping."

"Was that when you went out to Beverly yesterday afternoon? Then I suppose they told you about the block system?"

"Yes, that was it; and about how the men

in the towers telegraph to each other when trains pass them."

"Did they tell you about the other signals?" said Mr. Holworthy — "about the flags on the trains, and the 'markers,' and so on?"

with you on the way to the office,—I think you will have time before school,—and I can show you what I mean, and perhaps some other points may come up. Will you have time for that, do you think?"

Holly glanced at the clock. "Oh, yes," said he; "it is n't much out of the way. It's ever so good of you to take so much interest in it."

"Well," said his father, "I don't know much about railroads, but the little I have picked up is at your service. Come along!"

As they walked down the avenue, Mr. Holworthy, who had been silent for a while, began to talk about the railroads again.

"Did either Jack or your friend the flagman speak of a train breaking in two?"

"Yes, I think so," said Holly. "Oh, I remember now—it was when we were talking about the signal to start a train; the flagman said that when a train broke in two the bell would ring once."

"Did it ever occur to you what might happen if a train should break in two without the engineer's knowing it—of course that could happen only with a freight-train—and he

"Why, no," said Holly; "I think we might have got to that, but the flagman had to go away, and Jack was reading the newspaper."

"Well," said Mr. Holworthy, looking at his watch, "I can stop in at the railroad station

should run by a tower, and then the operator should telegraph back that the train had passed?"

"No," said Holly, who was a little overwhelmed by these details. "No; they did not



THE RED BLOCK — DANGER SIGNAL.

speak of that, and I am afraid I do not quite understand."

"Then we will try again," said Mr. Holworthy. "You were just saying that with the block system, when a train passed a signal-station, the operator there kept the danger-signal up until the operator ahead told him that that train had passed."

"Yes," said Holly; "that 's right."

"Because," said his father, "if he allowed a second train to go forward it might run into the first train."

"Yes," said Holly.

"Now," said his father, "supposing only part of the first train went by, and the operator telegraphed back that it had passed; then if a second train went ahead, it might run into the cars of the first train that had been left behind."

"Oh, yes," said Holly; "that might be so if the train was broken in two, as you say."

"Then," said Mr. Holworthy, "to make things quite safe, the operator in the tower ought to know, without uncertainty, whether the whole train has passed, or only part of it."

"Yes," said Holly; "but I do not see very well how he can know, for some trains have more cars than others."

"How would it do if the last car on each train were marked so that the operator could readily see whether the whole train had passed or not?" said his father.

"I should think that would work first-rate," said Holly, with more zeal than grammar.

"Well, suppose you wanted to mark the last car in the train, how would you set about it?"

"I suppose you might have a board marked 'last car,'" said Holly; "but that would be rather clumsy, and then you would need it on both sides of the car, because the operator might be on either side of the track."

"How would that do at night?"

"I do not think it would do at all," said Holly. "They would need something different at night—some sort of a lamp, I suppose."

"You are right about the lamp, but you are not right about the board. They have a flag instead,—or, rather, two flags. Here we are at the station, and I think I can show them to you."

As they walked through the lobby to the

train-shed, they saw in front of them a long line of cars, with an engine beyond, apparently just ready to start.

"I cannot see any flag," said Holly, in a disappointed tone.

"Perhaps that 's because this last car is n't going," said his father.

As he spoke a trainman in uniform passed them, carrying quite a bundle of things—several lanterns, and also, to Holly's great joy, several flags. He went by a number of the cars in the train, and then jumped on the platform of one, set down the lamps, and taking two green flags, he unrolled them and set them up in sockets at each side of the roof, over the platform at the end of the car.

"There!" said Holly. "That must be the last car going. But what are the other flag and all the lanterns for?"

"The red flag and the red lantern are for him to protect his train with, I suppose," said Holly's father, "in case it has to stop."

"Oh, yes," said Holly; "I remember now that when our train stopped on the way to Beverly, my friend the flagman, as you call him, did take the red flag and run back quite a distance—almost out of sight; but there are three lanterns, two green and one red."

"Yes; the green lanterns are to replace the green flags when it is dark."

They were standing on one side of the platform, and the people were hurrying by them and climbing into the cars.

"The train is very full," said Holly. "I am glad we are not going, for we might not get a seat."

Just then a man with "Conductor" on his cap walked by the train, and spoke a few words to the flagman. At once the latter took down the flags, went into the car and gathered up all the lanterns, and then started back to the next car.

"Why, what 's that for?" said Holly. "Are n't they going to have the flags up when they are running?"

"Come back with me," said his father, "and we shall see." So they walked along on the station platform as the flagman walked back through the car, and when they reached the end of the next car they saw him putting up

the flags there, just as they had been put on the car ahead.

"Oh," said Holly, "they are going to take another car because they have such a crowd."

But his father, after looking at his watch and saying he had just enough time to keep an appointment, hurried away, and then Holly found that he too would have to hurry to "keep his appointment" at school.

Holly was so much interested in the signals that, I am sorry to say, he compared notes on the subject with Stoughton Second, who had the desk in front of him in school. It was easier for Holly to give his views to Stoughton Second than for Stoughton Second to return them, as the latter could not very well reply without attracting attention. He managed — and this also I regret — to pass back a little slip of paper to Holly under the desk, saying that

place there, they had, of course, to give all their wits to the game.

When school was over, however, they walked home together, and their talk turned on the railroad flags.

First Holly told about the flags on the rear of the train, and then Stoughton Second — who, by the way, was known out of school as Matthew or Mat — told about the flags on the engine.

"I don't know that I understand it exactly," said he; "but my brother said they had green flags, almost like your rear-car flags, only that they were on the front of the engine. What he said was that when a train was run in sections all the sections except the last had flags on the engine."

"I think I know what running in sections means," said Holly. "You know, on a timetable they give the time of a train at each station, and when there are so many people for a train that one engine cannot haul the cars, they make up another train and run it just behind the first, keeping as near schedule time as they can; but they do not call it another train — they call it a section of the first train."

"It's different from marking the last car," said Matthew; "they seem to mark all the sections except the last."

"I do not quite understand why they want to do it," said Holly; "perhaps, though, it helps the operators in the tower to know that the other sections are really the same train. But there is Jack; we can ask him."

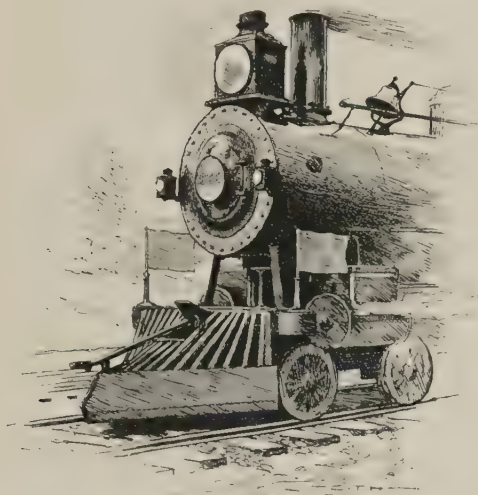
Sure enough, on the opposite side of the street was Jack, just strolling home to lunch. The boys ran across, and each took a place at one side of him.

"Jack," said Holly, "Mat has been telling me about running trains in sections, and putting flags on the front of the engine, and we want to know why they do it."

"Well," said Jack, "it's a pretty long story, and I don't know that I can explain the whole of it myself; but I believe it is more for the information of the freight-trains than anything else."

"But what do the freight-trains care for the passenger-trains?" said Holly.

"They care a great deal," said Jack; "and



FRONT OF ENGINE. FLAGS AND LAMPS IN POSITION.

his brother — that is, Stoughton First, who was in the first class at school — had told him something about flags, but that these flags were on the engine, and not on the rear car.

There was not time at recess to talk about even so important a matter, because they played foot-ball, and as both Holly and Stoughton Second were practising for the second eleven of the school, and were pretty sure of getting a



END OF LAST CAR. FLAGS AND LAMPS IN POSITION.

that is one of the things people who ride on the railroad think very little about. Freight-trains, as you know, generally run on the same tracks as the passenger-trains, but they do not run so

fast, and to avoid a collision they have to keep out of the way of the passenger-trains. So there is a rule that whenever a passenger-train is due the freight-train must pull out on a siding, and stay there until the passenger-train has passed."

"But what's that got to do with the sections?" said Stoughton Second.


"I guess," said Holly, "it's something like the last-car business. If the freight-train has to stay on the siding till the passenger-train passes, and if the passenger-train has more than one section, the men on the freight-train need something to tell how many sections there are."

"That's it," said Jack. "The men on the freight-train have to stay on the siding till the section that has not got the flag on has passed. I believe, too, that on some roads the first section of a train whistles three times to show that there is another section following. But what makes you boys so interested in rail-roading all of a sudden?" he continued, as they came up to the house. "Are you going to be railroaders?"


"Why not?" asked Holly.

A MATHEMATICAL MAIDEN.


BY MAY HARDING ROGERS.


MATHEMATIC maiden mine,
Say you'll be my Valentine!
We'll go to sea in a snug little bark
That will ride the waves like Noah's .

We'll visit the  and the ,
too;



And then the place where the first
grew. 

We'll go to the "zone" of the "variable"
breeze,

And  for fish in the summer seas.

All over the  we together will roam,
And wherever you like we will make our
home.

Your fingers fair no work shall stain,
For servants three we'll take in our train.

Two little handmaids shall go along —
"Polly  Hedron" and "Polly  Gon";
While "Theo Rem" our cook shall be,
And make our π by the "rule of three."

If my "hypothesis" is correct,
My heart and hand you will not reject;
And the happiest man in the world will be
Yours ever and only

"Q. E. D."

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLOT.

SHORTLY after the boys arrived at City Hall Park, and before the business of the day had fairly begun, Teenie Massey approached to inquire if they had lately heard anything regarding Skip.

"Have n't seen nor heard of him," Carrots replied. "What makes you ask?"

"Nothin', only I heard he was tearin' 'round dreadful yesterday, tellin' what he was goin' to do to you fellers."

"I guess he 'll keep under cover for a while," Carrots replied confidently; and Teenie said, as he shook his head warningly:

"Now don't be too sure of that, old man. I guess you want to keep your eyes open all the time, an' if you get to thinkin' he can't do any harm, you 'll find him jumpin' right down on you some day."

"I 'll risk all the harm he can do," Carrots replied with a laugh. "He 's too much 'fraid the police will 'rest him for stealin', to come 'round where we are."

"Well, I happen to know, from what Reddy Jackson said, that he has n't given up hopes of drivin' you off yet."

Carrots did not think this warning worthy his attention; but yet he repeated the same to Teddy when he found an opportunity.

"I reckon Teenie 's not far wrong," Master Thurston said, greatly to the surprise of his partner. "It did n't stand to reason that we was goin' to scare Skip so quick, an' I think he 'll make one more try to git rid of us."

"I don't see what he can do," Carrots said musingly; and Teddy chimed in:

"Neither do I, an' that 's just why we 're bound to be pretty careful. You see, if we could know what he was up to, it would be different."

There was no further opportunity to discuss the matter, owing to the sudden demand for the bootblack's services, and by noon both the partners had almost forgotten the warning given by Teenie.

This day's business brought them more money than the previous one, but not so much as on the occasion when Skip last made his threats.

On counting up the cash immediately after their return home, it showed an addition of a dollar and seventy-one cents to the fund, and when this had been ascertained, Carrots found time to inquire as to the condition of their invalid friend.

"I 'm feelin' first-class," Ikey said, "'an reckon my leg 'll be all right to-morrow. Say, who do you s'pose has been sneakin' 'round here to-day?"

"It can't be Skip Jellison?" Carrots replied quickly.

"That 's jest who it was, an' Reddy Jackson come with him. Course they did n't know I was in here, an' I lay low and I heard every word they said."

"What did they talk 'bout?"

"You see I was thinkin' how nice it felt to be out er pain, when there was a rattlin' among the boxes, as if somebody was a-walkin' on 'em. First, I thought one of the men from the store had come out, an' I kept mighty quiet. Then two fellows begun to talk, an' I knew who it was the minute they spoke; so I listened. Reddy he said to Skip, 'Here 's where them fellows live.' Skip he 'lowed he could n't see any place, an' Reddy said he knowed it was, 'cause he followed you home last night. Then he fig-

ured out that you slept in one of the boxes, an' that satisfied Skip."

"Did they hunt to see if they could find where we stopped?"

"No; I reckon they did n't dare, for fear somebody 'd catch 'em. They was settin' up there on the fence, an' if one of the clerks had showed his nose they could have jumped over on the other side mighty quick. I tell you them fellows are up to some mischief."

"What do you mean?" Teddy asked quickly.

"I heard Skip say he was goin' to burn you out, an' Reddy asked if he counted on doin' it to-night. He 'lowed he would n't, 'cause he 'd got to go over to Jersey City; but he 's bound to, the very first evenin' he can get away without anybody's knowin' what he 's up to. He says he could put a lot of papers an' shavin's in these boxes, an' you 'd be scorched some before you got out."

Carrots was on the point of laughing at this revelation of Skip's plot, much as if he questioned the latter's courage to do such a thing, when he observed Teddy, who was silent and looking very grave.

"Why, you don't b'lieve they 'd dare to burn us out?" he asked in surprise.

"I ain't so sure 'bout that. Skip Jellison 's a fellow that dares to do 'most anything, if he thinks he can get through with it an' not be caught. It would be a mighty serious scrape for us if the boxes should get on fire while we were here. If any one saw us comin' out they 'd say sure we did it. You might talk till you were blue in the face, if they knew that we had had candles here, an' not make 'em think we did n't do the mischief."

"By jiminy! you 're right!" Carrots exclaimed, as he began to realize what their position would be under such circumstances. "Don't you think we 'd better tell the folks in the store what Skip 's countin' on doin'?"

"That would n't do any good. He 'd swear it was n't so, an' all we 'd make out of it would be our havin' to leave."

"It seems as if that was what we 'd got to do anyhow, if he 's goin' to set this place on fire."

"Of course."

Carrots was surprised that his partner should agree with him so readily, and asked:

"Do you really think we ought ter go away from here?"

"That 's jest the size of it. 'Cordin' to my way of figurin', we 're apt to get ourselves into a fuss by stayin'; an' although it 'll be hard work to find as snug a place, I reckon it 's safer to go."

Carrots was instantly plunged into the lowest depths of sorrow.

Never before had the packing-case home seemed so beautiful as now, when it appeared necessary to leave it.

"I 'd like to see somebody thrash that Skip! He 's hardly fit to live!"

"The best way 's to let him alone. He 'll bring himself up with a short turn before long," Teddy replied confidently, and then relapsed into thoughtful silence.

"Well, when are we goin' to move?" Carrots asked, after a pause, during which he gazed intently at the flame of the candle, trying very hard to see there the picture of the establishment which he fondly hoped would soon belong to the thriving young firm of Thurston & Williams.

"We 'd better look 'round the first thing to-morrow. I began to think Skip was up to somethin', 'cause we did n't see him. If he had n't had an idea in his head 'bout how to serve us out, he 'd been up 'round City Hall to-day."

Then it was Carrots's turn to remain silent, and not a word was spoken until Ikey timidly ventured to ask if they had decided not to eat supper on this night.

This caused them to remember that they were hungry; but neither felt disposed to linger long over the meal, and at an unusually early hour the candle was put out as the inmates of the box laid themselves down to rest for what all three believed would be the last time in that locality.

It was Teddy who awakened the others next morning, and as Carrots opened his eyes he exclaimed petulantly:

"What 's the use of turnin' a feller out now? The sun ain't up yet."

"But it will be pretty soon, an' we 've got a good deal on hand to-day," Teddy replied. "Ikey must go with us, for he might n't get a

chance to get away in the day-time, an' it won't do to stay here another night."

It was a sad-visaged party that filed out of the narrow passage leading to the street, in the growing light of the early dawn, and made its way, without special aim or purpose, toward the customary place of business.

It was decided Ikey should be left upon one of the settees in the park, while the others went on a tour of investigation for the purpose of finding new lodgings, and then the party separated with the understanding that they would meet an hour later to partake of breakfast.

Carrots was the first to keep this appointment, and he looked exceedingly low-spirited when he seated himself by the side of the invalid, who had not yet sufficiently recovered to be able to take very much exercise in the way of walking.

"Find anything?" Ikey asked.

"Not a thing! I reckon it 'll be many a long day before we 'll get another place sich as we had down there"; and then Master Carrots indulged once more in harsh words against his enemies.

His tirade was interrupted by the arrival of Teddy, who looked as joyous as his partner looked despondent, causing the latter to say in a querulous tone:

"It does n't seem as if you cared very much 'bout what them fellows are makin' us do!"

"Well, I reckon you 're right, Carrots. P'rhaps it's the best thing ever happened, that we had to clear out this mornin'."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you s'pose I 've found?"

"Do you mean a place to sleep?"

"Yes."

"Ain't been buyin' the Astor House, or anything like that?"

"Comes pretty nigh it, Carrots. I 've found a stand!"

"I can find dozens of 'em; but that 's all the good it 'll do."

"But I mean one we can buy."

"Yes, when we 've got the money," Carrots replied impatiently. "Where we goin' to stay till we earn as much as we 'll need?"

"I can make a trade for this one, with what

we 've got, by 'greein' to come up with fifty cents every day."

"What!" and Carrots sprang to his feet, his face expressive of mingled joy and astonishment. "Do you mean to say you know of a fellow that 'll trust us for the money?"

"That 's jest it!"

"Let 's get right to him before he has time to back out! A fellow what can make sich a chump of hiffself as that might get sneaked off to the 'sylum before we 'd have time to finish up the trade."

"There 's no need of hurryin' so awful fast, 'cause this bargain 'll wait for us an hour anyhow. In the first place, old man, p'rhaps it ain't what you 're countin' on. It 's a good stand enough, an' seems to me is in a pretty fair neighborhood; but the fellow what it b'longs to could n't make a go out er it, so had to give it up to the man who owns the buildin'."

"Where is it?"

"On Mulberry street, jest off er Grand. You see, some fellow built it against the corner store, an' 'greed to pay a dollar a week for the trouble of havin' it there. He could n't raise the rent, an' after he 'd stayed three months, the shop-keeper took it. Now, I happened to see the place, an' went in an' talked with the man. He said it cost twenty dollars, an' he 'd sell it for ten if we 'd 'gree to pay a dollar every week for rent, an' fifty cents a day on what we owe him."

"How much you got to put down cash?" Carrots asked, his face clouded somewhat as he learned that the establishment was not as desirable as he had hoped their future place of residence would be.

"All we can raise."

"What 'll that 'mount to?"

"Pretty nigh five dollars; but one of those dollars goes for rent, you know."

"Is it big enough to sleep in?"

"Yes; we three could get under the counter without much trouble, an' there 's a stove b'longs to it, that goes in with the trade."

"But if we open up there won't be anything to sell."

"I 've 'lowed that we 'll keep back 'bout a dollar to buy papers with, an' then if both of us work mighty hard, it won't be more 'n three or four days before we can have a pretty good

lot of stuff. You 'll keep right on shinin', an' I 'll do my level best with papers, while Ikey 'tends to the stand till he gets well. 'Cordin' to my way of thinkin', we can build up a good trade there if we hustle; an' that 's what we 've got to do wherever we go. Now, what do you say to it?"

"Let 's go an' see the place," Carrots said, after a moment's pause, and Ikey slid down from the settee, as if to intimate that he intended to accompany the party.

Teddy started off at once, for it was his belief there should be no time lost, in case they concluded to make the trade, because of the fact that the hour for regular business was close at hand.

On arriving at the stand Carrots's first impression was very favorable toward the purchase.

It was painted green, not as bright as if the color had just been laid on, but sufficiently so to satisfy him regarding the supposed "luck," and quite as roomy inside as Teddy had stated.

The only apparent drawback was regarding the business location, for it was a short distance off the regular line of travel, and this fact Master Carrots noted at once.

"That 's so," Teddy replied, when the objections were stated; "and I thought about all that while I was comin' down to tell you. It seems to me as if we might get up a good trade 'round among these stores, by 'greein' to bring the papers just as soon as they was out, an' with three of us to pitch in, we could live right up to all our promises. As I said before, we 've got to work a good deal harder than we 've been doin'."

"It does n't seem to me as if we could do that. I 've been humpin' myself the best I knew how the last two days."

"That 's so, Carrots: but you could run 'round a little more, I reckon, if by doin' it we was to own a stand right away."

"Oh, I 'm willin' to go in, an' you shall be the boss."

"Then we 'll buy it," Teddy said decidedly. "I 've got to rush down after the money."

"Did you leave it under the boxes?"

"Yes, I did n't want to lug it 'round all day."

"But I thought we 'd 'greed not to go back."

"I 'lowed to go down the first thing after we knocked off. It 's all safe enough, anyhow. You stay here till I get back."

Teddy was off like a flash, and impatient though Carrots was to have the business arrangements completed, his partner returned before he thought there had been sufficient time for Teddy to make the journey.

The preliminaries were quickly arranged, once they were ready to pay over the money, and, leaving Ikey in charge of the empty stand, the proud proprietors went hurriedly down town, Teddy saying, as he parted with the clerk:

"I 'll come back soon 's I can, with the mornin' papers, and we 'll open right up."

"I 'll get things fixed before then, if I can borrow a broom, 'cause the inside of the place must be cleaned up," the new clerk replied, thus showing that he was attentive to the interests of his employers.

If Carrots had done as he wished, every newsboy and bootblack in the lower portion of the city would have known that he and Teddy had gone regularly into business; but the latter was averse to proclaiming the news so soon.

"Better hold on a day or two, an' see how it pans out," the cautious merchant advised. "You see, if we should bust up the first thing, the fellows would laugh at us. We 're bound to stay a week, now the money 's paid; but how long a time is that to brag 'bout? I want ter know if we 're goin' to stick, before I say anything."

"When will you 'gree to tell the fellows?"

"If we can pay our bills an' have enough left to keep the stock up, by a week from to-day you shall go 'round to spread the news, an' I won't open my mouth till you 've seen every fellow you know."

This was satisfactory to the junior partner, and he promised to attend to his work in the lower portion of the city as if nothing out of the usual course of events had happened, even though the firm of Thurston & Williams had actually sprung into existence in a proper and a business-like manner.



BY FLORENCE E. PRATT.

A REGINALD BIRCH little boy
Met the sweetest of Greenaway girls;
She, dressed all in Puritan brown,
He, with cavalier ruffles and curls.

Her eyes were of solemnest brown,
Her hair was cropped close to her head.
His curls were a riot of gold,
His cheeks were of healthiest red.

They looked at each other awhile,
Gay gallant and Puritan maid;
Then the Reginald Birch little boy
Slowly and solemnly said:

"I wish *you* wore rufflety clothes!
I wish that *my* hair was cut short!

'Cause the boys call me 'missy' and 'girl,'
And it interferes so with my sport."

Said she, "Oh, I like pretty clothes,
And I *do* wish they 'd let my hair curl!
I wish *you* were a Greenaway boy,
And I was a Fauntleroy girl!"



LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

LITTLE Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon

He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he 's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you 're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he 's asked to come or go,
Like his sister — Susan Slow.
Hope we 'll never — you nor I —
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

Clinton Scollard.

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

JERUSALEM.

SOMETHING in the air of the beautiful country around the Sea of Galilee seemed to give its people tranquillity. Everybody was busy, indeed, and it was not difficult to earn a living where the needs of all were so simple. There was no contentment, however, for the yoke of the Roman foreigner pressed heavily, and so did the oppressions of Herod Antipas, whom no Jew could regard but as a foreigner, although his mother had been a Jewess. Every act of brutal cruelty and every merciless exaction which the Galileans suffered helped to keep them in mind of the prophecies of future freedom.

There had never been a time when all Jews were so busy with thoughts concerning the coming of a Messiah, and their fixed idea was that he was to be a glorious conqueror and king, one greater than David or Solomon, one who was to make the Jews the foremost nation on the earth.

Lois and Cyril saw each other almost daily, and all their thoughts and talk were about their father. They longed to know what had become of him, but there were no tidings.

"I wish father could come and see the Teacher and hear him," said Cyril, one day. He and Lois had been talking of the subject which was uppermost in the minds of the people, and Cyril had been studying the stockade at the Roman camp.

Lois was thoughtfully silent, and he went on:

"Father ought to be getting ready, if there is ever to be a rising against the Romans. He knows hosts of men all over the country. He knows old fighting-men, and they know him.

He could get them together, too, whenever the right time comes. Oh, if his right hand were sound, what things he could do!"

"The Nazarene is not often in Capernaum now," said Lois. "He is teaching and preaching among the villages, everywhere, and so many go to hear him."

"I wish I could see him do some new wonder!" exclaimed Cyril. "They 'll forget all about the wine at Cana. I met a man who was at the wedding, and he said he thought I was mistaken in what was done."

For some undeclared reason, the Teacher, as all men except the rabbis called Jesus, was only teaching and preaching among the towns around the head of the lake. He was becoming widely known, however, as those who heard him carried news of his discourses, and as yet he had not made enemies.

The days and weeks wore on until the autumn went by, and then the winter, of that mild climate. The land grew green again with the swift growth of the spring crops. The time drew near for the annual Passover Feast, and every year a host of pious Galileans—all who were able—were sure to celebrate it at Jerusalem. When it was announced that Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples intended to go, most who heard took it as a matter of course, but it aroused enthusiasm in Cyril. "I am going," he said to Lois. "I cannot take thee this time; we have not money enough. But I must be with him at Jerusalem. Who knows what great works he will do when he gets there? Isaac Ben Nassur is going, and the Cana people."

"I wish I might go with thee!" said Lois. "Thou canst not wish to go more than I do. I want to see Jerusalem—I want to see the Temple. I long to see what the Master will do there."

"I wish I could take thee with me," said Cyril. "We will try to have more money for the journey next year. But he surely will not yet try to take Jerusalem; I do not think there will be any fighting this time. I do not see how he ever can take that great city; it is so strong. But he must take it some day, if he is the predicted king. Father says there will be a terrible battle, and I am to be in it. Our captain will have to raise an army from all over the country."

Lois made no reply to that. She had never been able to think as Cyril did of the Teacher. She could not imagine him with a sword in his hand, fighting other men.

One of Cyril's ideas had been that the journey of Jesus of Nazareth to Jerusalem would be like a royal progress, and that he would preach to crowds along the way as he was accustomed to do in Galilee. But Cyril was mistaken, for the Teacher traveled both quietly and rapidly. As for the boy himself, he believed he was safe in crossing the district of Samaria, so completely was he hidden among the crowds of Passover pilgrims. From these pilgrims the Samaritans kept away, and to them the Roman soldiers paid no manner of attention. The weather was glorious; not too warm for traveling, except in the middle of the day; and all the country was in bloom and green.

The Passover was to be eaten on the fifteenth day of the month Nisan, or April; but earlier than that multitudes began to gather at Jerusalem, from all parts of the world; for there were great preparations to be made beforehand. Some of these had reference to food and lodgings, but even more were connected with the sacrifices to be offered in the Temple.

The Temple, crowning a high hill, and visible from a great distance, was in a vast inclosure of strongly fortified walls. Within this there were several minor inclosures, separated by walls and by gates which were themselves important features of the gilded splendor of the most costly and beautiful place of worship on all the earth.

These inner inclosures were called "courts," and opened into one another. Beyond the outer court, none save those known to be Jews

could enter, and they only after ceremonial preparation. Nevertheless, the outer court, just within the Temple wall, was part of the Temple, the "sacred place," the "house of God." Because others than Jews were permitted to enter, it was called the Court of the Heathen or Gentiles. According to the scriptures, and all the teachings of the rabbis, this court was holy. Into it nothing unclean could be brought, in it nothing could be bought or sold, nor could any trade be carried on there. The entire area, and not a part only, was solemnly consecrated and set apart for worship. Nevertheless, so had become the management of the Temple affairs by the priests and other rulers, that during four weeks before the Passover all the laws were set aside, and this court was rented out to dealers in cattle and all sorts of merchandise, and to brokers who exchanged current coins—such as Jewish shekels and half-shekels, for the foreign coins brought by worshipers from other countries. The holy place, therefore, was lined with cattle-pens, the booths of tradesmen, the tables of money-changers, coops of doves, while droves of cattle and sheep, and swarms of buyers and sellers, shouting, jostling, bargaining, and even quarreling, turned the entire court into a sort of fair, where a vast amount of cheating, extortion, bribery, and other mischief went on continually.

If Cyril had heard of all this desecration of the Temple, he thought no more of it than did others, for it was a thing to which even those who condemned it had become accustomed.

The road from the north, by which the Galileans came, must wind among the hills as it nears Jerusalem, but at last, just after the city comes in sight, the road descends into a valley. When that is passed, there is a long ascent to the great gate in the high and massive wall that then guarded the capital of Judea.

Cyril's eagerness increased as he drew nearer, and at last the long procession of pilgrims he was with reached the ridge of the Mount of Olives, and he could see the city.

"Jerusalem is glorious!" he exclaimed. "What massive walls, and great towers! They say there is a whole legion of Roman soldiers camped near the city, and that the garrison inside is always very strong at Passover time.

What can our Nazarene do with them? He is going into the city."

Hardly a pause was made, indeed, by the Teacher and his friends. They were not hindered at the gate, and Cyril hardly allowed himself to wonder at the palaces and forts and other splendors as he followed close after Jesus of Nazareth up the steep street that led to the Temple. It would have taken him or anybody long enough to tell of what he saw by the way; the throngs of people from every nation he had ever heard of, the many different kinds of dress, the horses and their trappings, the chariots, the flowers and fruits, the shops and merchandise, the women in bright colors, the slaves, the soldiers in their armor, the men whom he knew to be gladiators, trained to fight in the terrible arena outside of the walls. It was still early in the forenoon of the bright April day when the Teacher passed into the outer court of the Temple. His face took on an expression of sadness and severity as he gazed upon the scene of traffic and confusion before him.

Only for a few moments, however, did Jesus linger and look. His friends from Galilee, as many as were with him, may have had errands of their own among the buyers and sellers, for when he suddenly turned and walked away out of the court, he went almost alone, only Cyril following, at a little distance, half breathless with awe and with an intense anxiety as to what might be about to come.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCOURGE OF SMALL CORDS.

In the city of Jerusalem, as in other Oriental cities, the several trades were not in every quarter, but the dealers in different wares generally kept separate. Cyril could not have found his own way to any quarter, but he could follow his captain, as he considered him, to a narrow street near by, mainly occupied by dealers in rope, cordage, and similar wares. There were also tent-makers in that street, and it was by the shop of one of these that the Teacher halted.

Hanging in front of the booth were quan-

ties of the small, strong, tough cords used for tent fastenings; and Cyril wondered to see the Teacher buy some of these.

Cyril and the dealer looked on with more than a little curiosity. A bunch of the cords were at first cut into lengths, and then the Teacher plaited them into a kind of whip, half as large at its beginning as a man's wrist.

Swiftly he worked and dexterously; and Cyril watched him from a little distance.

The whip, or "scourge," was soon finished; and he who had made it rolled it up and silently strode away toward the Temple, whither Cyril followed him.

Through the great gate and into the outer court they went; the hubbub of buying and selling was before them.

It seemed to be at its height. The unseemly disorder was even louder than usual. Sheep bleated, fowls crowed, cattle bellowed, men shouted to one another.

"What will he do?" exclaimed Cyril, for now the whip was raised above the head of the Master. Stern indeed was his face at that moment, as he drove forth the chaffering throng. Loud bellowed the beasts as they fled in terror, and loudly, for a moment, shouted their astonished and angry owners.

"They will turn and stone him!" was one quick thought in Cyril's mind; but it vanished.

Not even the cattle and the sheep fled more unresistingly than did the human beings from before that scourge and from the rebuking face of him who wielded it. The dealers in fowls caught up their coops and cages to hurry them away, but no such escape was permitted to the dealers in money. A moment before they had been sitting, in their customary insolent security, behind their tables, upon which were piled the various coins they dealt in. Of all the thieves who polluted the Temple they were the worst offenders. A punishment came to these men that they could feel more deeply than even the scourge, for the Teacher grasped the nearest table and scattered the ringing coins on the marble pavement, as he said:

"Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

Cyril thought for a moment of the armed guards of the Temple. They were there, truly,

but this was a matter that seemed to concern the Jews and their religion—not the guards at all, for the guards were Romans.

There was nothing, apparently, for Cyril to do, nor for any man of the throng which was

and the religious feeling of the Jewish people. Every rabbi and every pious Israelite would surely approve of what had been done.

"But the priests and the rulers—what will they think of it?" was a question in Cyril's



"'JERUSALEM IS GLORIOUS!'"

now gathering behind the Teacher. His own disciples were there, and a fast-increasing throng of sturdy Galileans, whose faces showed hearty approval of his course.

So the buying and selling which had so long polluted the outer court of the Temple came to an end. Cyril was a Jewish boy, and he could perfectly understand the acclamations that were arising so noisily on all sides. He knew that the Teacher from Nazareth had only acted in accordance with the public opinion

mind, and others felt as he did, for he heard one of the disciples say to another:

"It is written, 'The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.'"

The only criticism came from one of the Jewish bystanders, speaking as if for the others. He said, as questioning the Master's authority:

"What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?"

It sounded like an entirely reasonable question, considering what a responsibility had been

taken in enforcing the Temple law of holiness entirely without the authority of priest or ruler, and the reply was:

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

It did not appear to be an answer. It did

No more was said, but many were beginning to treasure the utterances of the Galilean Teacher, and this saying of his was not forgotten. Cyril could not then, nor for long afterward, have understood at all, if he had been told that Jesus really spoke of the temple of his own body.

But in later times his answer was thus explained. All Cyril then knew was that the expulsion of the money-changers was a proof of power by one who would soon, he fully believed, draw the sword of a military leader, and become a captain of the house of Israel.

Just then he heard a voice behind him in tones of strong approval:

"He has done well. He is for the Law. He is of the house of David; he should be zealous for the Law."

Cyril turned to look into the glowing face of Isaac Ben Nassur. The cleansing of the Temple was in accordance with the strict principles of the learned rabbi, and Isaac's next words to Cyril were both cordial and affectionate:

"Come thou with us. Thou shalt eat thy Pass-over lamb with thine own kindred. Thou belongest with us."

not offer even the sign demanded, for nobody could or would destroy the Temple; and the questioner responded:

"Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?"

This invitation was in keeping with Jewish custom, and Cyril went with Isaac. He felt himself, however, a very insignificant addition to the party, which included some of the most dignified men of Cana.

Isaac's wife, Hannah, was with him, and



THE MONEY-CHANGERS AND DEALERS EXPELLED FROM THE TEMPLE.

there were other women belonging to the several families represented.

There were yet two days to be spent before the Passover itself; and Cyril at first knew hardly what to do with them. He heard, however, that the chief priests and the rulers of the Temple had immediately issued orders that the outer court of the Temple should be kept absolutely clear of everything and everybody prohibited by the Law.

A complete victory had therefore been gained. As for the Romans, or any other heathen, they did not care how strict might be the religious notions of anybody who did not meddle with their power to govern Judea and to collect the taxes.

Cyril's main idea, as soon as his mind began to clear a little, was to find out all he could about the Roman power. As he learned its extent, his respect for it grew. With the dawn of each day, he was out from among his friends bent upon learning all about Jerusalem. They, too, had much that required their attention, and did not give him a thought.

The walls were so high, that it seemed impossible for any enemy to get over them. There were towers, and there were guards at all the gates. The castles and forts were so many and so strong, and the soldiers were so warlike, so well trained, the city seemed unconquerable.

It made Cyril's heart sink, the day before the Passover, when he went out by the Roman camp and saw a legion of the men who had overcome the armies of all nations drawn up in glittering ranks to be reviewed by their officers, and by some great men who were there from Rome, and by some visiting princes from other provinces who were guests of the rulers of Judea. He asked himself sadly, how could the coming king of Israel gather a force strong enough to withstand the Roman legions, of which so many could be sent against him, or how could he drive them out of such a stronghold as the walled city Jerusalem?

CHAPTER IX.

HEROD'S AMPHITHEATER.

THE Passover feast was eaten with all solemnity, and Cyril went with Ben Nassur and his friends, before and afterward, to witness the

Temple sacrifices and to take part in the grand ceremonies. He heard the priests and Levites chant the psalms; he saw the smoke go up from the altars. It seemed to him that he had never before had any idea of what it was to be a Jew and to have a right in Jerusalem, the City of the Great King, the Holy Place, to which all the nations of the world were one day to come and worship. It was to be a wonderful kingdom; but, somehow, the more he thought about it and the more he saw, the smaller grew the idea which had brought him to the feast—the idea that Jesus of Nazareth was really the king who was to come. It had not seemed so incredible while he was among the hills of Galilee.

During the few days before Ben Nassur and his friends were to set out for home, Cyril saw hardly anything of the Teacher. On one of those days he went to the amphitheater, the circus which Herod the Great had built, at some distance from the city. He paid for a seat in one of the upper galleries. On the tiers of seats below him were all sorts of people, and far away, on the opposite side of the vast arena, the sandy level in the middle, he saw, in the lower tier, a canopied place that was furnished magnificently. In it there were throne-seats, and on them sat King Herod Antipas, Pontius Pilatus, the Roman governor, two Roman generals, with other distinguished men, and a number of richly dressed women, some of whom wore brilliant tiaras or coronets upon their heads. He stared at them for a few minutes, and at the tremendous throng of people, but after that he thought only of what was going on in the arena.

There were chariot races; and Cyril could not help being intensely excited by the mad rush of the contending teams, while all the thousands who looked on shouted and raved. After the races, however, came scenes some of which made him shudder. There were foot-races and boxing-matches, but these were soon over, and then there were contests between pairs of swordsmen, spearmen, clubmen, and the like, in which the fights went on until one of the combatants was slain. Close upon the last of these duels, bands of gladiators marched in from opposite sides of the arena, and charged

each other like detachments of soldiers upon a real battle-field. The fighting was furious and desperate, but one side was soon beaten, for the parties had not been equal. One party had been trained warriors, professional gladiators, and the other only common men, captives taken in a recent raid of Pilate's soldiers upon a wild tribe beyond the Dead Sea. They were

come, he would never permit such cruelty as this! I ought not to be here! I will not come again!"

It was no place for him, and yet he had all the while been thinking of some things that he had seen, and of more that he had heard, of the dealings of Herod and of the Romans with such Jews as had offended them.



"THERE WERE CONTESTS BETWEEN SWORDSMEN."

brave enough, but they were put there only to be killed for the amusement of the great men and of the multitude. So were the poor victims with whom the day's exhibition closed, for they were driven into the arena, half armed, to contend as best they could with a number of hungry lions, tigers, leopards, and hyenas, which were loosed upon them from their dens under the tiers of seats.

"Oh!" thought Cyril, "If our king were to

"They seem," he said to himself, "to enjoy putting our people to death, just as they enjoy the suffering of captives and gladiators in the circus. The king will drive out these wicked Romans when he comes and takes the kingdom."

Cyril had something new to hear that night, his last night in Jerusalem. Rabbi Isaac, during the first few days after his arrival, had had a hard time of it; so many people had inquired

of him concerning Jesus of Nazareth, the Galilean Teacher, and particularly about the wonder performed at Isaac's house, in turning water into wine. The rabbi had firmly declared all he knew, but the dread of having to tell it over and over had inclined him to keep away from questioners. Of any other marvelous things which had been done in Galilee he knew nothing. Neither did Cyril, but now something entirely new and positive had come. The Nazarene, as some men called Jesus, had been healing sick people in Jerusalem during the Passover season—not a few, but many. His fame was growing rapidly, and the Passover pilgrims would carry news of him not only to every corner of the land of Canaan, but to other lands—to the very ends of the earth.

Ben Nassur said that he wished he had seen some of these marvelous cures; but his regret was slight compared to that of Cyril.

"I did not think he would heal the sick in the city," he said. "Yet I might have known the Teacher would do wonderful works. But I have learned all about Jerusalem."

"Thou hast done well enough," said Isaac. "Thou art only a youth. What wonder he has healed the sick? He is of the house of David. He is now a rabbi, truly. But Nathanael is wrong, for he is not the coming king of Israel. They will never anoint him. No, no, my son; he will never be the Anointed."

Cyril was silent. Ben Nassur had spoken in Hebrew, and the words he used, "the Anointed," were the very words which, translated through the Greek and Latin tongues into our own, are "the Christ."

Cyril went to sleep that night with the determination to cease his sight-seeing about the city. He would keep as close as he could to the Teacher, so that he might see him do works as remarkable as that which he had done at Cana.

Perhaps Isaac had formed a like purpose,

but it was too late, for almost the first words Cyril heard from him the next morning were these:

"The son of Joseph of Nazareth hath departed for Galilee. It is time for us also to go. Get thee ready. We shall see, now, what he will do in his own country."

It was all in vain that Ben Nassur and his friends prepared in haste, for Jesus and his disciples were a day's journey on their way. As for Cyril, he felt that a misfortune had befallen him!

"I long to see the wonderful works he is doing," he thought; "and I shall not be with him."

And indeed many were healed all along the homeward way. Ben Nassur and those who were with him heard accounts of these events from place to place. He had worked wonders even at and near Samaria. When they reached Cana, the Master had been there already. He had preached there, and he had healed the sick; then he had gone onward toward Capernaum.

"My son," said the rabbi to Cyril, with great dignity of manner, "I will go to Capernaum myself. There have been many rabbis who have healed the sick. It is wonderful, but I have heard of such marvels; yet it is my duty to see it done."

So the wise and learned rabbi hardly paused in his journey save to sleep one night at his own house in Cana. He even bade Cyril go forward that very evening, promising to follow in the morning.

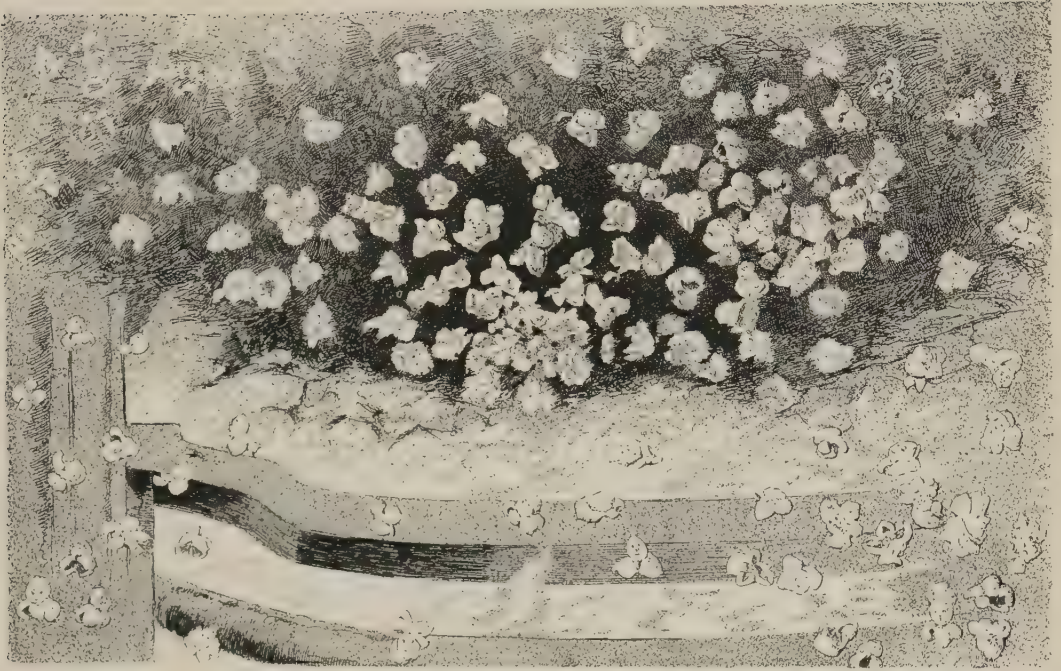
"It will be the sixth day," he said. "I must be in Capernaum to hear him preach in the synagogue on the Sabbath."

"Simon is living at Capernaum now," said Cyril. "Thou wilt find me at his house. I shall see Lois, too, and she will tell me all she has heard about the Teacher, and where he is to preach."

(To be continued.)

POP-CORN PEOPLE.

BY PEARL RIVERS.



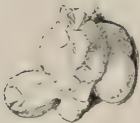
HERE are some Pop-corn People
Who have just popped out of the coals,
All dressed as if for a wedding—
Bless their dear little souls!



Here is Ching Chang from China,
Lacking his long pigtail;
And here is a hale old Scotchman,
Barring his cakes and ale.



Here is Sir Walter Raleigh,
And a well-known Spanish don;
And look! by the veil of the
Prophet!



A Turk with his turban on.





Here is a sweet young lady,
Who comes with a little page;
She wears a ruff that betokens
The Elizabethan age.



Here is a pop-corn "Brownie"
That our dear Palmer Cox
Has n't put to work in a picture,
Ready to row or to box.



This is a Humpty-Dumpty
And a jester of the court,
And this is a jolly sailor,
Just from a foreign port.



"The top o' the mornin' ter yez!"—
Why, here are Bridget and Pat,
Who have just arrived from the Cove of
Cork—
Is anything plainer than that?



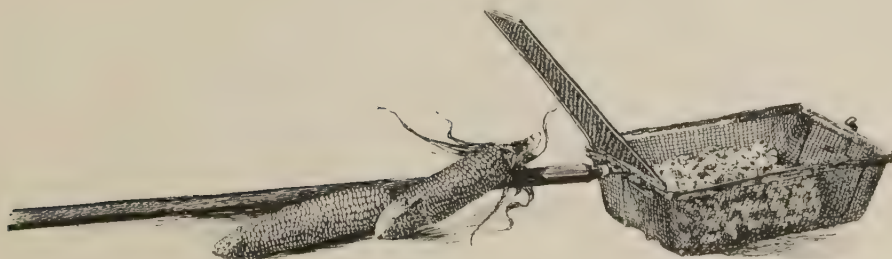
Here, with her "*tête poudrée*,"
Is a stately dame from France;
And here is a Choctaw Indian,
Asking her out to dance.



Dear little Pop-corn People!
Pop!—pop!—pop!—
They are coming too fast to count them,
But it seems that they cannot stop.

White little, light little people!
Bright little people all!
No wonder the "fire-fairy"
Is treating them to a ball!

Now children, note—and remember—
These new folk, face by face,
Whom I was the first to discover—
This dear little, queer little race!



HOW THE SLIDE WAS SPOILED.



ONE Friday there was a heavy fall of snow, and some small boys and girls laid plans for a good time on Saturday. They made a great many snow-balls, and piled them in heaps ready for the next day. They made a slide down the side of a little hill, jumping on the snow until it was smooth and hard, and then poured pails of water over the slide to make it icy and slippery. All was done by dinner-time, and the children ran home, thinking how much fun they would have on Saturday.

No sooner were the children gone than a little bear passed that way. It was his birthday, and he had on his best coat and trousers, but he had not had any presents. Mr. and Mrs. Bruin had meant to give him some honeycomb, but the farmer who kept bees bought a big dog about that time, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruin could not get the honey for their son Smiler.

So Smiler Bruin was a little cross, and was walking about the woods and growling to himself. But when he came to the slide that the children had

made, and saw the piles of snow-balls, he lost his ill humor, and was very glad. "Oh!" he cried, "how kind of somebody! They made this nice slide for a surprise. I will give a party and ask all my friends." He ran off, as fast as he could go through the deep snow, and told all the little bears he knew to come to his Slide and Snowball Party. Ten of them could come, and trotted after Smiler, who led the way, as proud as he could be.

The water had frozen on the slide, and it was as smooth as any little bear-cub could wish. All said that Smiler should have the first slide; and, taking a good run, he spread his legs wide apart, and sailed grandly down the hill, while all the little bears clapped their paws and growled joyfully.

But, when Smiler came to the foot of the hill, his claws hit a branch that was just under the top of the snow, and Smiler went paws over nose into a deep drift, and had to be pulled out by the heels.

Then the little bears went down the slide, one by one, as fast as they could go. And they threw all the snowballs at each other. Every time a bear was hit, he did not like it much; but all the others did, so he had to laugh. Well!—when Smiler's birthday party was over the children's snowballs were all smashed, and the slide was all scratched up, and the children never knew who did it.



ELEVEN Humpty Dumptys sitting on a wall.

One could n't quite get on, he was so plump and small.

One said: "Let's go right off and get some bread and jam."

One said: "I don't want to—I'll stay here where I am."

One spied a little ant in a crevice of the stone.

One said: "You'll hurt him! Just let that ant alone!"

One watched the far-off clouds like a poet yet unknown.

One said: "I'm a-goin'," and one replied: "Well, go!"

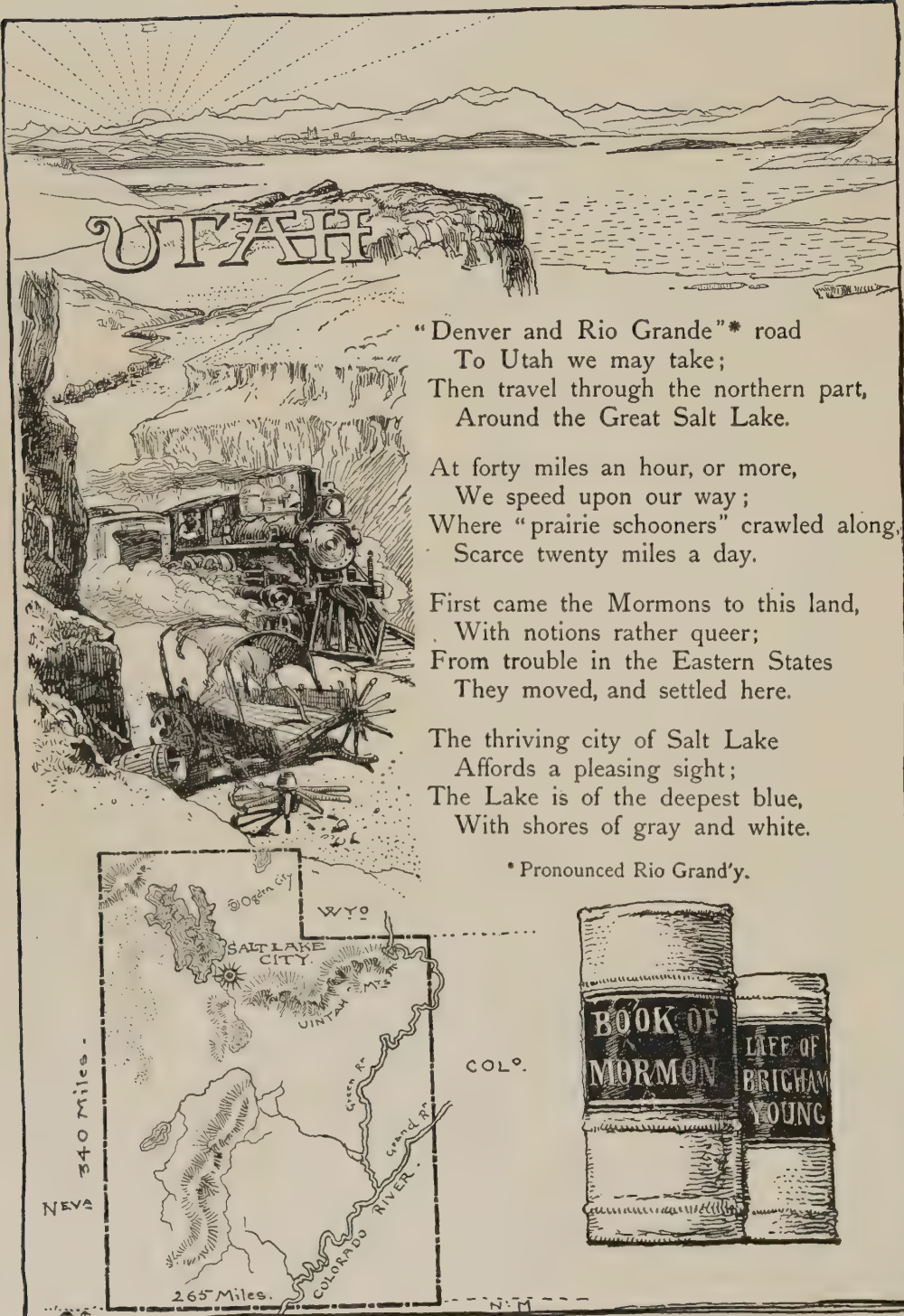
One said: "We two fellows are the last ones in the row."

One said: "I know it," though he really did n't know,

For, while he spoke, a little chap had climbed up from below.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



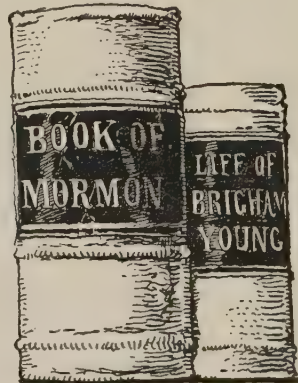
"Denver and Rio Grande"* road
To Utah we may take;
Then travel through the northern part,
Around the Great Salt Lake.

At forty miles an hour, or more,
We speed upon our way;
Where "prairie schooners" crawled along,
Scarce twenty miles a day.

First came the Mormons to this land,
With notions rather queer;
From trouble in the Eastern States
They moved, and settled here.

The thriving city of Salt Lake
Affords a pleasing sight;
The Lake is of the deepest blue,
With shores of gray and white.

* Pronounced Rio Grand'y.



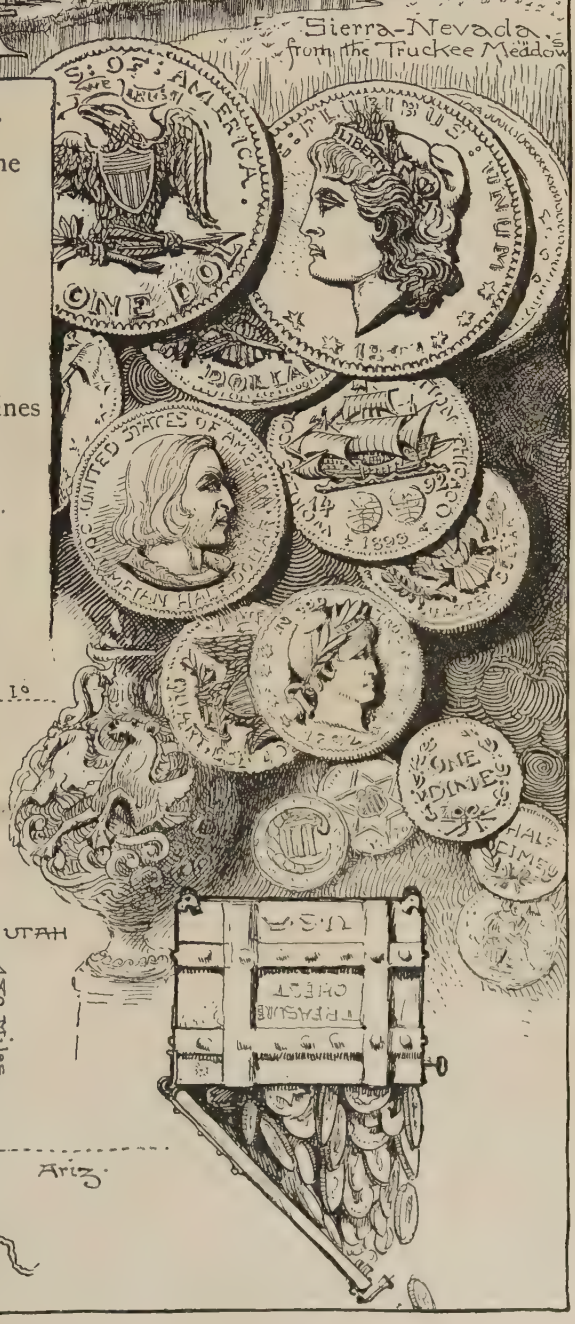
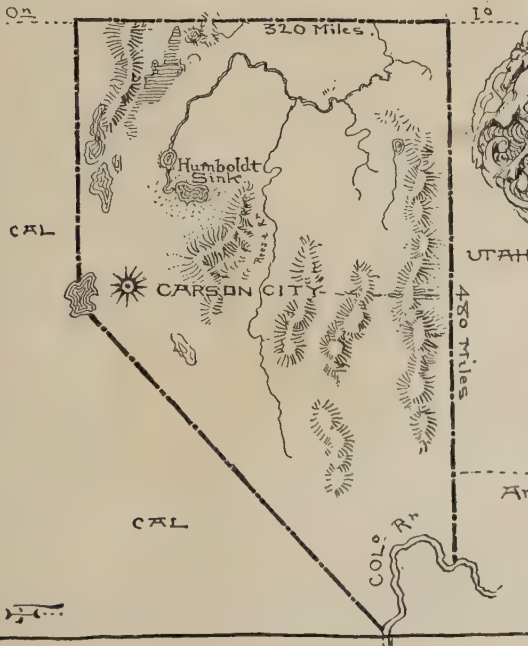
NEVADA

To Utah now we'll say good-by,
And, toward the "Golden Gate,"
We'll cross Nevada's boundary line
Near a corner of the State.

Nevada has a climate dry,
With very little rain;
But while her gold and silver last
Her people won't complain.

From this State's many famous mines
Much silver has come out;
And Carson, capital of the State,
Was named for "Kit," the scout.

Nevada has the queerest stream—
A stream that ends on land;
The Humboldt River it is called,
Which sinks in desert sand.



THE LETTER-BOX.



CHINESE CHILDREN ON THEIR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

AN item in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit Department of our November issue, under the heading, "Reading by Letter," introduced some bright lines entitled "Quite a Spell." They were copied from a newspaper clipping that bore neither their author's name nor that of the newspaper. The editor of ST. NICHOLAS has learned that the verses were originally written twelve years ago by Mr. Herwick C. Dodge, and she gladly gives him due credit at this earliest opportunity.

READERS of the "Letters to a Boy," by Robert Louis Stevenson, which are completed in this number, will be interested in reading the account which follows, of a Samoan picnic at Papasea, shown in the illustration on page 310. We reprint the description of this picnic from the article "Samoa: the Isles of the Navigators," published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, 1889:

An experience in which every stranger visiting Apia is invited to indulge is a jaunt of about three miles to what is known as *Papasea*, a sheet of water falling over smooth rocks, where he is introduced to the novelties of a Samoan picnic, which is in reality a day's frolic in the water.

Generally the party is decided upon several days previously, so that an ample supply of refreshments may be prepared and sent ahead early in the morning, cooked in the Samoan fashion, with hot stones, in the ground.

At about eight o'clock, while the dew is still on the leaves, dusky maidens, resplendent with cocoanut oil, and

attired in festal wreaths of flowers and bright-colored *lava-lava*, assemble with the young men and invited guests at the appointed place preparatory to the march. Shouting, laughing, and singing, they spring lightly along the path leading to the falls, and, as soon as they arrive, one after another eagerly jump into the clear, cool pool of water at the base of the falls, diving and splashing in the water with screams of laughter and delight that make the valley ring with their enthusiasm. The greatest feat, which, when first attempted, fairly takes the breath away, is to go above the rocks over which the stream rushes, and with three or four seated together, toboggan-fashion, slide over the smooth rock for a distance of eighteen feet, at an angle of forty degrees, and plunge into the pool below. The sensation produced is indescribable, and can hardly be imagined unless realized. After spending a few hours in the water, it is forsaken to partake of dinner, served upon banana leaves for plates, and with fingers for forks. Then all return to the aquatic sports, which are kept up until it is time to return home.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wished that your little readers might see Chinatown in San Francisco during the celebration of the Chinese New Year's day. It is not ushered in soberly and quietly, as we receive our January 1, but with noise and color, feasting and gaiety.

The custom of giving presents is universal; even the laundrymen carry packages of nuts and Chinese candy to the houses where they serve, and the cooks and other house-servants often give very beautiful and valuable presents to their employers. The prettiest gift, though, is the Chinese lily, or narcissus. On the day preceding the festival men may be seen carrying on their heads

great trays filled with blue-and-white bowls, in which blossom the growing bulbs of the national flower.

The Chinese children always have a great fascination for me. They carry themselves with conscious dignity in their gorgeous holiday dresses of purples, yellows, bright greens, and vivid pinks, and they may be seen in great numbers with pots of lilies, toddling along on their unsteady little shoes, enjoying in their sober fashion the bursting bombs and fire-crackers that shower about them.

During the New Year's festival the government offices are closed for a month, and most of the shops for at least three days. The streets are swept, which is to them a most unusual attention; and the restaurants and joss-houses are polished and bedecked with all their brightest hangings and cushions.

The inscription in Chinese characters which is seen on the left of the sketch of Chinese children is the usual Chinese New Year's greeting: "Good luck for the New Year."

Let me echo it for all the little friends of our good saint. Yours sincerely,

ALBERTINE RANDALL WHELAN.

AUCHNADROCHIT, AORCH BRAE, LOCH DORNOCH,
ROSS-SHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and I have taken you for three years. I have never been out of Scotland—indeed, I have never been out of this county, so I am doubly interested to hear about other countries. My mother promised to give me ST. NICHOLAS as soon as I could speak English, for we speak nothing but Gaelic here. And now I ride down to the nearest post-office—ten miles from here—every month for you. I have very few books, so you may imagine how I like to get you. I am the only girl among ten brothers, and they are all older than myself, except two, Ronald and Donald, who are six-year-old twins, and never out of mischief. Yesterday they let some sheep, that were going to be sold, out of the paddock, and we had such a hunt for them! You must know we live on a large sheep-farm, with three thousand sheep, and ten beautiful collie dogs, one of which belongs to me. My father gave him to me when he was a puppy, four years ago. I have sent him to several shows since. He has taken two first prizes and one second. My father gave him to me because one day one of the dogs went mad. I was out riding, and suddenly I met him rushing along, all foaming. I knew in a minute he was mad, and feared that he would bite some one. I turned my horse, and galloped back as hard as I could. I was then six miles from home, but I never stopped galloping all the way. When I got home, I ran and got my rifle; and I was n't a moment too soon, for when I had gone but a little way from the house the dog came galloping round a corner, and I fired. He just ran a few paces toward me, and then fell dead.

As so many children write about their pets, I will just tell you about ours. I have a big dark-chestnut horse, and an old gray pony, and one lovely Highland cow. And Ronald and Donald have a very ugly black mongrel puppy that follows them wherever they go, an old cart-horse that is past work, and two goats that they drive in a little cart.

With best wishes for a long life to you, I remain your admiring reader,

MARGARET MACD—.

FOREST ROAD, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few months ago you gave us a ballad on Nottingham Fair. I liked it very much, and

wish to tell you that on the third, fourth, and fifth of October it was Nottingham Fair once more.

It is by no means such a large fair as formerly; but, for all that, many thousand people attend it.

I live five minutes' walk from the caves, where Robin Hood hid himself so securely. Nottingham means the Home of Caves.

You would have hard work to find the far-famed forest, for houses have taken the place of trees; but still Robin's memory is kept green by our volunteers, who are called "The Robin Hood," and wear a green uniform in imitation of his "Lincoln Green."

I have taken you for many years, and once fancied you were not "grown up" enough for me, so I tried—well, I will not say which magazine—with the result that I quickly took you again, and mean to stick to you all my life.

Yours sincerely,

NELL C—.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are little twin brothers, aged ten. We are going to Yale when we get big. Our papa went to Yale, and had a doggie that followed him to class one day, like Mary's little lamb, and would bark when any one said "Yale."

He took us to the games yesterday, when Cambridge played Yale, which beat.

I am writing this, though Allan wants to. We love our country and ST. NICHOLAS and Yale.

Your loving readers,

ALLAN AND BRANSCOMBE T—.

OFICINA LA PALMA, CHILE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you, as I do not remember seeing a letter from Chile in your magazine. We live in one of the nitrate oficinas on the Tarapaca Pampa. The pampa is a sand desert. Nothing grows on it except a few trees called *tamarugales*, and some low bushes. It never rains, but a thick sea fog comes up from the coast, called the *camanchaca*. When it is very heavy, it looks like clouds driving along the ground; everything gets quite wet. The only water to be had is brackish, and is used for driving the machinery, and for washing and watering the animals. The drinking-water has to be condensed.

There are about two hundred mules in the corral, besides horses, sheep, and lambs. It is my little sister Queenie's and my delight to go and see them with father. They are fed on *pasto*, which comes from the South or from some little valleys in the Cordilleras ten thousand feet high. They bring flowers down too.

I have a dear little horse of my own. It has three names—"Prince Charming," "Nubbles," and "Bunnyboy," because it is always moving its nose. Sometimes Queenie rides a mare now. She likes a mule because it goes much quicker, and she likes trotting. I have no end of pets. "Chueco" I like best; he is a funny little dog, a dachshund. He sits up and begs and pretends to be dead when we say "Muerto." I have also a big green, red, blue, and yellow loro or parrot; he calls us all by name, laughs, sings, and whistles, and has learned to cough since we had the whooping-cough; and two ringdoves, two canaries, and two fat, fluffy white rabbits.

In February we went to an oasis in the desert called Pica. It is a small village, and nearly every one has a vineyard and fruit-trees; the fruit is sold in the oficinas and in Iquique. There are also springs of water, some of which are quite hot; the visitors and natives bathe in them.

I am ten years old. Every one says I am very tall and fat for my age. I do not think many of your little friends weigh ninety-seven pounds at that age. Mother is going to take me home to school. I am longing to see

my brothers, who are studying in Edinburgh. Herrmann, the eldest, has just left college; he is first this year, and has won a prize. I hope you will print my letter. I remain ever your loving friend,

NELITA W.—

TIMBER RIDGE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted to write to you ever since I read Mr. Roosevelt's "Remember the Alamo," because I live on the very spot where General Sam Houston was born. My grandfather lived for years in the old Houston house, and then built this brick house on the site of the old cottage, using the banisters from the old Houston staircase in the back porch, where they are still to be seen. One door has several bullet-holes in it.

In the yard is an old, old tree with the marks and holes still in it where his father had his cider-press. People from Texas come here almost every summer "to see where Sam Houston was born and lived" until he was a big boy and went to Tennessee.

His grandson was here this summer, and can whistle Mexican tunes, and whistle two parts at one time, which is very wonderful.

My uncle John Barr has sent ST. NICHOLAS since before I was born—ever since ST. NICHOLAS was born. My oldest brother got it when he was little, and it still comes. I would not know what to do for something nice to read and look at if I had not dear old friend ST. NICHOLAS.

I am twelve years old. I like to read Mr. Roosevelt's tales because he is so *American*,—and so am I.

Your true friend, SYD T.—

FRANKFORT, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about our kitten. When he was very small Grandma Young gave him to me, and mama had to feed him with a spoon for three weeks. He was so hungry for the milk that mama could hardly hold him. He looked so ugly with the milk all over him that we thought he would never be a pretty kitten. He had no mother to teach him to wash his face. He was a great big cat before he learned. Mama thought she would teach him to lap milk like other kittens, but he would put his paws in the milk and suck them. Now he is a handsome big cat, and does a great many cute things. We hold a hoop in one hand and scratch on the floor with the other, and he will run and jump through it. We have a fur rug with a leopard on it in the parlor, and when we don't know where he is we go in there, and are sure to find him lying on the rug. I believe he thinks it is his mother. He kisses it and rubs his head against it as if he loved it. One night mama heard a great noise in the kitchen; when she went out she found him with a little gray mouse, the first one he ever caught. He played with it for about two hours, and then he ate it. He watches every night at the same place where he caught that one. My little sister Marjorie dresses him up in her doll clothes. His name is "Timmie," and we love him dearly.

Lovingly, your little friends,

LAWRENCE and MARJORIE S.—

HOPE HOUSE, SOUTH PARK, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old. I take ST. NICHOLAS. I often read the letters the little boys and girls write you, and I thought I should like to write you one myself. I had a little steamboat, and one day while my brother was getting up steam the boiler burst. I have been to Ramsey, Isle of Man, and

my brother caught a lot of fish. In two mornings he caught fifteen. There are beautiful rocks at Ramsey, and beautiful glens on the Isle of Man. My father took us to Dhoon Glen, which was very beautiful. When we were at the bottom it took us three quarters of an hour to climb up. We saw the great Laxey water-wheel. We went in a steamer round the island, and saw Peel Castle, Port St. Mary, Port Erin, and Douglas, and we hope some day to go to the same place again. We enjoyed it so much. We have a beautiful cathedral at Lincoln, many hundreds of years old, and an old Roman arch which was built before the time of Christ. There is a nice stream of water called the Foss Dyke, which joins the river Witham to the river Trent, on which we often have a pleasant row. I remain your loving reader,

WILLIAM CAREY H.—

MARIPOSA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I have a little dog; she is spotted. She helps me herd the turkeys. We have one hundred. We live in the mountains; it is very brushy and rocky.

My aunt has sent you to me two years. I like you very much. Your loving reader,

CHESLEY B. C.—

POONA, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second time I have written to you since I began to read you, nearly three years ago.

I am very fond of you, and I would miss you very much if I had to go without you. The stories I am most interested in are "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Teddy and Carrots: Two Merchants of Newspaper Row," and "A Boy of the First Empire."

There is a Hindu temple about three miles from here, called Parbutti. It is on a hill, and to get to it nearly a hundred steps have to be climbed. The Hindu god Gunput is worshiped in this temple.

Near it is a small room from which a rajah, or king, watched the battle of Kirkee; and when he saw that the English had won, and his side had lost, he fled.

Poona is a large military station and a very pretty place. It was the last capital of the Peshwas, as the former rulers of Poona used to be called. It is surrounded by beautiful hills, although they are not very high.

I like India, but I prefer America to it. I have been here nearly three years since we returned from America, and I lived here three years before we went home. I am ten years old now. I remain, your fond reader,

FLORA L. R.—

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've just been reading over the letters in the "Letter-box."

I'm very fond of ST. NICHOLAS, and don't know what I'd do without it. Mama gets books out of the library, and some are taken from ST. NICHOLAS. I've written a pretty long letter, but I want to say something more before I stop. I'm eleven years old to-day. Your faithful reader,

ANNIE BELL B.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Philip H. Girard, Frances C. R., Katharine Kellogg, Estofanita More, Olie M. Rice, Julia Marshall, H. W. and C. W., Katharine Johnston, E. T. Brooks, Annie L. B., Henry S. Wilson, Edgar B. Peck, Elaine Malcolm, Madeline C. Raby, Francis Medary.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Madam.
LABYRINTH OF PROVERBS.

CHARADE. Sau-sage.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Crow. 2. Rare. 3. Orbs. 4. West.

HIDDEN GIRLS. 1. Frances. 2. Elinor. 3. Victoria. 4. Mary. 5. Dorcas. 6. Cora. 7. Madeline. 8. Barbara. 9. Melissa. 10. Agatha. 11. Ethel. 12. Jane. 13. Catherine. 14. Adeline. 15. Samantha. 16. Sophia. 17. Sarah. 18. Blanche. 19. Melinda. 20. Maud.

L-I-N-C-S L-F-A-L-O R-D-S-O-F R
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 A O-M-O-S-S A-N-N-O-N K-T-O-C-E

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Boone. Cross-words: 1. Bison. 2. MOuse. 3. MoOse. 4. CraNe. 5. EaglE.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Jersey Quartette"—L. O. E.—Walter L. Haight—"One of Five Cousins"—"Two Little Brothers"—Josephine Sherwood—Jo and I—Sigourney Fay—Niminger—"Two Romans."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul Reese, 10—"Brynild," 4—Hal Dunbar, 1—F. Farley and F. Coleman, 2—E. Baldwin Goettche, 3—Paul Davidson, 4—Dana Hardin, Jr., 4—G. H. Dyer, 4—No name, St. Louis, 5—Paul Haskell, 6—Alice C. G., 7—"Four Weeks of Kane," 8—Mama and Margie Roche, 8—Lucia Connor, 1—Helen Taylor, 2—Mary Rake, 1—Herbert E. Coe, 1—Hazel Van Wageningen, 1—Walter P. Anderton and Aunt, 1—"Sand-crabs," 10—Effie K. Talboys, 9—"Embla," 8—Emmita E. Gattus, 1—Amy G. Olyphant, 1—Helen G. Elliott, 7—"Willmatt and Co.," 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 10—"The Kittiwake," 10—Betty, 5—Georgia E. Bugbee, 9—"Edgewater Two," 10—"Will O. Tree," 5—Paul Rowley, 9—Marjory Gane, 6—"Brownie Band," 9—"Chiddingtons," 9—Frederica Yeager, 9—Charles Travis, 8—W. V. W., 9—W. and E. G. L., 10—No name, Hackensack, 9—Helen Rogers, 8—"Zeta Psi," 3—"Marley and Scrooge," 7—Florentine, 1—"Half a Dozen," 3—"Three Brownies," 10—Franklyn Farnsworth, 9—Jessie Buchanan, 3—"Merry and Co.," 10—Laura M. Zinser, 6—Jean Eggleston, 8—"Grateful Grinners," 10—E. C. C. E., 8—Evangeline Parsons, 3.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the

other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular American writer of poems.

EDNA C. S.

ties. 2. A large bird. 3. Plunged.
e. 5. A Shakespearean character.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A conjunction.
3. A young boy. 4. Wicked. 5. To separate. 6. A
Roman emperor. 7. A Portuguese title. 8. A pro-
noun. 9. In rhomboid. G. B. FERNALD.

etter Z. 2. An African quadruped.
To fear in a great degree. 5. To
SAMUEL SYDNEY.

[illegible]

THE letters represented by stars spell the surname of a famous poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of crossbow formerly used for shooting stones. 2. Twelve o'clock. 3. Substance. 4. Military stores of all kinds. 5. Pertaining to rural life and scenes. 6. A king's daughter. 7. A trader. 8. To ponder over. MARY D. KITTREDGE.



THE SARABAND.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. ROYBET, IN THE SALON OF 1895. BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.

(SEE PAGE 436.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE RHYME OF THE TWO LITTLE BROWNS.



A BOY that was spare, and a girl that was fair,
Were riding from school in town ;
With a pony and cart, through the heart of the mart,
Drove Edgar and Elinor Brown.

The brow of the lad was exceedingly glad,
With never a sign of a frown ;
While with grace in her place, and a smile on her face,
Rode sweet little Elinor Brown.

But alas for the day and alas for the way
(O Edgar, O Elinor Brown!),
If a harness were sound, would it drop to the ground
On the smooth, even streets of a town ?



In a ponyless cart, in the heart of the mart,
 Sat Edgar and Elinor Brown,
 While the frolicsome bay, with a gay little
 neigh,
 Went galloping out of the town.

Then laughter broke loud from the men in
 the crowd,
 For folk love a joke in the town;
 But gayest of all in the street or the stall
 Were Edgar and Elinor Brown.



Their carriage was light, they'd no fright of 'T was a sight for a dream, this brisk little
the night, team:
Brave Edgar and Elinor Brown! Bold Edgar swung strides through the town,
So they plodded the way of the frolicsome While with grace in her place, and a hot happy
bay, face,
To their home in the outskirts of town. Ran sweet little Elinor Brown.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.



THE PRIZE CUP.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XIX.

TRACY LISLE AND DORD OLIVER.

TRACY LISLE entered upon his new duties with a satisfaction to which a feeling of triumph over Gideon gave a peculiar zest. He laughed as he handled the hose with which Midget had been sprinkled and he himself had been threatened, saying to himself:

"He told me never to set foot on these grounds as long as he was in charge; and I said, 'You won't always be in charge.'"

He wondered a little that the prophecy had so unexpectedly come true. Meanwhile it was a pure delight to see Midget playing about the place, free and happy, and enjoying, in his own silent way, the new order of things. The child, who had always been accustomed to run in and out of the house at pleasure when the Melvertons were at home, would have taken similar liberties in their absence if Tracy had not vigorously kept him out.

So, before going in himself that afternoon to close the windows and pull down the shades, he sent the little deaf-mute home, promising to follow soon. He had carefully put everything in order, and was about lowering the shade of a back chamber window, when he saw something like a human figure moving behind the vines of the trellis framed against the side of the barn.

"Why, is that Midget?" he said to himself. "Has n't he gone home yet?"

But it was n't Midget; a much larger form appeared at an opening of the vines, a head nodded, and a hand made signs to Tracy.

"It's George Oliver!" he said. "What can he want of me?"

The two boys were about the same age, and were on good terms enough, but not so inti-

mate as they had once been, the Oliver boy consorting too much with the idle and reckless sort to be, in Mrs. Lisle's opinion, ^{an} ~~an~~ companion for her precious son; in the opinion also, we may add, of the precious son himself.

"He never would have come here for me," Tracy reflected. "He must think Gid Ketterell is still in charge; he is after Gid," — his conclusion being that George Oliver had seen, but had not recognized, him through the window. "I'll ask what he wants, and maybe find out something else"; for he had been all the afternoon in a study as to which of the associates of Gid and Osk he should approach, in order to follow up the clue to the robbery of the prize cup, given him by Mr. Walworth.

He was undoubtedly right as to George Oliver's object in visiting the place. George appeared very much surprised to see Tracy coming out of the back door presently, locking it, and walking straight to the trellis.

"Hello, Dord!" said Tracy, smiling diplomatically.

Young Oliver had at first thought of taking himself unceremoniously out of the way; but though he might easily have avoided an interview, there was not time for him to escape recognition. So he concluded to remain and face Master Lisle with as confident an air as he could assume upon short notice.

"Hello, Tracy!" he replied, smiling in his turn, but somewhat glassily. "I did n't know it was you."

"Well, it happens to be," said Tracy, with engaging suavity. "Sorry I'm not the one you wanted."

"That's of no consequence," Dord replied. "I thought Gid Ketterell —"

"Gid went off some little time ago. Can't you make use of me in his place?" said Tracy. "You know you and I used to be pretty good friends, Dord."

"Yes; I always did like you, Tracy," Dord answered honestly, pleased at the turn the talk was taking. "We don't see much of each other, lately, though."

"No," said Tracy; "and I wonder whose fault it is."

Poor as the Lisles were, since the minister's death, they stood high in the respect of the village people, and likewise in their own esteem. Tracy, as he grew up, saw more and more the propriety—insisted on by his mother—of keeping a certain class of boys at a distance. This independence on his part they resented by calling him "stuck-up" and "big-feeling." They might have conceded his right to keep apart from them if the Lisles had been wealthy, like the Melvertons; but as it was, his assumption of superiority was deemed offensive.

"I don't see how it can be my fault," said Dord. Then, in a burst of candor, "Fact is, Tracy, I have n't thought I was quite 'ristocratic enough for you."

At the same time he turned very red, and looked as if he feared he had wounded Tracy's sensibilities. Tracy colored, too, but maintained his smiling countenance. All this time they stood within the vine-covered trellis, with the afternoon sunshine flickering upon them through the leaves.

"I'm glad you spoke so frankly, George," Tracy replied, without betraying the least resentment. "For now perhaps we can come to a better understanding. I *am* aristocratic, in one sense. But you know it is n't because I have money, or dress particularly well, or—"

"I know that," Dord hastened to admit, with an air of apology. "Money and good clothes have n't much to do with it."

"What has, then? Come, Dord!" said Tracy. "Speak right out! I'll promise you that I sha'n't be offended."

Leaning an elbow in a diamond of the trellis,



and resting on one foot, with the other thrown up carelessly on the toe behind it, he regarded Dord ingratiatingly. Dord stood before him, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes cast down, and his russet cheeks drawn with a grin of comical embarrassment.

"You don't dare tell me!" Tracy urged coaxingly. "Come, Dord, why not tell me frankly?"

"‘COME, DORD!’ SAID TRACY. ‘SPEAK RIGHT OUT!’"

After a pause Dord lifted his eyes and, looking straight into Tracy's with a frank expression, replied:

"You 're a better fellow than the rest of us; that 's just where it is, Tracy. You 're a better fellow than the rest of us."

Tracy was touched; a happy expression glinted in his brave blue eyes as he answered:

"Oh, now, see here, Dord, what do you mean by that? I 'm no such good fellow as you

genuine, downright, disinterested kindness. Do you believe it?"

It was Dord's turn to feel happy and grateful now. He winked quickly as he leaned back against the trellis, with his head turned half away, and said in a low voice:

"I do mean right! But I don't know how it is—you 're brighter 'n the rest of us; that 's the difference."

"Heigho!" said Tracy, with something be-



"'GOOD MORNING, MR. PUDGWICK,' SAID FRED." (SEE PAGE 365.)

think. I 've got a high temper, I can be as selfish and jealous as anybody, and I 'm constantly saying and doing things I 'm ashamed of, or sorry for, afterward."

"If you were pretty mean you would n't be ashamed of 'em," Dord suggested, with a shy look out of the corner of his eyes.

"Something in that!" said Tracy, with a gay little laugh. "But what I 'm coming to is this. It 's the good heart that makes one fellow really better than another; and there is n't a better-hearted boy in town than you, Dord Oliver! There is n't one I 'd sooner go to for a

tween a laugh and a sigh, as he took a step toward him, across the overarched space. "'Brighter'? You know yourself, Dord Oliver, that in school you were as bright at your lessons as I was,—when you tried. If you had kept on and entered the high school, instead of dropping out as you did, you might be as far along as I am. So might several of the boys, who got tired of study, and imagined they had education enough. Is n't that so?"

"Maybe 't is," Dord assented, with a sorry nod.

"No!" cried Tracy. "It is n't that, either,

that makes me aristocratic—if I *am* aristocratic—and I hope I am, in the right way. Shall I tell you what it is?”

“I’d like to know,” Dord replied earnestly, as Tracy paused.

“It is because I try to make the best of myself. That’s why I keep away from boys that hold themselves too cheap. I can’t afford to idle away my time as they do, caring only for the fun of the moment. Something won’t let me. I *must* improve my mind—get knowledge—prepare myself for whatever may be before me in life. When I read about great and noble men, I can’t help comparing myself with them, and trying to be like them. Our youth is too precious to be trifled away. I believe in enjoying it as we go along, but in a different way from those that find it so dull without coarse excitements. If that is what makes me aristocratic,” Tracy went on, “why, then I’m glad I am aristocratic.”

Dord stared at him with astonishment akin to awe.

“I don’t wonder you keep away from us,” he replied.

“Don’t you ever have such feelings?” Tracy inquired.

“Yes—I suppose every fellow has—odd spells. I only wish I could live up to ’em, as you do!” Dord declared, sincerely. “But it’s so much easier to go off and have a good time!”

“Yes,” said Tracy; “and the right kind of a good time is something I believe in, too. I enjoy it as much as anybody. But you fellows want to make life *all* a good time. You’ve got to go to work before long, and you ought to be interested in that work. Then suppose you give a part of your leisure to serious reading and thinking—say, an hour or two a day; have you any idea what a difference it would make in the course of a year? three years? ten years? I think, Dord, if you should try that, you would begin to feel ‘aristocratic’ yourself; you would be a little more choice of your spare time and of the company you keep.”

“That’s so!” said the conscience-smitten Dord. “I guess that’s so.”

Then there was a long pause, Tracy wondering how he should approach the subject that

was uppermost in his mind when he had come to meet Dord.

CHAPTER XX.

FOLLOWING UP THE “CLUE.”

“You were coming here to find Gid Ketterell,” Tracy at last said.

“Yes; I thought it was about time for him to be going along home, and I’d go with him,” Dord replied.

“You’ve been here for him before?”

“No, never once.”

“Do you know of anybody who has?” Tracy inquired.

“I don’t know as I ought to tell,” said Dord; for he, like almost all the village boys, and some of their parents and teachers too, I regret to say, was in the habit of saying “don’t know *as*” for “don’t know *that*,” and using other incorrect expressions of which fastidious mothers like Mrs. Lisle disapproved.

“If there’s any good honest reason why you should n’t tell, don’t,” said Tracy, studying him with kind, searching eyes. “But I have a very good and a very honest reason for asking the question.” He concluded he had better come frankly to the point. “You can help me about a very important matter, Dord, if you will.”

“I should like to do that,” said Dord.

“Then tell me who has been here to see Gid.”

“Osk Ordway has; I don’t know of any others.”

“When was that?” Tracy asked, with quickening heart-beats.

“I don’t know; just two or three days ago.”

“What did he want?”

“Nothing particular, I guess,” Dord answered, evasively.

Tracy thought it time for him to take a bold stand.

“He wanted something, and he got something; and you know it, Dord. And you wanted something to-day. Was it cider?”

Dord gave a sheepish sort of laugh.

“I guess there wa’n’t” (*wa’n’t* for *was n’t* was another of his incorrect words) “much of any cider left.”

“I should n’t suppose there would be, after

Osk Ordway had had a taste of it," Tracy observed.

"That 's so!" said Dord. "I wa'n't after cider."

"What then? You ought to tell me," Tracy insisted.

"Osk told me Gid would show me something, and I thought it might be Fred Melverton's prize cup," Dord replied. "But I could n't make him say so."

"Dord!" Tracy exclaimed, "this is very important—what you are saying to me. Now I am going to tell you something—a most astonishing thing that has happened—in strictest confidence. You won't speak of it till I give you leave."

Dord gave the required promise, and listened wonderingly.

"That prize cup has been stolen!"

"It hain't!" said Dord, not by way of contradiction, but as an expression of his intense amazement. "Hain't" was another of his words.

"You 're a lucky fellow, Dord," said Tracy.

"I don't see how—" began Dord.

"Why, that you did n't come here and get Gid to show *you* the cup before it was stolen. Don't you see? *You* might have become an object of suspicion."

Dord's face grew flushed and damp.

"And let me advise you," Tracy continued, "if you have any sort of connection or understanding with Osk, to wash your hands of it at once. Just what did he tell you?"

"About the cup? He did n't call it by name," Dord replied. "He only said Gid had shown him something in the Melverton house, and that I could make him show it to me. That was all. I thought it must be that; for, before that, we had talked about Fred's winning the prize."

"It *was* that!" Tracy assured him. "Osk is mixed up in the business—the robbery, to speak it plainly—and he meant to mix you up."

"I can't believe it! I thought Osk—" Dord faltered incredulously.

"You thought better of Osk than that. I can't say whether I did or not. His visit to the house that day was as secret as possible; I happen to know about that," Tracy declared,

triumphantly. "That Gid let him in I am as sure as I am that Gid denied it afterwards. Very soon after that—perhaps that very day—the cup disappeared. Gid vows he knows nothing about it. He also says he knows nothing about the cider that was taken."

"Did he say that?" cried Dord. He seemed about to add more, but stopped, fearing perhaps he had already said things that might complicate matters for Gid.

"Don't mince it!" said Tracy. "Did n't Osk brag to you that he drank cider in the house? You said as much before."

"Yes, he did," Dord was forced to admit.

"Then what can we think of Gid's denials?" Tracy demanded.

"I don't know what to think," Dord replied. "But here 's one thing. If Osk took the cup, or knew it had been taken, why should he put me up to come and ask to see it?"

"To mix you up in it, as I told you. Or for any other reason. It does n't deceive me. And you, Dord—candidly, now!—don't you see I 've good reason for believing Osk took the cup?"

"Yes," Dord avowed. "And you 'd have a still better reason if you knew something I know."

"What 's that?" Tracy asked, so very eagerly that Dord became alarmed.

"I guess I 'd better not tell; it 's something I had n't ought to have mentioned."

"How! something you ought n't to have mentioned?" Tracy questioned, unconsciously correcting Dord's language in repeating it. "I 'll tell you this, Dord Oliver: it 's always better, in a matter of this sort, to meet it squarely and make a clean record for yourself. You don't help a wrong-doer by keeping back anything that must come out; and you may be injuring yourself, you know."

"T ain't anything that 'll hurt me if I tell it," said Dord; "and I don't suppose it will hurt Osk—not if he 's all right."

"Of course not! that 's the point," said Tracy. "But if he ought to be exposed, he will be; and you don't want to pass for one who has knowingly covered up his misdeeds. Now, Dord!"

Dord had backed up against the trellis, as

Tracy followed and urged him; he could now retreat no farther, nor escape in any direction, Tracy holding him fast, with both hands on his shoulders, and confronting him with a determined smile.

"I 'd jest as lieyes tell; I don't know why I should n't," said Dord. "Two or three nights ago—Tuesday night, I 'm pretty sure—I was on the street with the Sweeney boys, when we saw Osk come out of Elkins's orchard; he got over the wall and started to cross over to the street his gran'sir lives on."

"I know; Mr. Pudgwick—Maple street," said Tracy.

"He was carrying something under his coat, which we might not have noticed," Dord continued, "if it had n't bothered him in getting over the wall. Just as he was getting down to the sidewalk, he seemed to see us coming around the corner by the harness-shop. He hesitated a little, then jumped down and started to cross over, as I said; appearing not to notice us though it was bright moonlight."

"What time of night was this?" Tracy inquired.

He had taken his hands from Dord's shoulders, but still stood facing him, listening with intense interest to every word of his story.

"A little after nine; between nine and half-past," replied Dord. "We ran after Osk, and overtook him, and the first thing Dick Sweeney said was:

"'Hullo, Osk! What ye got there?'

"'There? Where?' says Osk.

"'Under your coat-flap,' says Dick.

"'Oh! that?' says Osk. 'That 's a bull-head I ketched up here in the river.'

"'Funny place to carry it, under your coat, wrapped up in your handkerchief,' Dick says; for we ketched a glimpse of something white. It was only Dick's guess that it was a handkerchief."

"What did he say to that?" Tracy questioned, with excited eagerness.

"Something about a fellow having a right to carry fish in his own fashion. Then he got away from us as soon as he could; and the last we saw of him," said Dord, "he turned into his gran'sir Pudgwick's gate, and went around to the shed door."

"And what did you boys think?" Tracy asked.

"We did n't swallow the fish," Dord replied, with a grin. "He never 'd have made such a mystery of a horned-pout ketched in the river. But I had no idea, till now, what it might really be."

Tracy hurriedly put the question:

"What 's your idea now?"

"Seems as if it must have been—well, I 'd rather not say."

"There 's no need of expressing an opinion," cried Tracy, gratified beyond measure. "Do you believe it was a handkerchief you saw, or—the thing itself?"

"Should n't wonder if it was the thing itself," Dord replied. "'T was just a glimpse we got of something light-colored under his dark coat-flap."

"Will the Sweeney boys remember about it?"

"I should say so! We talked it over enough on our way home, after Osk left us."

Then Dord told of the meeting between Gid and Osk under the willows.

"It was n't what Osk had been saying to you, and Gid may have overheard, that made the trouble," Tracy declared; "at least, not that alone. I 'll wager the stolen cup was at the bottom of it."

"'T was something pretty serious, anyway," said Dord; "for Gid appeared awful cut up; I never saw him look so black."

"Dord," exclaimed Tracy, "you 've no idea how important all this is. Say nothing of it to anybody, till I report the whole thing to Fred Melverton."

"I hope I sha'n't get dragged into any scrape," said Dord.

"You won't, if what you tell me is true, I promise you."

"But I don't want to get Osk's ill-will," said Dord uneasily.

"I know that won't be pleasant," said Tracy; "but I 've no doubt it will be much better for you than his good-will. Osk Ordway's bad influence over boys in this village has got to be put down; and I think this thing is going to do it. Now, take my advice, Dord," Tracy continued earnestly; "keep away from him and his gang. As for Gid Ketterell, you need n't

come here for him any more; he has been turned off on account of the robbery."

Dord was greatly surprised. "His mother did n't know. I stopped at his house," he said, "on my way over, thinking he might have gone home early. She said he had been home to dinner, and gone back again—that I would find him here."

"Gid seems to be weaving rather a tangled web," Tracy suggested,—“he and Osk Ordway. Now, thanks to you, Dord, I think I've a chance to unravel it."

CHAPTER XXI.

TRACY'S TELEGRAM.

"I believe I have tracked the fox to his den."

This was the ten-word despatch which Tracy wired to Fred Melverton that evening; and it brought Fred up from the seaside again early the next forenoon.

Fred was accompanied by his friend Canton Quimby, as before; they came sailing into the Melverton place so swiftly and silently, on their pneumatic tires, that Tracy, who was kneeling in the flower-beds, was hardly aware of their approach until they sprang off upon the walk close behind him.

He rose and turned quickly, and saw them standing there, radiant with health and gay spirits, each beside his wheel.

"Well, Trace, we're here," said Melverton, laughing.

"I see you are!" Tracy replied, recovering from his surprise. "You're not exactly a pair of seraphs, but if you had dropped down out of the sky you could n't have come upon me more suddenly."

He stood blushing before them, handsome but embarrassed, conscious of fingers soiled from the pulling of weeds about the roots of the plants, and awkwardly unpresentable for hand-shaking.

"I never meant you should do this sort of work, Trace!" Fred exclaimed, leaning his wheel against the piazza steps.

"It's the one thing Gid Ketterell did n't do, and the one thing that needs to be done," Tracy made answer. "Did you get my telegram?"

"Did I get it?" echoed Fred. "It gave me such a start, I nearly upset the tea-table."

And his friend Canton Quimby added, "It was all I could do to keep him from hopping on his bike and scooting up here last evening; it was only by promising I would come with him this morning. We're fox-hunting!"

"That is, if I understand just what you meant by the fox," said Melverton. "If you have tracked *that*—"

"That's just what I have done," said Tracy, confidently.

He went on to relate, rapidly but circumstantially, the discoveries he had made, through Mr. Walworth and George Oliver; Fred listening with delighted approval, both of Tracy's tact in the affair and of his shrewd conclusions. At the close, Canton Quimby, who was always finding spheres of usefulness for his friends, remarked pointedly:

"Don't consider me impertinent, young man, but allow me to inform you that you have a career before you. You are a born detective. I advise you to take it up as a biz."

"Thank you!" Tracy replied with a laugh, not in the least displeased. "A little amateur work is all I should ever care to do in that line, and that only to oblige a friend. I fairly stumbled upon this, without much credit to myself."

"You've worked it up with admirable address and discretion," Fred declared.

"But the fox is n't caught yet," Tracy suggested, aglow with modest pleasure.

"No, but we'll have him out of his den, I warrant!" said Fred, with enthusiasm. "I know this fellow's folks, Osk Ordway's grandparents,"—turning to Canton Quimby. "Honest old people as ever lived. Their daughter made a runaway match—eloped with a music-teacher, whom they and everybody except her knew to be an unprincipled adventurer. After two or three years she came home with broken health and bringing this boy. She died, and left him to the care of her parents. They have had no end of trouble trying to bring him up in the way he should go."

"And the boy's father?" Quimby inquired.

"The last I heard of him he was in trouble for drawing money on a forged check somewhere in Colorado. He has never done anything for

his son's support. The boy just preys upon his grandparents, who can neither govern him nor turn him out of doors. The old man has got him out of several bad scrapes; he vows each time he will never help him out of another. I think we 'd better lose no time in following up this trail."

"That 's my opin'," Quimby replied. "Take it while it 's fresh."

"Do you want me to go with you to find Dord Oliver, and get him to tell his story to you?" Tracy asked.

"No," said Fred; "I 've no doubt you have reported it correctly. We can call him as a witness later. And we 'll leave Gideon for the present. Osk Ordway is our game."

Then, leaving Tracy to await developments, the young men leaped upon their wheels, and sped away down the road in the direction of the village.

As they approached Maple Street, Fred pointed out to his companion the small brown house where Osk lived with his grandparents, and said to him:

"Now we separate. I 'll run down to the house, and get a chance, if I can, to interview the old grandfather alone; I believe I see him in his garden. In the meantime, you ride on to the police headquarters, and lay the whole thing before the chief — the officer I introduced you to the other day."

"Yesterday," Canton Quimby suggested.

"Was it no longer ago than that? How an exciting event crowds the sense of time!" Fred exclaimed, and then he added, "I 'd better not be seen visiting the police with you; the fox might take alarm."

"I understand. I am to consult the chief, and to have him and his machinery ready for emergencies," said Quimby in a business-like way. "Then what?"

"Then ride back, and pass leisurely to and fro before the house, once or twice, or until I give you a signal. Say twenty minutes or half an hour from now. I 'll be in sight somewhere."

So saying, Fred Melverton turned down a street that ran parallel to Maple street, and, making a swift detour, again approached the house of the grandparents from the other side.

XXII.

GRAN'SIR PUDGWICK.

OSK ORDWAY'S grandfather (or "gran'sir," as Osk and others called him) was a house- and sign-painter, who had so far retired from business that he employed his activities — which in his advanced age and portly condition were not great — chiefly in the care of his cow and his garden, his poultry and his pigs. He had a ponderous person, a big bald head, a smooth-shaven face, and a three-story chin.

He was at work that morning hoeing his sweet corn in a little patch beside the house, when young Mr. Melverton alighted from his bicycle at the gate, and walked toward him.

"Good morning, Mr. Pudgwick!" said Fred, tracking the freshly stirred earth between the rows. "Your corn looks well."

"Passable, passable," said the old man, holding his hoe-handle with one hand, while with the other he lifted his tattered straw hat — not to salute his visitor, but to admit the cooling breath of heaven to the dewy expanse of white scalp which he uncovered. At the same time the triple chin became quadruple as he settled it on his immense chest. "Well enough," he added, "considering who the gardener is."

The big man, by the way, had so small a voice, that it seemed as if there must have been a little man somewhere inside him who did the talking.

"You take care of it yourself, I see; and it speaks well for the gardener," remarked Fred, his fine face and athletic figure, as he stood there, tall, handsome, erect, in his trim bicycle suit, presenting a curious contrast to unwieldy old gran'sir Pudgwick, in his baggy pantaloons and coarse shirt open at the throat.

The piping voice in the huge bulk made answer:

"I do about all the taking care of it that it gets. And I am seventy-six and scant of breath, and it jest about kills me to stoop, and quite kills me to get up again once I am down."

There was a humorous twinkle in the small eyes that looked out from the coarse features, as he added:

"I don't have to lift quite all creation when

I rise up, but it's a pretty good lump of it. It's some years since I got too heavy to resk myself with a paint-pot on a ladder."

"What does that strapping grandson of yours do?" Fred inquired. "I should think he would help you in the garden."

"That's what anyone would think; anyone that did n't know him," replied Gran'sir Pudgwick.

"Is n't he any more industrious than he used to be?" Fred continued.

"Any more *what*?" cried Gran'sir Pudgwick, with grimly humorous surprise. "I never heard *that* term applied to him in any degree. The only way for me to get work out of him is to hire him at exorbitant wages; then he quits soon as ever he gets a little money to spend."

Fred had got the conversation started in the right direction, and he pursued it.

"He is entirely dependent on you, is n't he?"

"That's the general impression," said Gran'sir Pudgwick. "I feed him, lodge him, clothe him; and I've sent him to school as long as he could be got to go. But it seems to be his opinion that I'm dependent on *him*. He's master of the house; I'm only his steward, and I'm wrongfully keeping back money that should be turned over to him."

"That's a strange condition of things," Fred answered. "You have everything in your own hands; why don't you bring him to terms by putting him on a short allowance? Show him that you are master of the situation."

"I've threatened it, and I've tried it. But he's got one thing you don't take into account."

"What's that?" Fred queried.

"A gram'er!" said the old man, bringing his hoe down beside a hill of corn with a smart slap.

Fred was puzzled to imagine what advantage any sort of a grammar could be to a boy so little studious—unless it were to throw it; and the whimsical idea occurred to him that Gran'sir Pudgwick would be a mark not easy to miss. But, quickly divining the old man's meaning, he said seriously:

"His grandmother? She takes his part?"

"She does, and she does n't," Gran'sir Pudg-

wick replied. "She knows him, and she'll say as bitter things about him as I do. He shows her no more respect than he shows that cow hitched by the chain. His gram'er's hitched by a chain and a stake druv into the ground. That chain and stake is her memory and her affection for the boy's mother—our beloved, misguided, only daughter. When it comes to the case in hand, and I'm determined either to discipline him, or to turn him outdoors, she relents; she can't break the chain nor pull up the stake. She says, 'Think of Angie! for her sake!' and she forgives everything, though his cruel ingratitude is breaking her heart."

The old gran'sir spoke with an emotion that heaved his profound chest. Fred was moved with compassion; but he thought it time to introduce the errand that had brought him.

"Where is he to-day?" he asked. "I've a little business with that grandson of yours"—all the time keeping a lookout over the garden fence, for Canton Quimby on his wheel.

"Nobody knows where he is; nobody ever knows," said Gran'sir Pudgwick, fitfully hoeing at a hill of corn, then stopping to talk again. "What scrape is he in now?" he added sharply.

Although he seemed often to find relief to his wounded affections in complaining of his grandson, he was seldom willing to hear others accuse him. This morning, however, he was in an unusually resentful mood; and when Fred replied that a valuable object had been taken from the Melverton premises, in the absence of the family, and that he had reason to believe Oscar knew what had become of it, Gran'sir Pudgwick set up his hoe between the rows of corn, and exclaimed:

"Jest like him! jest like him! We'll ferret it out! We'll ferret it out! Was it anything he could carry in a six-quart pail?"

"Oh, yes; very conveniently," Fred answered.

"When was it taken?"

"Three or four days ago; probably last Tuesday night."

"Come with me!" said Gran'sir Pudgwick, starting to leave the corn-patch. "We can't talk here."

He tramped heavily between the rows, with Fred at his side; but stopped suddenly, facing the young man, as he said:

"I'm afraid he has got it, whatever it was. Wait till I tell you. Two or three mornings ago,—it might have been Wednesday morning,—I noticed a singular thing. He went out afore breakfast, which he does n't often do. Breakfast is a favorite institution of his, and his was waiting that morning. His gram'er will keep his breakfast on the stove till he comes for it, if it ain't till noon. Then it must be ready, and he must have it hot, or there's a circus!"

Again the old gran'sir started to leave the field, Fred accompanying him.

"But — on that morning, Mr. Pudgwick?"

"I'll tell ye." They stopped on a strip of sward beside the house. "It was such an unusual thing — his going out before he set down to his breakfast, which his gram'er was hurrying to put on the table — that I kept watch of his movements. He went first to the woodshed, then up the stairs — them outside stairs — to the shop — the old paint-shop here, over the barn."

"I know the old shop," said Fred, casting a glance up at it.

"I do precious little work in it, late years," Gran'sir Pudgwick went on; "but once in a while a small job comes in, and I still use it as a shop, though sometimes I don't get up them stairs once a week. He uses it more than I do—for traps, fishing-gear, and such like."

"Well, about that morning?" Fred urged.

"If he has taken anything from your place he had no business with, I ain't going to shield him," Gran'sir Pudgwick went on, as they walked toward the outside stairs. "He was absent some little time in the shop, then he comes back to the woodshed, and gets a six-quart tin-pail, which he carries up to the shop, with the cover on. All the time I was pretending to read my newspaper by the kitchen window. He was gone about as long as before; then bimeby he comes out of the shop, and down the stairs, without the tin-pail, and comes into the house, to be scolded by his gram'er, and to scold back, 'cause his breakfast was n't served hot, as if he lived in a hotel."

"Can I see that pail?" Fred Melverton asked.

"I guess we can find it," the old man made answer, as he began his slow and laborious ascent of the stairs, with his hand on the rail.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OLD PAINT SHOP.

JUST then Canton Quimby glided by on his wheel, and received a signal from Fred, who was patiently following the ponderous Pudgwick up the steep flight. The old man carried a key he had taken from some projection under the stairway; with this he unlocked the shop-door, and entering, sank down, gasping for breath, upon the nearest stool.

The place had a littered and desolate look with its empty paint-buckets, paint-kegs and oil-cans cluttering one end of the room; old sign-boards stood in a corner; there were paint-smears on the trestles and planks, and rubbish of various sorts on the paint-spattered floor.

On one of the trestle-supported planks was a tin pail, which Gran'sir Pudgwick pointed out as the one in question.

"I hain't never looked into it," he said: "but you can. I'm afraid, though, since it is left out in plain sight so, you won't find what you're looking for, inside on 't."

Nevertheless, Fred hastened to lift the cover, and found the pail empty.

"I expected it," he said. "You say Oscar came up into the shop twice that morning; the first time without bringing the pail. No doubt that was a visit of exploration; he was looking for a safe hiding-place for his booty. That is still, probably, somewhere in this room, unless he has since taken it away."

"I don't think he has," Gran'sir Pudgwick replied. "For I've reason to think it is still here."

Fred was eager to learn that reason.

"He has brought fellows in to see it," said the old man.

"That's interesting!" Melverton exclaimed. "What fellows?"

"That young Allston; he was the first. He was here two evenings ago."

"Winthrop Allston! I thought he had a place in the city."

"Yes, he has, in a jeweler's store," said the old man. "Comes out here, though, pretty often, in summer. I believe my gran'son sent for him. You see, I'm telling you everything I

know; for if there 's anything crooked, I 'm bound to help you straighten it."

"I 'm greatly obliged to you!" Fred exclaimed. "What you say astonishes me! In a jeweler's store? And Oscar sent for him?"

"I saw a letter addressed to him, on my gran'son's table, the morning before Allston came," said Gran'sir Pudgwick.

Fred Melverton, keeping a lookout for Canton Quimby, had gone over and stationed himself by a window. He now asked permission to open it.

"The air is close here," he said.

"Certain, certain; do anything you like."

Fred opened the window, and stood by it until he had an opportunity to make another signal to Canton Quimby, repassing on his bicycle. Meanwhile he remarked:

"I always thought Wint Allston was a pretty decent sort of fellow."

"Why not?" retorted the old man. "My gran'son goes with decent fellows, when he 's a-mind to. I buy good clothes for him; and, see him dressed up, you 'd say he might be a ornament to society, if he chose. Polite? he can be as polite as a basket of chips to anybody but his gram'er and me. From something I overheard, as they went out of the yard together, he seemed to be making some sort of a bargain with Winthrop."

"I see!" Fred replied, mentally making swift combinations of all the accumulating circumstances in the case. "You 're sure Winthrop did n't carry the thing away?"

"Yes; without 't was something he could carry in his pockets. Besides," said Gran'sir Pudgwick, "Oscar has had fellows here since: to show it to 'em, I judged. At all events, he had some mysterious business with 'em, up here in the shop—Tom Hatch yesterday forenoon; and that Ketterell whelp in the evening. Never more than one at a time."

"Gideon Ketterell?" Fred exclaimed. "He is in it, then, after all!"

"I judge so," said the old man. "As my gran'son went away with him, I heard him say, 'You can't complain but what that 's fair, if I give you half.' Seemed as if there 'd been some sort of trouble between 'em, and Oscar was coaxing him around. He 's a

master-hand to coax, as he is to bully; good at one as t'other."

Fred Melverton stepped forward in front of the fat old gran'sir on the stool, nursing his series of chins, and said earnestly:

"With your consent, Mr. Pudgwick, I wish to make a thorough search of these premises."

"Certain," said the old man. "As I said before, do anything you like. I never shielded my gran'son in wrong-doing, and never will."

"We all know you to be a thoroughly upright man," said Melverton. "I shall need some help; and to have everything regular, I have called in Mr. Hazel."

"Chief of Police?" the old man looked up, somewhat startled. "Is it so serious?"

"If we find nothing it won't be serious at all," Fred replied. "If we do find what I am in search of, it will be well to have an officer at hand. I have relied upon your good-will to enable us to dispense with a search-warrant."

"Certain, certain," said Gran'sir Pudgwick, firmly. "If you can unearth anything of yours on my premises, I am not the man to hender you. Good morning, Mr. Hazel!" as the Chief of Police, in citizen's dress, just then entered the shop, followed by Canton Quimby.

In a few words Fred Melverton explained the situation to the new comers. The first thing Chief Hazel did, was to go and look into the empty pail. Canton Quimby also looked into it, in his turn; going so far as to hold it upside down, and rap the bottom with his knuckles. As he did this with a droll smile, Fred, who thought he was burlesquing the officer, tried to look grave, but failed.

Then the three held a consultation, while they made a general survey of the room.

"You hain't told me yet what you 're hunting for," observed Gran'sir Pudgwick.

"If we don't find it there 's no need of mentioning it; if we do, you will see it with your own eyes," Fred replied.

"We 'll begin here in the corner, and go through everything," said Chief Hazel; "look into every bucket and tub as we turn 'em over, and set 'em out from the wall."

He did the most of the overturning; Fred and his friend watching to see that the search was thorough, and offering suggestions.

(To be continued.)



BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

WHEN the flames are running riot,
 Pictures come before our eyes:
 Never steady, never quiet,
 Magic palaces arise;
 Now a goblin, now a fairy,
 Here an elf and there a gnome;
 Then a dream-boat, white and airy,
 Drifting on a sea of foam.

All the tales that one remembers—
 Dragons, witches, captive dames—
 Gleam together in the embers
 And the flashing of the flames.

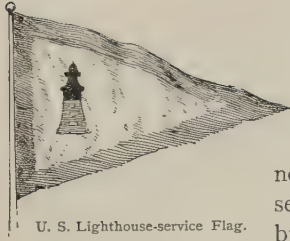
Bits of sunny summer playtime,
 White enchantments of the snow,
 Memories of night and daytime,
 Lightly come and swiftly go.

Last a train of cars, full freighted
 With departing fairy souls,
 Cracks and roars as if belated,
 Rushing o'er a bridge of coals.
 Then the gold light turns to umber,
 And with soft and stealthy tread
 Comes the Sandman, bringing slumber.
Now it's time to go to bed!



INTO PORT.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.



U. S. Lighthouse-service Flag.

EVERY one who lives near rivers or harbors sees perhaps daily the buoys dotting the surface of the water, the lighthouses and beacons along the shores, and the little pilot-boats which seem to sail aimlessly about, with big numbers on their sails; and while every one knows, in a vague way, that all these things are to guide ships into port, yet very few know just how they all help the navigator.

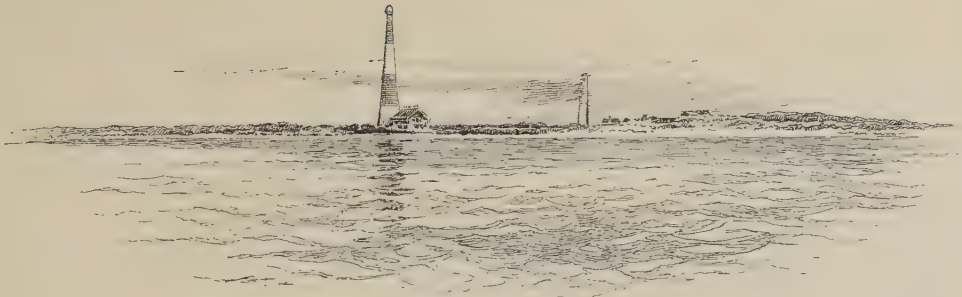
A big ship is steered across the vast ocean by using the compass, and measuring the heights of the sun, moon, or stars. The measurement of the heights of the heavenly bodies enables the navigator to calculate the ship's position on the ocean within three miles at any time; but in rivers and harbors he must know her position within almost as many yards, in order that she may not run aground. A harbor, be it ever so broad, is not like the boundless ocean with countless fathoms of water below its surface at all points. Although the water seems to extend with placid depth to the very harbor shores, there are many places where it is but a few feet deep. In fact, when harbors are surveyed, it is usually found that the deep water is only in a narrow channel running through the shoaler part, like a river under water. Sometimes there may be more than one such channel in a harbor. Usually they are crooked and meandering; but by digging them out with dredging-machines they are greatly straightened.

These unseen channels must be marked out on the surface of the water in some way, so that a ship can be kept in them; and this is done by buoys, anchored along their course, and painted a particular color for each side. A large buoy, too, is anchored in the middle of a channel where it joins the ocean, and a buoy surmounted by a "perch" and "day mark," where

there is a sudden turn in the channel. Then again, if there is an obstruction of any kind,—such as a wreck or rock or shoal spot, it too must be marked by a buoy or beacon, and these must be so painted as to show what they mean.

Beacons on shore also are erected, which, if the ship is kept in line with them, will guide her through the unseen channels. Yet, with all these safeguards, a ship's captain, coming from a foreign land, cannot be expected to understand just how to enter the harbor. The buoys and beacons may all be marked on his chart, but a wreck may have sunk in the channel, or a buoy may have been forced out of place by ice, or a colliding vessel, or a freshet, or some other change may have taken place too recent for him to know; so it is necessary for him to stop at the entrance to a harbor, and take on board a pilot who knows its condition intimately from almost daily travel through it.

Suppose, then, that we are on a big transatlantic steamer approaching the United States from Europe. For five or six days her captain has directed her course across the ocean, guided by his compass and the sun and stars, until the chart shows that land is near. The dark, unfathomable blue of midocean has given place to the slate-color which indicates shoaling water. Nova Scotia and Maine lie unseen to the northward. Small coasting and fishing vessels are frequently passed; and, as the sun goes down, a sail is made out ahead—a little schooner, with a big black number painted on her mainsail. That number marks her as a pilot-boat; and, even had it not been seen before dark, another sign tells her character after dark—a bright, white light which flares up at her mast-head at frequent intervals, and then pales down to a steady glow. These little boats leave a harbor with ten or a dozen pilots on board, and cruise outward along the track of vessels, plac-



FIRE ISLAND LIGHT.

ing a pilot on each incoming ship they meet, until none is left, when they return for more. Each pilot thus placed on board ship takes her safely into port, and then goes out again on the first pilot-boat he can catch. Sometimes these little schooners cruise several hundred miles from a port before all their pilots are taken. Often they have to lie in wait through gales of wind and send their pilots aboard large steamers through perilous seas. Sometimes pilot-boats are sunk in a storm, or crushed during a fog by the very ship which would have hailed their presence with joy. When pilot-boats belonging to different ports cruise together in the same ocean roadstead, they fly signals showing to what port they belong, and also have the name of the port painted on their sails. Thus, in the English Channel will be found Amsterdam pilots, Antwerp pilots, Thames pilots, and many others, cruising together.

So it happens that, as I have told, the big liner has sighted a pilot-boat three hundred miles from New York. The great ship steams close up to the little schooner and stops, while a rowboat comes alongside and a pilot climbs aboard. He brings some New York papers a few days old, and perhaps tells of some startling event which has happened since the ship left Europe; then he betakes himself where he pleases,

like any other passenger, for his duties do not commence until the entrance to New York Harbor is reached.

Having secured his pilot, it is the captain's next aim to make a "landfall." That is to say, he wishes to come in sight of some well-known object on shore which, being marked down on his chart, will show him just where he is and how he must steer to find the entrance to the harbor.

A special lighthouse is usually the object sought, and in approaching New York harbor it is customary for steamers from Europe to first find, or "sight," Fire Island Lighthouse. This is on a little sandy island near the coast of Long Island. Besides the lighthouse there is on this island a signal and telegraph station. When, therefore, the liner steams in sight of Fire Island Light she hoists two signals, one of which tells her name and the other the welfare of those on board. The operator then telegraphs to the ship's agents in New York that she has been



SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.



"NUN" BUOY.

sighted and that all on board are well or are otherwise.

The ship's course is then laid to reach the most prominent object at the harbor entrance, in this case Sandy Hook Lightship. She is easily recognized: a big, cradle-shaped hulk painted red, with two stumpy masts having black, ball-shaped cages on top of them. If it were night she would be found by a light at her masthead flashing brightly white for twelve seconds and invisible for three.

The course from this lightship to the harbor entrance is laid down on the chart "west-north-west, one quarter west," and, steering this course, a group of three buoys is reached. One is a large "nun," or cone-shaped, buoy, painted black and white in vertical stripes; another has a triangular framework built on it, and in the top of this framework is a bell which tolls mournfully as the buoy is rocked by the waves; while the third is surmounted by a big whistle, similar to those on steamboats, which puffs out a hoarse blast each time the buoy sinks into a heavy swell. These mark the point where ocean ends and harbor begins, and can be found in fair weather or in fog by their color and shape, or noise. They are the mid-channel buoys at the entrance to Gedney Channel, the deep-water entrance to New York harbor.

Here it may be noted that mid-channel buoys in all harbors in the United States are painted black and white in vertical stripes, and, being in mid-channel, should be passed close-to by all deep-draught vessels. At this point the pilot takes charge of the ship, her captain becoming only an interested spectator so far as her navigation is concerned.

Ahead the water seems now to be dotted in the most indiscriminate manner with buoys and beacons, and on the shores around the harbor, far and near, there seem to be almost a dozen lighthouses. If, however, you watch the buoys as the pilot steers the ship between them, you will soon see that all those passed on the right-hand side are red, and all on the left are black. Thus the second lesson in harbor navigation will be learned, that in entering our harbors all buoys on the right-hand side of the channel are red, and those on the opposite side are black. We will also note here that where more



BELL BUOY.

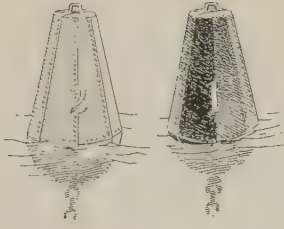
than one channel runs through the same harbor, the different channels are marked by buoys of different shapes. Principal channels are marked by "nun" buoys, secondary channels by "can" buoys, and minor channels by "spar" buoys.

Gedney Channel is a short, dredged lane leading over the outer bar, or barrier of sand, which lies between harbor and ocean. Its buoys are lighted at night, the red ones with red lights, and the black ones with white lights. Moreover, a little lighthouse off to the left, for two fixed white lights on the New Jersey shore and hillside, known as Point Comfort Beacon and Waackaack Beacon, for he knows that by keeping them in range, that is to say, in line with one another and himself, and by steering toward them, he is in the main ship-

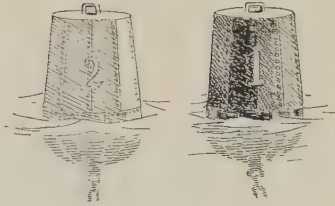


WHISTLING BUOY.

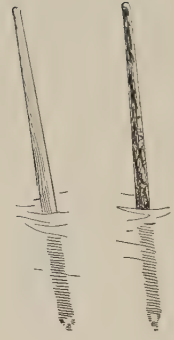
known as Sandy Hook Beacon, has in its lamp a red sector which throws a red beam just covering Gedney Channel. Thus this channel can be passed through in safety by night as well as by day. If it is night the pilot knows when he is through it by the change of color in Sandy Hook Beacon light from red to white. Then he looks away past that light to his left channel. By day, the main ship-channel buoys would guide him, as in Gedney Channel, but at night these buoys are not lighted. Only a short distance is now traversed when the ship comes to a point where two unseen channels meet. This is indicated by a buoy having a tall spindle, or "perch," surmounted by a latticed square. From here, if she con-



NUN BUOYS.



CAN BUOYS.

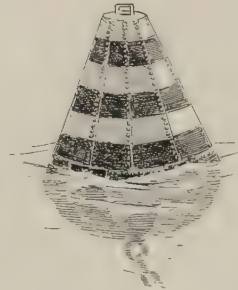


SPAR BUOYS.

tinues on her course, she will remain in the main ship-channel, which, although deeper, is a more circuitous route into port; so, if she does not draw too much water, she is turned somewhat to the right, and, leaving the buoy with the perch and square on her right, because it is red, she is steered between the buoys which mark Swash Channel. If it were night this channel would be revealed by two range-lights on the Staten Island shore and hillside, known as Elm Tree Beacon and New Dorp Beacon, both being steady-burning, white lights; but we are entering by daylight, and when half-way through Swash Channel we notice a buoy painted red and black in horizontal stripes. To this is given a wide berth by the pilot. It is an "obstruction" buoy marking a shoal spot or a wreck. Its colors are to indicate this, and also that it may be passed on either side. All such buoys are warnings to navigators to keep away from the spot which they mark.

lighthouse district; the headquarters being at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. Small steamers called lighthouse tenders are attached to each station to go out and pick up buoys for repairs, put down new ones, or to take oil and supplies to the lighthouses and lightships. You can recognize a lighthouse tender by a small, white, triangular flag at her masthead,

bordered with red and having a lighthouse printed in the white field.

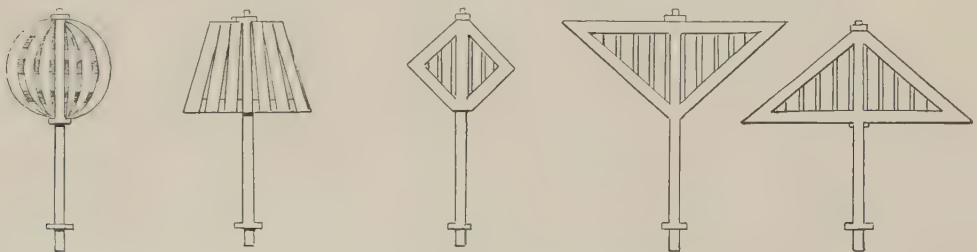


OBSTRUCTION BUOY.

The channel buoys are all numbered in sequence from the seaward end of each channel, the black buoys having odd numbers, and the red buoys even numbers. If there are several channels into

All these guides to the safe navigation of the harbors and inland waters of the United States are kept in place and in order by the Lighthouse Board, a branch of the Treasury Department. The whole country is divided into districts, New York harbor being in the third

the same harbor, the initial letter of each channel's name is usually also painted on its buoys. The larger buoys are anchored with "mushroom" anchors, and the smaller ones with sinkers of stone or iron, and they have sufficient length of chain to allow for rise and



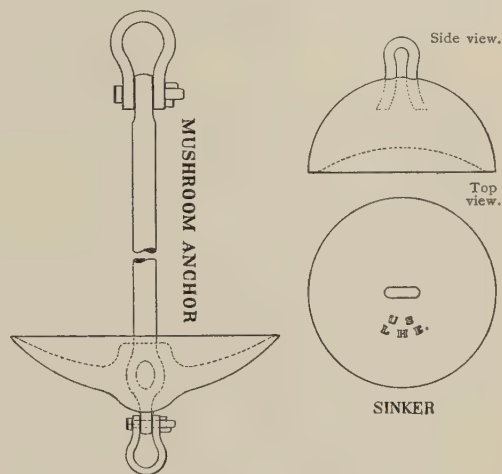
DAY MARKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

fall of tide. In harbors where ice is likely to form, the broad nun or can buoys are in winter replaced by narrow ice-buoys, for these present less surface to the ice, allowing it to pass over them, and are thus less likely to be torn adrift. All buoys except small spar-buoys are made of plates of boiler-iron, bent to shape and riveted together, painted inside and out, and made watertight. They are also divided into watertight compartments, so that a single puncture by a colliding vessel will not sink them. Sometimes these buoys get adrift and are found far out at sea; but their absence is quickly discovered, and they are chased by a tender, and brought back, or new ones put in their places.

A buoy once got adrift in New York harbor, made the trip to Europe in six weeks, and was picked up off the coast of Ireland, where it is now moored in commemoration of its voyage.

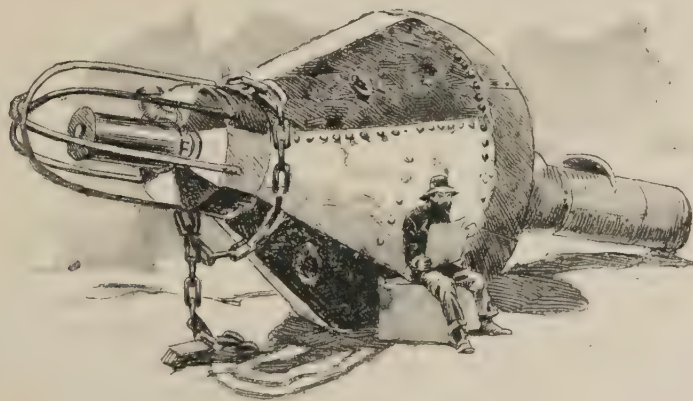
All changes in the position of buoys or lightships, or the placing of new buoys to mark a change of channel, or an obstruction, are published promptly in pamphlets called "Notices to Mariners," which are distributed as quickly as possible through well-organized means of communication. A few years ago one of the largest of our handsome new cruisers was approaching New York harbor from the West Indies in a light fog. Sandy Hook Lightship had been found, the usual course laid for Gedney Channel, and the ship was steaming onward at full speed, her captain, having been inspector of that very lighthouse district but a short time before, feeling that he knew his way into that port better than the most experienced pilot. Presently,

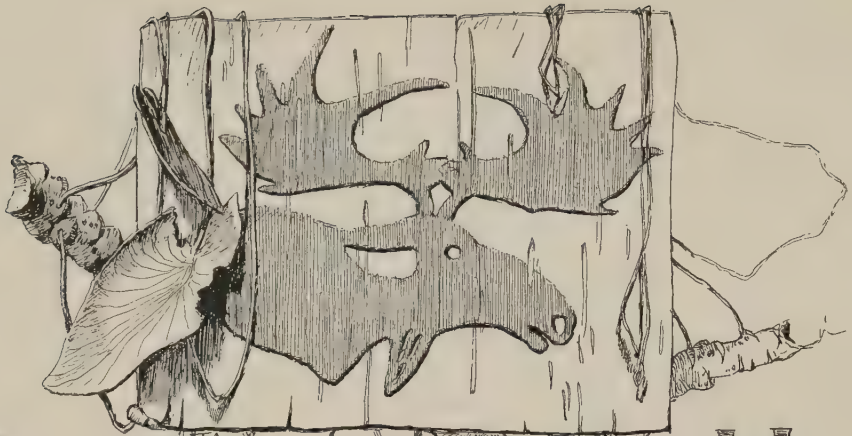
however, he was startled by the alarming cry of *breakers ahead!* A large hotel also loomed up, and, as the ship was backed full speed astern, all hands realized that they had barely escaped running high and dry on Rockaway Beach. When the vessel got into port it was learned that Sandy Hook Lightship had been moved considerably from its old position, and



that the notice to mariners concerning this change had been mailed to the captain of the cruiser, though it had failed to reach him before he sailed from the West Indies.

Such, then, is the way in which a great ocean steamship, after rushing fearlessly over the unfathomable depths of ocean, must be guided through narrow channels between shoals, rocks, and wrecks, her keel often within a few inches of the bottom, and brought safely into port.





Their First Moose Hunt

BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

JOE! Joe! Can you call moose?"

"Sartin, I kin call moose," was the confident reply.

Joe, with dark, ruddy complexion, crisp, black hair, and aquiline nose, was a typical Indian of the Eastern States. He was of medium size, past middle age, and dressed like a white man.

Good moose-hunters were not too plentiful, even upon the Tobique. So the services of Joe were immediately secured by "Jack" and his brother "Crop," two young men who

had come on a hunt from New York.

At least two guides were needed, each with a canoe, to transport them and their camping-outfit into the woods. A "hunter" having been found, in the person of Joe, the second guide need only be able to handle a birch-canoe and set up a tent.

At the Indian village was another man, remarkable in several ways. He was tall, and

stood as straight as a spruce. There was a hint of probably French ancestry in his complexion, which was lighter than Joe's, in his straggling beard, and in his hair just inclined to curl—which the full-blooded Indian's does not.

Although sixty years old, he was still in his prime, and counted the ablest man in the whole village. His name was Ambrose, and he was Joe's uncle. Ambrose was delighted to go along, and when he learned that Joe had been engaged to call the moose, he spoke well of his nephew's skill, while he apologetically said of himself that he was no hunter, but from having been often with hunting- and fishing-parties he would perhaps suit in other respects. He was so sincere and good-natured, with such a kindly air, that the boys' idea of an Indian had to be reconstructed. Both Joe and Ambrose, indeed, were men of fine personal qualities, and, being guides of experience as well, the boys felt sure they would be repaid for their long journey from home.

They were at last in New Brunswick, the land of moose and all other wild things.

This was their first hunt for bigger game

than rabbits and birds, but what they lacked in experience was made up by the helpful advice of friends at home, or else was destined to be supplied to them in the most effectual way of all. But the moose were yet far off.

The Tobique River, narrow, swift and sparkling, scantily fringed with newly cleared farms, penetrated a great wilderness of forests and lakes. Sixty miles up, where the river forks, was the last human habitation. It had been

little camp by a big salmon pool. But now the fishing-season was past, and the boys had but to await the arrival of the canoes. Everything was new and fresh and wild. Even the pork and potatoes tasted different in front of the big camp fire. Never had the whole earth seemed so pleasant.

The Indians arrived at evening on the third day. Next morning, when the loads were re-adjusted in the canoes, it was perceived that



CALLING MOOSE WITH THE "MOOSE HORN." (SEE PAGE 379.)

planned that Jack and Crop should go with the driver of the mail, or stage, to a small settlement near the Forks, and wait there for the guides, who would go by the river.

So the Indians, each with a fine birch canoe, went down to the hotel, and took aboard the supplies and camp stuff. Ambrose gave his word that in three days he would be at the Forks. Jack and Crop started off next morning with the mail driver, and arrived at the settlement of R. Riley Brook in one day.

Instead of lingering here, however, they pushed on next day to the Forks near by, where a warden was living, all by himself, in a snug

there was no room in two canoes for the two passengers. Only the guides understood the troubles ahead; so, rather than leave behind part of their stuff, Joe went down to the settlement to look for another canoe. There was only one available. Joe smiled when he saw it, and shook his head dubiously. It was made of a pine log, and was black, long, narrow, and heavy — what is called a pirogue in Canada. Its owner — who purposed to accompany it — was a strapping young white man, lean but strong. His old felt hat was threatening to part, the brim from the crown. His boots leaked at every joint, while his homespun

clothes were just as disreputable as man ever wore for the occasion. This person had a name, but apparently none of the party could remember it; so he was christened "Jimmie" instead, and as Jimmie he will be known in that region the rest of his life. Jimmie was clumsy, talkative, noisy, and good-natured. He had never before been with a party of tourists, so he felt that his mission was chiefly to entertain them—which he certainly did.

When the loads were made even, the prows were pointed up the right-hand branch into the teeth of the torrent. The boys marveled at the skill of the three canoe-men—for Jimmie was a master, too, of his own unwieldy craft. The chink of their steel-shod poles sounded with regular beats, as standing, each in the stern of his canoe, they slowly climbed upward. It was a mighty test of skill and endurance, and of course the boys could be of no assistance. Every tough place Jimmie plowed through with a shout and a flourish, but the Indians plodded on, like the creatures of the woods, in a silence broken only by a low word in their own musical language. But if they did not talk they were not less alive to all about them. The woods abounded with living things; yet at that season the signs of their presence were so slight that but for the Indians it would have held, for the boys, nothing but birds and chattering squirrels. The Indians read the many signs of otter, of bear, of beaver. Indeed in one place their progress would have been impeded but that a recent freshet had lifted the middle out of a brand-new beaver dam that stretched across the stream. Once, upon a gravelly bar, Ambrose pointed out a large cloven foot-print. It could not be a cow's—it was too long, even if a cow were likely to go there. But now, at each turn in the river, their lively imaginations pictured the great awkward-looking beast that had lately passed that way.

Ambrose seemed to know a great deal about moose, after all. He told the boys how, back from the narrow valley and the swift, winding stream, the country was all a wilderness; hill-sides clad with birches, maples, and evergreens, and resting at their feet little lakes, so numerous that no man knew how many there were.

Often, where these lakes were shallow, the yellow pond-lily with its oval leaves crowded the surface. At other seasons the tender bark of mountain-ashes and moose-woods are the favorite food of the moose; but now there is nothing he likes so well as the long tubular roots of the lily. In the very early mornings and in the evenings, about the time of the harvest moon—the full moon nearest September 21—a hollow sound, not unlike the sound of distant chopping, may be heard. It is the sound of moose calling to their mates, or the angry challenge of fierce rivals. It is this sound which the hunter imitates to attract the moose. But there are only a few places where the moose will answer—shallow spots in certain well-known lakes, and it is said to be nearly useless to call anywhere else.

Toward such a place, known to Joe and Ambrose, the party were making. Unable to go but a few miles each day, up that fierce little river, the journey seemed never to end; but on the fifth day their eyes were gladdened by sight of level, open water—the river's source.

It lacked a day of the open season when hunting may legally begin; but the season when moose commonly answer had nearly passed. So it was agreed that if Crop would stay behind, and take the chances both of getting a moose there, and of surviving the diet that Jimmie as cook promised to give him, Jack, with the two Indians and the lightest canoe, would keep on, without more than the night's delay, to a more distant hunting-ground.

There was a snug log-camp close at hand, for Crop and Jimmie, with an old stove; and it offered superb accommodations, for the woods.

At sunrise next day Jack set out. It was easy paddling now, through a chain of beautiful lakes. At the end of the last was a carry. There Joe gathered the dunnage into a huge pack, and threw it upon his back. Ambrose took the canoe upon his shoulders, and followed Joe; while Jack, with his heavy Winchester rifle, trudged along after, keeping a sharp lookout, as ever. The rough path led to another lake; then, after a paddle across, and another short carry, to still another lake. The Indians knew a camping-place near by, and arrived there just as the sun set.

Joe was plainly anxious. He had frequently been saying, "Not much chance git moose — too late." Ambrose merely said: "Yes, purty late."

The Indians drove some sharp poles slantingly into the ground, and covered them with sheets of birch bark, which made a fair sort of camp, and built a fire in front. After supper Ambrose was standing with his back to the fire, evidently thinking. Without turning, he said:

"Joe, you goin' to call moose to-night?"

"I don't think it much use — too late," replied Joe.

Now a close observer might have seen a twinkle in Ambrose's eye; but, as the conversation was carried on in the Milicete language, Jack did not get the drift of their talk.

"But did n't you tell that man you kin call moose? Why you tell um that?" said Ambrose.

Joe, without a word in reply, abruptly seized the ax, and vigorously began to chop wood.

"S'pose mebbe I have to try," added Ambrose; but Joe said never a word.

It was merely an Indian joke, and Ambrose after that did not cease to smile at his ambitious nephew. Ambrose indeed was an old, practised hunter, and Joe was no doubt sorry he had boasted so before he suspected that old Ambrose would go along. A moose may respond to almost any sort of a noise, at times, but only a master of his art can successfully talk with a moose that is suspicious, as are moose that have been hunted much.

Ambrose, therefore, proceeded to make the instrument used for calling. It was a sheet of smooth birch-bark, made pliant by warming, and rolled into the shape of a cornucopia, sixteen inches long, an inch across at the smaller end, and eight inches across the flare. A tough strip of cedar bark held it in shape.

"Must be very still, callin' moose. Goin' to be very cold, too, on the lake," was the guides' warning.

In the bottom of the canoe evergreen boughs were thickly laid. Jack, wearing a heavy overcoat, sat in the middle, and drew his blanket around him. He wore a wool cap to pull down over his ears, and mittens too. Joe, with blanket around him also, took his place in the bow, while Ambrose, with the "moose horn," stepped

into the stern. A brisk paddle of fifteen minutes took them to the outlet of the lake. The black forest stood like a wall on each side. Near the middle they stopped, and, thrusting the paddles into the shallow bottom, anchored the canoe. The sun had set. Not a breath of air was stirring. Ambrose slowly rose to his feet, the horn in his left hand.

With deliberation he cleared his throat, gave a caress to his mustache, then threw back his head and put the horn to his mouth.

"Moh! — moh!" short, low grunts, accompanied with an upward tip of the horn.

"Mo-o-o-oh!" a wild, tremulous cry, louder than the rest, the horn describing in the air the shape of a figure 8.

The hand dropped. The Indian stood intent, with ears strained.

Intense silence. An owl's hollow hoot was plainly heard from far away.

The splash down the lake was a muskrat, probably. That was all.

Ambrose wrapped his blanket about his knees and sat down.

Half an hour passed. Ambrose again rose, and with the same studied care raised the horn to his lips.

Scarcely had the second call ceased to echo, when there was a crash on shore, as if the woods were coming down. Jack's heart, with a leap that nearly choked him, began to pound like a sledge-hammer, and he clutched the ready rifle.

Nothing could be seen. But the Indians heard sounds in the woods.

"He 's tryin' to git to windward," whispered Ambrose. Paddles were quickly lifted, and the canoe slowly stole adown the shore. Minutes of suspense elapsed. Ambrose raised the horn and gave a hardly audible grunt.

Instantly followed a smash of undergrowth and a splash of water, as something stepped into the lake. Boring into the blackness, in the direction of the sound, Jack thought he could see the reflection of starlight upon something light. It must be the moose's antlers.

He could hardly steady the rifle, his arms were so nerveless. As best he could, he drew a bead and pulled the trigger. The woods reverberated with the roar.

The animal merely took several steps along the edge of the lake. Ambrose, thinking he could see better, took the gun. Another deafening roar. Still the animal was there.

The rifle was handed to Joe, who was eager to try. Another bang, but the beast still stood there.

Jack took the gun again, steadier now. Instinctively directing the faintly glimmering barrel toward the antlers, he aimed, then dropped the muzzle a little, then turned it to one side, and fired.

Simultaneously with the explosion the beast gave a tremendous leap, which was followed by crashing of branches. Then all was still.

"That 's mighty big moose. I never see such big ho'ns before. Must been hit that last time sartin!" said Ambrose.

He was gone. It was dangerous to try to follow. The hunters reluctantly returned to camp, but by daybreak they were back.

Traces of an enormous moose were soon found. Only a little way from the lake he lay, upon the green moss where he fell. In the exultation of the moment perhaps Jack did not stop to think of the pity — for it was a pity.

The great antlers, spreading out like the upturned roots of a tree, were the largest the Indians had ever seen. They were a scant sixty inches across, the outer tine being broken, too.

"He must done that fightin'. I guess he ain't 'fraid of nothin'," said Ambrose, as he touched the broken antler.

"I would n't like to meet him 'lone in woods," observed Joe.

He measured, indeed, six and a half feet high at the shoulders, and in weight fully equaled a heavy horse.

The moose was skinned, and the head and antlers taken directly to camp, where a savory stew was soon cooked up; but the meat was too tough to eat with enjoyment.



TAKING THE MOOSE BACK TO THE CAMP.



MAKING FOR THE LAKE.

Joe was despatched to the other camp.

When Crop heard the good news, he tossed his cap in air, while Jimmie performed a jig. The whole party then went over. Ambrose had already cut some of the moose meat into thin steaks, and hung it over the fire to dry. All the meat was thus taken care of, and given to the Indians. In the process it grew blacker, and, if possible, tougher. Ambrose smiled more than ever, while Joe once actually laughed out loud. Curious gray birds, called "moose birds," because of their frequent association with the moose, were attracted by the odor of the drying meat, and ate and stole all that they could.

Crop wanted to call a moose of his own, so preparations were made at once for getting the second moose, Jack going along with the other canoe, but Jimmie staying behind to tend the camp.

The canoes were stationed as before, as the sun was setting, and immediately Ambrose began to call. But this time the calling brought no answer, and hours passed, measured only by

the revolving stars and at long intervals by the regular calls of the Indian.

As the boys lay stretched out comfortably under their blankets they could hardly keep awake, and it was so still they wondered if the Indians too were not almost asleep like themselves. Despite all their efforts the boys' eyelids grew heavy at times.

It was about midnight. Ambrose had just sat down, after a call, when he heard a faint sound like an echo. Could it be? The boys did not hear it, but Ambrose whispered, "Moose!" and gave another call, to which there was an instant response, but from a great distance.

Then it ceased; but the Indians knew. Half an hour!—a twig snapped! The woods seemed empty enough, but who knew what eyes besides their own were peering through the darkness?

Ambrose waved the horn through the water,—slosh, slosh, like a moose wading. Then he grunted and coaxed; but the moose, if any were there, were cautious. At length some



DRYING THE MOOSE-STEAKS.

creature began to strike the trees, as with its horns. Ambrose used his most endearing moose talk. But just then something unexpected happened.

Crop could n't keep his eyes open, and no wonder, for neither of the boys had received first-hand evidence that a moose was within a thousand miles. He had fallen asleep and—well, Jack said Crop *never* did such a thing before. But, however that may be, another

made by the gifted Ambrose, nor yet could it be the challenge of a distant moose.

The moose in the woods near-by whacked its antlers against the trees while Crop snored on, in blissful ignorance of his opportunity. Ambrose seized him by the shoulder, and tried to wake him, but Crop only turned over and snored the louder, while the resonant sound was carried up and down the lake. There was no doubt of it. Crop was hopelessly asleep. So, leaving a puzzled moose upon the shore, the Indians dipped paddles and set out directly for home.

Crop waked up a little, and grasped the situation enough to tell Jimmie, upon reaching camp, that “A moose walked right into the camp, and I was asleep!”

Strangely enough, Ambrose and Joe were not amused by Crop's performance. But their training would not permit them, as hired guides, to say more than:

“We show you the moose; then you suit yourself!”

It would take hours to tell all that happened in that month in the woods: of the beaver they caught and tasted; of the cow moose and her calf, which they photographed, securing an excellent negative; of the sable-traps which



HEAD OF MOOSE KILLED IN MAINE IN 1880. SHOWING EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT OF ANTLERS.

sound—an unmistakable sound—rose in the stillness of the frosty night air. It was not

caught nothing because the bear broke them up; of the fine trout in the lakes; and of how the Indians shod their canoes with thin strips of wood, to protect them from being cut or scraped by the sharp rocks in their passage down the river.

But at last, all too soon, the time came when they must turn their faces homeward, and so

they broke camp, and bade good-by to Jimmie, and Joe, and Ambrose, and, with their trophies, took the train for home.

Jack thinks that he has excellent reason to be proud of his skill as a hunter, and as for Crop, he will not for many a day hear the last of how he went to sleep and snored so musically while hunting moose.



THE SIOUX INDIANS BELIEVED IN A MONSTROUS MOOSE WHICH COULD STRIDE WITH EASE THROUGH THE DEEPEST SNOWDRIFTS.



"‘COME, EXCELLENCY,’ RAMON WAS SHOUTING. ‘IT IS THE SOROCHÉ!—THE MOUNTAIN SICKNESS! COME—WE MUST BE GONE FROM HERE, ELSE VERY SOON YOU ARE BOTH DEAD!’” (SEE PAGE 389.)

A LITTLE HERO OF PERU.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

PROBABLY they would not have seen Ramon Ynga at all, but for the llamas. There was enough else to look at. The overpowering walls of the mountains on both sides seemed to turn the eyes, even as they turned the foaming Rimac, into a channel from which there was no escape. Up at the end of the cleft was such a sight as no man can long hold his eyes from—the black peak of Chin-chan', bent down with its load of eternal winter. There is something awful about the snow that never melts, the great blank fields, the wrinkled glaciers, the savage ice-cornices, the black rocks that peer out hopelessly here and there. It is so different from the friendly white we know and welcome for its sleigh-rides and coastings, its snow-men and snowballings.

It was far up the summit of the Peruvian cordillera, at the very foot of the last wild peaks that stand 18,000 feet in the sky. Where the panting mules trudged, 3000 feet below the peaks, was low, green herbage; and 500 feet lower yet the little torrent, white as its mother snows, roared and chuckled alternately to the uneven wind. But up yonder all was so white and still; their eyes kept lifting to it, forgetful of the dangerous trail—the mules could take care of that. They, poor brutes, seemed ill at ease. They breathed in short, loud gasps; and every hundred feet or so they stopped and rested for a few moments, unmindful of the spur. Then, when they were ready, they started up again of their own accord, sighing heavily. They would not last much longer, at this rate.

"I think I'll get off and walk awhile," said the younger traveler of the two, a bronzed, sinewy man of twenty-five. "It spoils even this scenery for me to see the sufferings of the mules. One would n't think they'd play out so, on such a good trail."

"It is not the grade," remarked the Profes-

sor quietly, "as perhaps you will learn. I am sorry for the mules, too; but it is better to risk them than something more important."

"Why, you speak as though there were some danger about it!" said the younger man, who was now striding sturdily along, leaving his animal to follow. Many a time he had climbed Pike's Peak and its brother giants of Colorado, and once had stood on the cone of Popocatepetl. A peak was nothing to him; and as for this excellent path—pooh! It was mere child's play. The Professor watched him without a word, but with an expression half quizzical, half grave. After a hundred yards he spoke:

"You don't seem quite so springy, Barton. I never saw *you* heavy-footed before."

"Well, the truth is, Professor," gasped Barton, rather shamefacedly, "I feel most remarkably queer. My knees ache as they never did before—though I would n't mind that so much. But I cannot seem to breathe well. Here my lungs and heart are pounding away as if I'd been sprinting for the 220-yard record! It's enough to make a man ashamed of himself."

"No cause at all for shame, my dear boy; you are simply learning what every one has to learn who tempts great altitudes. Now get on your mule."

"No, I'll wear this thing off!" cried the athlete, impatiently. "I'm no puny boy, to give up just because I feel a little wrong. I'll just keep at it, and beat it yet!"

"Barton," said the older man, in a tone his companion had never heard him use before, "you get on that mule, and let us have no more nonsense. I like your pluck; and it is because you have more real sand (as they say in our West) than any other young man I know, that I picked you out for this journey. But

courage is a dangerous thing unless you mix it with brains. You must learn that there are some things pluck cannot overcome — and this is one of them. Mount, then!”

Barton obeyed with rather an ill grace, and promptly got angrier with himself at realizing what a relief it was to be perched again in the ridiculously comfortable Peruvian saddle. He could not get over a feeling of shame that the muscles which had borne the cruellest tests of the frontier should now have “played the baby,” as he put it; and he rode on somewhat sulkily.

It was here that Ramon Ynga stumbled into their lives; and, as I have said, all by the doing of the llamas. As they rounded a sharp turn in the trail, the mules stopped suddenly almost face to face with the two strangest animals that Barton had ever seen. Shabby, grotesque figures they were: with splay feet, long, awkward legs, and bodies looking like long tussocks of dry grass. But their necks were the worst — tall and ungainly as stovepipes covered with hair. Their backs were hardly so high as those of the undersized mules; but on these unspeakable necks their heads were quite on a level with Barton’s. And *such* heads! They were disproportionately small and ludicrously narrow, with pointed ears, malignant little faces, and lips wickedly drawn back.

“Why, I never saw *anything*, unless a rattle-snake, look quite so vindictive!” cried Barton. “What on earth are they?”

“That is the national bird of Peru,” replied the Professor roguishly. “We are apt to see many up here. In fact, if we had had any daylight in Casapalca you would have noticed many hundreds of them; for they bring all the ore to the stamp-mills, and do most of the general freighting besides. Lower than 10,000 feet you will hardly ever find them; the llama* is a mountain animal, and soon dies if taken to the coast.”

“So that is the llama! But I thought that was called the Peruvian sheep; and these look no more like sheep than my mule.”

“It got that foolish name from the closet naturalists. No one who ever saw a llama could fail to recognize it for a camel — smaller

and longer-haired than the Eastern beast, and without a hump; but a true camel.”

“It’s a funny-looking beast,” laughed Barton. “It seems to put in its time thinking what a grudge it has against everybody — Hi! Get out of the way, you standing grievances!”

The Professor and the young frontiersman had thus far enjoyed the pause of the mules; but now the need of pushing on recurred to their minds; and Barton’s exclamation was meant as a signal for advance. But the llamas stood stolidly as ever, blocking the trail. He drummed his spurs against his mule; whereat the animal took two steps forward and stopped, bracing back, unmindful of the rowels. The llamas did not take a step. Only, they seemed to drop their bodies a little, upon those long legs.

“Why, they’re not such fools as they look!” cried Barton, whose sharp eye understood the trifling motion. “See! They are going to give us the edge!”

The trail was two feet wide — an endless thread of a shelf hewn along the mountain wall. On the right, the great, dark slope ran up to the very clouds; on the left, one could snap a pebble into the white torrent, 500 feet below.

“I have heard that they always take the wall,” the Professor went on; “and that when two llama-trains meet on one of these trails it is almost impossible to make a passing. Sometimes they even shove each other off the cliff!”

“I guess we’d better not force the right of way — a tumble to the Rimac there is more than I care for!” — and Barton jumped from his mule and advanced upon the blockaders, waving his arms threateningly.

“Look out!” cried the Professor; but before the words were fairly off his tongue, the foremost llama opened its ugly mouth and spat at Barton in fury. At this unpleasant salutation he retreated hastily.

“That is their weapon of defense,” said the Professor. “But I wish they *would* get out of the way — we have no time to spare.”

Just then there was another surprise. A figure hardly less remarkable than the camels slid down from the overhanging hillside, and

* Pronounced ’ll-yah’mah.

stood in the path, looking at the startled travelers. It was a dwarfish creature, not four feet tall, with a large, round head, a broad, strong body, and very short legs, peculiarly bundled up in unfamiliar clothes. A boy—what in the world was he doing on that impossible slope? What a goat he must be!

"Hulloa!" cried Barton, as soon as he could find a voice.

"God give you good day, sirs," answered the lad gravely, in thick Spanish. "Wait me so little, and I will get you by."

With this he called "U-pa!" to the llamas, lifting his finger as if to point them up the trail. Ordinarily they would have obeyed; but the aggressive manner of Barton had roused their obstinacy, and they did not budge. The boy put his shoulder to the ribs of one, and heaved hard; but the brute stood its ground.

"Well, it is to wait!" said he; and ran about the path, gathering up very small pebbles until his shabby hat was full. Then he sat down on a boulder that jutted from the bank, settling himself as if for a long rest. Then he threw a mild and measured pebble at each llama. They turned their heads a little and wrinkled their disagreeable noses. He waited for some time and then pitched two more pebbles—which had the same effect. So he sat, slowly and mechanically tossing his harmless missiles upon the dense hair of his charges. Evidently he was in no hurry; and the two travelers, impatient as they were, had too much wisdom of experience to try to push him. They sat quietly in their saddles, watching the droll scene. It was very ridiculous to need deliverance from two stupid beasts, and to get it from such an owlish little tatterdemalion. His ragged clothing was of very thick, coarse cloth; and upon his feet were the clumsy *yanquis*, or rawhide sandals of mountain Peru, and he wore thick stockings rising to his knees. Over his trousers was a curious garment, half apron and half leggings; and over-sleeves of the same material, hung with a cord about his neck, came up over the elbows of his coat. These two garments were knit in very strange patterns, amid which were square, brown llamas wandering up and down a gray background. Around his waist was a woven belt, now very old, but of beautiful colors and

workmanship. And his face—what a brown, round riddle!

"How do you call yourself, friend?" asked the Professor, in Spanish. "And have you ten years or a hundred?"

"Ramon Ynga, señor. And the other, I do not know. I have been here a long time—ever since they built the mill at Casapalca."

"You must be about fifteen, then. And where do you live?"

"There, above," answered Ramon, tossing another pebble.

"A curious habit of the mountaineers," said the Professor. "These mountain Indians, instead of living in the valleys, climb to the very tops of these peaks, and build there their squalid stone hovels. They seem to think nothing of the eternal clambering up and down."

An hour crawled by, and the stones in Ramon's hat were running low. Suddenly the brown llama turned with a snort of disgust, and strode off up the trail. The gray one hesitated a moment, snorted—and followed. "That way they get tired, sirs," said the boy, emptying his hat and pulling it down upon his thatch of black hair.

"I'd take a good club to them!" growled Barton, who had great confidence in the Saxon way of forcing things.

"No, the boy is quite right. It is another case where you must not try to be smarter than nature. The llama is the stubbornest brute alive: a mule is vacillating, compared to him. If you put a pound too much on his load, he will lie down; and you might beat him to death, or build a fire beside him, but he would not get up. Nobody but a Peruvian Indian can do anything with a Peruvian camel, and Ramon has just shown us the proper tactics. Hurt the animal, and he only grows more sullen; but the pebbles merely tease him until he can bear it no longer. And really, he repays patience when he behaves well, for he is the only animal that can work effectively at these terrific altitudes, where horses and mules are practically useless. But *adelante!* (forward!)" the Professor concluded.

"Is your Excellency going to Cerro de Pasco?" asked the little Peruvian, running alongside the mule and looking up at the Professor with

unusual animation in his non-committal face. He had never spoken with "Yankees" before, and indeed for *any* stranger to notice him kindly was a new experience. He liked these pale men; and a dim little wish to please them warmed in his heart. That big young man—why, he was taller than any Serrano in the cordillera!—was good. Ramon had seen money a few times; but that round, shiny *sol*,* which the stranger had tossed him when the llamas moved, was the first he had ever held in his hand, and it was almost a worry to be so rich! But the other man, with a little gray above his ears, who only looked at him *so*, and spoke as if he knew him—he, surely, was very great; and it was to him that the ragged boy said, "*Excelencia*." His face was kindly; and there were little smiles at the edges of his mouth, though he did not laugh.

"No, *hijito* (little son)," he answered, "we are not bound to the mines. We are going to climb the Chinchán, to look at the ice-cornices and to measure them."

Even Ramon looked astonished at this. If a Serrano had said it, every one would know he was crazy. Or if it were the young man—well, what could you expect of one who would give away a whole *sol*? But this one—whatever he did, it must be right. He certainly was not crazy. Still—

"But the Soroche, your Excellency," ventured the boy. "For all strangers have it; and many die, even in crossing the slope. Only we who were born here can go so high."

"We have to go, my boy; for I must look at the snow-fields and the cliffs of ice, and measure them," said the Professor, kindly but with firmness. "I know well of the mountain-sickness, and we will be very careful. Besides, we are both very strong."

"It is not always of the strong," persisted Ramon. "Sometimes the sick cross in safety, and those who are very large and red—even larger than your Excellency's friend—fall suddenly and never rise again; for the Soroche is stronger than any."

"You are quite right, my wise friend. It is terrible. But all do not fall victims, and we must brave it."

* The Peruvian silver dollar.

"At the least, Excellency, let me go also! For I know these hills very well, and perhaps I could help. As for the llamas, my brother Sancho comes even yonder, and he will herd them."

"You won't really take the little rat up there, will you, Professor?" broke in Barton. "It would be the death of him."

"M-m! I only hope we may be as safe as he will! *Está bien*, my boy! *Vamos!*"†

At nine next morning the three were entering the edge of the snow-fields. They had camped for the night in a deserted hovel at the head of the valley; and there the mules could still be seen grazing, pulling as far down hill as their ropes would allow. The hut was not a mile behind; but the travelers had been ever since daylight coming thus far. The Professor looked old; and Barton's big chest was heaving violently. As for Ramon, he clambered along steadily and soberly, stopping only when he saw the others had stopped.

By noon they were at the foot of the last ridge, in a great rounding bay flanked by two spurs of the upper peak. The curving rim far overhead was a savage cliff of eternal ice—a cliff of 1500 feet sheer. At the top a great white brow projected many yards, overhanging the bluish precipice.

"It is—a—noble—cornice," gasped the Professor, as they sank upon the snow to rest for the hundredth time since morning. "But I fear—we—made—a mistake. We—should—not have—tried this—without—waiting a—few weeks—in Casa-palca—to get—acclimated."

"It's awful!" groaned Barton. "My head—feels—as if—it would—burst. But I'll be hanged—if I—give up!" And the resolute young man fairly snatched himself to erectness, and started toward the spur. But with the third step his tall form swung half around, and swayed an instant, and fell as a dead pine falls in the wind, and lay heavily upon the snow. His face was black; and a bright red stream trickled from each nostril as the Professor sank on his knees beside him, crying huskily: "My—poor boy!—I have—killed—you!"

The Professor's face had a strange look, too.

† "All right. Come."

His eyes were very red and swollen—but that was from the merciless glare of the snow—and in his cheeks a gray shadow seemed to be struggling with the unnatural purple. And he was

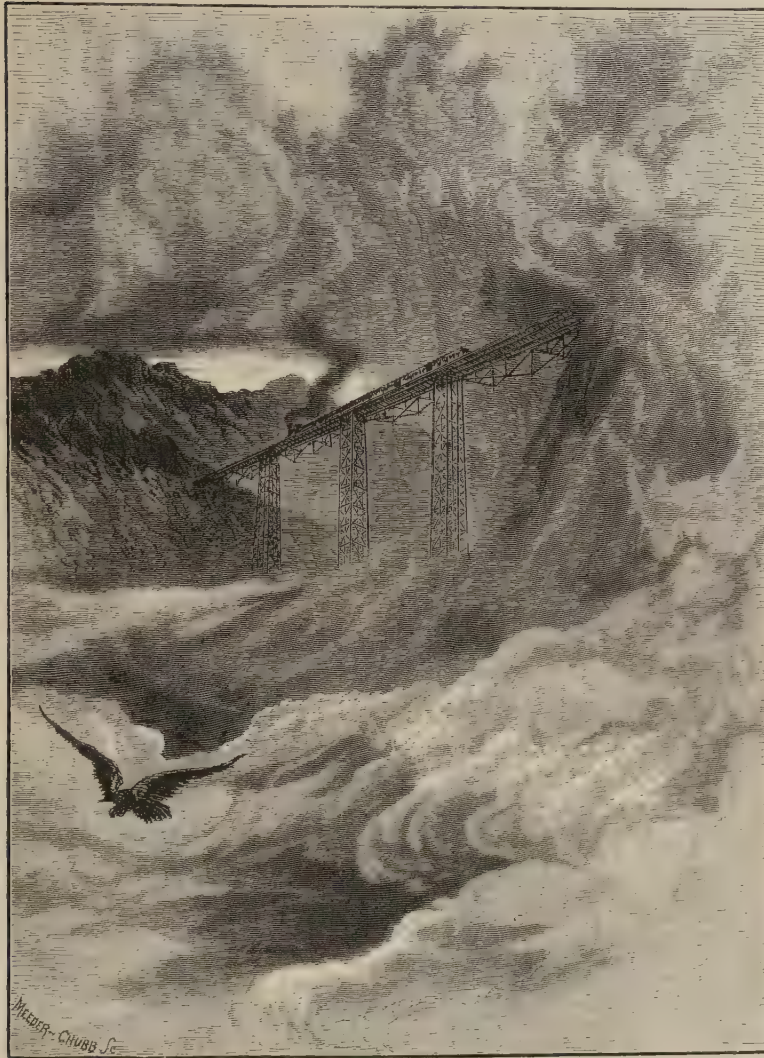
understood. Dazed as he was, the way in which Ramon said that one word "Come!" roused and cheered him like the far bugle-call which tells of reinforcements to the besieged.

He was not alone. Here was help—the help of a dwarfed Indian boy of fifteen! But that is often the very sort we need—not muscle so much as the elbow-touch of a stanch heart.

"But — Barton?" said the Professor. He could no longer think clearly; and instinctively he turned to Ramon as a superior. "Barton? We — cannot — leave — Barton!" The Serrano lad looked at the prostrate figure and then at the Professor.

But even in those bloodshot eyes Ramon read something that decided him. It was very hard, and it was more dangerous, but the Friend-man loved the other. Then the other must be tried for, too!

Ramon unwound his long woven belt and passed it under Barton's back. The ends he drew up under the armpits, and crossed them at the back of



"THE RAILROAD ABOVE THE CLOUDS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

so unlike the Professor of yesterday; he seemed so dull, even stupid!

"Come, Excellency!" Ramon was shouting in his ear. "It is the Soroche, the mountain-sickness, and none can fight it. We must be gone from here, else very soon you are both dead. Come!" The small brown fist was tugging at the old man's shoulder; and in the quaint, boyish voice was a strange thrill. The Professor

the neck, giving one end to the Professor, and keeping one himself. Then, when they pulled apart, the crossing of the belt supported Barton's head. "Now!" cried Ramon; and pulling strongly, the two dragged the heavy form along the snow to the edge of the steep slope. The Professor's face was purple, and drops of blood beaded his finger-tips.

"Let me, señor!" said the boy; and taking

both ends of the belt over his shoulder, he went plunging down the declivity, Barton's limp head bumping against his legs, and Barton's body and heels dragging in the soft snow just enough to act as a brake. As for the Professor, he stumbled after as best he could, with vague eyes and bursting veins and treacherous legs. Sometimes he fell forward and plowed a rod in the snow; and once he was beginning to *roll*, but Ramon leaped and stopped him just in time. And so at last they came to the end of the snow. The boy laid his burden upon the matted grass, with head uphill, and piled a little drift of snow about the head. "Put it so, also, to your head," said he, "and I will bring the mules."

With that Ramon was racing down the hill in knowing zigzags, though it looked too steep for a goat.

In half an hour a very tired boy was getting two helpless men upon two almost helpless mules. Perhaps if the latter had been able to object, he could not have succeeded. But by the help of the slope, and hauling with his belt over the saddle from the down-hill side, he presently had both up. Barton's feet he tied together under the mule, and Barton's hands were bound around its neck. The Professor could sit up, in a stupid way, and Ramon tied only his feet. "Hold well!" he cried loudly and sternly, but with the same little quiver in his voice; and taking both bridle-reins in one hand he plunged down the hill, his weight thrown forward upon the hard bits so that the reluctant mules had no choice but to follow.

The only one of the party who remembers much of that grim journey is Ramon, and as he is not much given to talking, no one knows just what he does think of it. The Professor's clear recollection be-

gins with finding himself on board the train at Casapalca—a train of that most wonderful railroad in the world, the railroad above the clouds, that clammers up and burrows through the cordillera of Peru. Before that, are only hazy memories of a vast mountain-wall leaning over to crush him; a winding path in the air; a queer, boy's voice, coming from nowhere, with little Spanish words of cheer. And now a round, brown face from the opposite side was watching him seriously—even tenderly, the Professor fancied—while the burly conductor was saying:

"I never see it come any closer! How ever that boy got you in, beats *my* time. And I saw he hated to leave you, so I says to him, says I, 'Just get in, sonny, 'n' go down to Lima with us, 'n' I 'll fetch you back if I lose my job! He 's the right sort, he is! An' you 'll be all right, soon as you get down there—that 's the only medicine for the S'rochy."

All right they were, next day in the capital. Even Barton was able to sit up; and he nodded weakly as the Professor said to Ramon:

"My boy, I would like you to go with us. We have to travel much in Peru; and if you will accompany us you will earn good wages. And you shall be as my son. For neither of us would be alive now if we had not had a little hero with us. Will you come?"

Joy flashed over Ramon's face. But then it faded, and tears started in his eyes as he said simply:

"You are good, Excellency! I would go *anywhere* with you. But in the Chinchán is my mother, with the babies; and since father died, I must be the Man, for Sancho is too young. *Adios!*"

And he ran out, so that they should not see him crying.



SUMMITS OF THE ANDES OF PERU.



IN THE HEART OF WINTER.

THE NOBODY MAN.

BY WINTHROP PACKARD.

I WALKED one day, a long, long way,
Down to Topsy-Turvy Town,
Where it 's day all night, and it 's night all
day —

In the Land of Upside Down.
And who do you think was walking round?
Imagine it if you can:
In the Land of Upside Down I found
The Nobody Man!

His head was bowed, and he groaned aloud,
With the burden that he bore:
Misdeeds and mishaps, a wonderful crowd,
Till there seemed no room for more.
“And why are you so heavily tasked,
On such an unequal plan?”
As I sat on a wayside seat, I asked
The Nobody Man.

He sat him nigh with a doleful sigh,
And he said: “It needs must be;
What ‘Nobody’ does at home so sly
Is shouldered here by me.
The slips and mishaps that are, soon or late,
Denied by the careless clan,
In the Land of Upside Down all weight
The Nobody Man.”

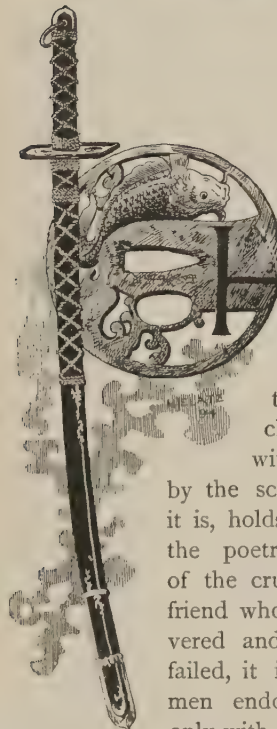
He passed along with a doleful song,
This overburdened wight,
And, bowed with the weight of other folks’
wrong,
He hobbled out of sight;
And I don’t understand how it all can be,
Or why he should bear this ban,
But—well, ’t was a wonderful thing to see
The Nobody Man!



JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

THE GOODLY SWORD.

BY MARY STUART MCKINNEY.



Japanese sword and guard. The guard on a larger scale.

HALF a hundred centuries ago the Egyptians gave to the sword its name. Since those old days the history of the trenchant blade, stained with blood and defaced by the scars of battle though it is, holds much of the glory, the poetry, and the chivalry of the cruel game of war. A friend whose fidelity never wavered and whose power never failed, it is not surprising that men endowed the sword not only with human attributes, but with the might and majesty of the gods themselves. The old legends abound in tales of its magical powers. How the divine armorers strove continually to excel some rival in the forging of a blade of a temper so delicate that it might cut a thread with the same ease with which it struck a head from the body, or hewed through heavy metal armor, was a favorite subject of the old Teutonic and Viking tales. These legendary blades bore characteristic names, by which they were invariably known: Graysteel, Wader through Sorrow, and Millstone Biter were swords of wide renown; and we all remember how Arthur of the Round Table took "Excalibur . . . the sword that rose from out the bosom of the lake." Cæsar's

sword was called "Crocca Mors"; Charlemagne's "Joyeuse" played no small part in the setting up of the great Frankish empire; many a bold captain went down before "El Tizona," wielded by the relentless hand of the Cid.

Since fact and fancy both unite in telling of its greatness, let us see what history really says about the knightly weapon.

In the early ages, before men knew anything about civilized ways, they lived in caves and had to protect themselves not only from the attacks of animals, but from those of their human brothers as well. The first weapon their unaccustomed fingers shaped was a war-club. Experience, however, soon taught them that a deadlier blow might be delivered with a weapon that would cut rather than crush, and they made a hatchet. Then, one day, someone discovered a substance in the secret stores of the good brown earth on which he finally learned to put a keener edge than he had ever been able to chip on his stone hatchet, and the sword was made. From the remains discovered in tombs and barrows, or mounds, we know that these savage races gained a certain degree of skill in fashioning bronze and iron sword-blades. And from the care with which it is evident that their bodies had been buried, we infer that they are the remains of chieftains and men of consequence, and that they esteemed their swords most honorable and perhaps useful companions in the long journey to the world beyond.

Of the swords of the three great nations of antiquity, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we are able to get a remarkably clear idea from the carvings they have left on tombs and temples. The Assyrian sword had a slim, two-edged blade merging into a handle that was scarcely more than a haft. The decoration was limited almost entirely to carvings of the heads and bodies of animals, so placed, as may be seen from the picture, as to give a singu-



ASSYRIAN
SWORD.



GREEK SWORD
OF BRONZE.



ROMAN BROAD-
SWORD.

larly striking and distinguished character to the weapon.

In the many lively skirmishes that took place around the walls of Troy during the famous ten years' siege, the Greek warrior carried an admirable sword. The rather long two-edged blade with its gradual swell, that tapered gracefully to a sharp point, has been likened very aptly to the form of the sage-leaf. These outlines were so good in themselves that any extra decoration seems out of place. We find, however, that delicate traceries on the blade, and silver studs set thickly in the hilt, were favorite ornaments. Although this sword was shortened in later years, its beautiful outlines were retained, and the sparing decoration of blade, scabbard, and hilt was remarkably simple and artistic, as befitted the Greek race.

But the sword that gained the greatest renown in classical antiquity was the broadsword of the Romans. The weapons commonly used in the times before the Christian era were the lance and the javelin. It was with these that the unshaken strength of the far-famed Macedonian phalanx had been maintained against many a fierce attack. The phalanx consisted of foot-soldiers drawn up in line of battle, four, eight, sixteen, or twenty-five ranks deep. The men, who were heavily armored, held their shields close together, edge to edge, and their long spears tilted forward to protect the rank in front. The broadsword of the Roman legionaries, however,—those sturdy fellows who knew how to fight with a fortitude and tenacity that have never been surpassed,—taught the Greek a new lesson in military tactics. A successful formation of the phalanx required careful preparation, and a fairly level country was absolutely necessary. When it was possible to command these conditions, the compact square of spearmen presented a front that it was almost impossible to break. But in a sudden encounter, or fighting at close quarters, an effective use of the broadsword did not depend on any definite order of formation, and it brought into play quite another sort of courage. Men then no longer fought as machines; it was the personal bravery of the individual, and not the dumb, stolid resistance of ranks of human beings formed into a living wall that won the day.

During the first twelve centuries of the Christian era the sword varied little, in the essential features, from the lines of the broadsword. The blade was lengthened, it is true, and less curved; but the cross-pieces of the hilt were usually straight, and the simple, workmanlike look was preserved. The change to the elaborate hilts of several centuries later was made gradually. There were slight changes in the cross-pieces from time to time; the stiff straight lines little by little began to curve gently toward the blade. The knob at the end of the handle, usually a simple disk or ball of metal, was varied into a trefoil, a fluting, or a small Maltese cross. Blades and scabbards were engraved with inscriptions, a practice which had indeed been handed down from ancient times, as swords have been found in Danish barrows bear-

ing unmistakable Runic characters cut in the bronze blades. The cross-hilted sword the Crusaders carried on their pious errand to the Holy Land not infrequently displayed the sacred monogram, either carved or inlaid. An oath sworn upon the sword was held peculiarly sacred and binding, and it was a common custom in England and elsewhere to confirm a pledge in this way.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries the development of the sword was carried forward rapidly. Hitherto, the military organization of Europe had been of the most irregular character; but in the fourteenth century the German troops and the men from the Swiss mountains became known far and wide for their thorough discipline and excellent organization. They approached more nearly to the modern idea of a soldier than any troops that had yet been put in the field, and they were employed as hired troops by the various European sovereigns. They were armed with a pistol and a huge two-handed sword which, through their marvelously skilful handling, became one of the most famous weapons of the armory. This "two-hander," as the Germans called it, often reached a length of seven feet, and one still preserved in Westminster Abbey weighs quite eighteen pounds. The wavy outline of the blade, a style of decoration that was much in favor in the arts about this time, and from which came our word "flamboyant," or "flaming," gave greater efficacy to the blow. The prongs below the crosspieces protected the guard. Wielded by trained men, this weapon was capable of doing terrific execution. The brawny man-at-arms grasped the sword firmly in both hands; balanced on one foot, he swung the blade in a circle above his head and fetched a crashing blow that mowed down everything before it. It was a favorite weapon with the English soldiery, to whose strongly-built frames its huge proportions were well adapted. Richard the Lion-hearted, who from his great size alone would have been the foremost man on any field, handled this heavy wea-

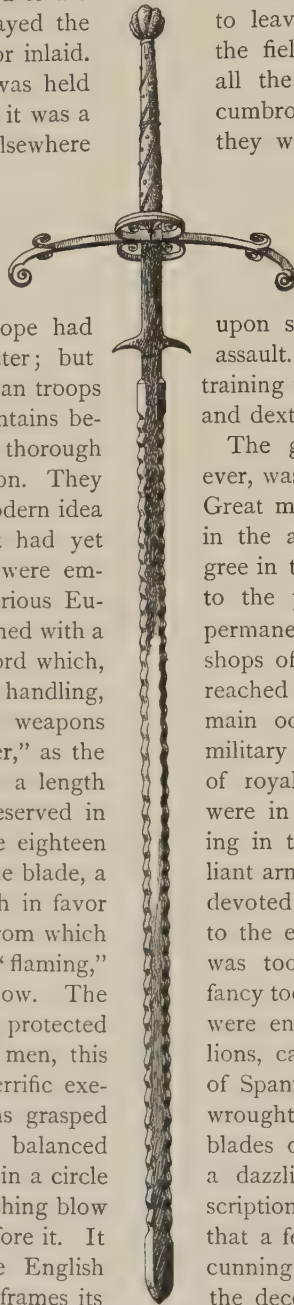
pon with such strength and skill that his name became a terror to the foe. According to an old romance, an expert swordsman might hope to leave sixty of the enemy disabled on the field; but these mighty brands had all the faults of their virtues. Like the cumbrous armor of the Gothic period, they were a sore tax on the spent en-

ergies of the weary soldier; and, owing to their awkward size, extreme care was required in handling them lest an unexpected blow might be bestowed

upon some fellow-soldier in the furious assault. Besides, it took a lifetime of training to produce men of sufficient strength and dexterity to render effective service.

The glorious epoch of the sword, however, was reached in the sixteenth century. Great manual skill and a thorough training in the arts were united in a marked degree in the artisans of this period, and gave to the products of the industrial arts a permanent value and beauty. In the shops of the metal-workers this proficiency reached a rare excellence. War was the main occupation of kings, and civil and military pageants were the favorite pastime of royalty. The armorers, consequently, were in constant demand, and were untiring in their efforts to produce costly, brilliant arms and coats of mail. Great artists devoted all the resources of their genius to the enrichment of the sword. No metal was too precious, no jewel too rare, no fancy too ingenious for its decoration. Hilts were encrusted with gems, set with medallions, carved, embossed, inlaid; scabbards of Spanish leather or Genoese velvet were wrought with gold and silver embroidery; blades of the finest steel were polished to a dazzling luster, and engraved with inscriptions and arabesques. Every artifice that a fertile imagination could devise and cunning skill carry out was lavished upon the decoration of the beloved weapon.

The Spanish towns were celebrated throughout the civilized world for the excellence of their swords, and among them all Toledo stood unrivaled for the temper of her



A TWO-HANDED SWORD WITH WAVY BLADE. END OF 15TH CENTURY.

steel. The Toledo blade, famous in song and story, was so keen, so flexible, and withal so strong that its fineness became proverbial. When the Moors overran Spain in the ninth century, they were already masters of many of the arts, and especially were they adepts in the working of metal. Their swords were highly valued for their delicate temper, and their special decoration which we still call damascening was also justly prized. It was from these conquerors that the Spaniards learned much of their skill in forging and tempering steel.

And that the completeness of the noblest weapon men ever made should not be marred by the lack of any element, natural or artificial, the fairy godmother, Nature, contributed one more gift. On the banks of the Tagus there is an abundance of fine sand. In the process of forging, the metal is taken white-hot from the furnace, and is subjected to a cooling process. It was to the peculiar properties of this white Tagus sand, in which the cooling blade was buried, that the Toledo swords owed their unequalled hardness and great flexibility.

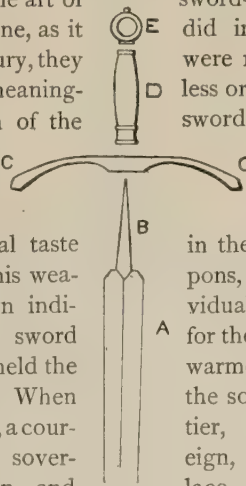
The Italian cities produced some excellent swords. The smiths of Milan and Florence forged blades of exquisite temper, to which they applied tasteful decorations. Benvenuto Cellini made many a noble masterpiece in the enduring steel, and Andrea Ferrara, whose swords were in high favor in England and Scotland, has left his signature on some weapons of fine temper and rare workmanship. There were celebrated sword-cutlers in France, the armorers of Bordeaux being especially notable. The German smiths excelled in the manufacture of heavy armor, and the hilts of Nuremberg were admirable. It would take, however, less than the fingers of one hand to tell off the really great swordmakers of England—those worthy of lasting fame.

The swords of the sixteenth century exhibit such a diversity of form and design that, in order to get a clear idea of the relation of the parts, a brief explanation of the pieces and the terms used to designate them may be necessary.

To understand exactly how the sword was

put together, let us glance at the diagram a moment. The blade, marked A in the drawing, narrows into a tapering spike, B, which is called the tang. This tang pierces the cross-guard, C, C, called also the quillons, and runs through the grip or barrel, D, to the pommel, E, where it is firmly riveted—a construction that insures strength and absolute solidity. This simple form of the sword prevailed until the fifteenth century, as we have seen, when, to perform the various duties to which it began to be assigned, new pieces were added and the old ones were modified. As the science of swordsmanship developed, it was found necessary to protect the hands of the combatants. A guard and counter-guard, which sprang from the quillons and extended to the pommel, were therefore introduced. The cup-guard, formed of a cup-shaped piece of steel, pierced, and decorated with flowers and foliage, served a useful purpose in entangling the point of the adversary's weapon in its perforations. A curious variation of the guard was called the *pas d'âne*. It consisted of bent pieces, more or less intricate, which twisted and turned upon themselves, and ran down upon the blade for a short distance. Each of these additions to the hilt had its own special use in the beginning; but when the art of sword-making began to decline, as it did in the seventeenth century, they were made a mere excuse for meaningless ornament.

The man of the sword who flourished in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries indulged a most critical taste in the number and quality of his weapons, each of which had its own individual uses. The stout plain sword of fighting held the warmest place in the soldier's esteem. When he appeared before his sovereign, in court velvet, satin, and lace ruffles, and wore at his side a graceful toy he called a court-sword. The dueling-sword, that figured so prominently in those hurried and quiet little affairs that took place in unfrequented byways, was a long, slim, sharply pointed weapon, flexi-



ble as a rib—that cost the a brave and

The “es-long sword ed man-at-large to be belt, where, ready wore sword, it

nary sword only in size, and being a ing imple-solely, it was pointed and ly hollow neled along the mid- dle of the great blade, to make it as light as possible. The rap- pier was in general use on the Continent some years before it made its appearance in England, where, it must be said, it was received with

scorn and ridicule, as being much too effeminate for any self-respect- to trifle with. of France, Spain, ever, were adepts science of sword- it with a fatal sub- las, which we read tain Marryat’s stir- in the thrilling sto-

bon, but with a sting king’s service many dashing guardsman. toc” was the of a mount- arms. Too carried at his indeed, heal- his ordinary was hung from the sad- dle-bow. It differed from the ordi-

thrust- ment stiff, usual- or chan-

plots of pirates on was short, and flat in the exceed- edge. simitar of their

their curved suggest the the saber. the most impor- plement of is distinguish- proper by the which attains at the back, tive of the ing cavalry

the Spanish Main, rather broad and blade, which had an ingly sharp double The yataghan and bear the evidence Oriental origin in

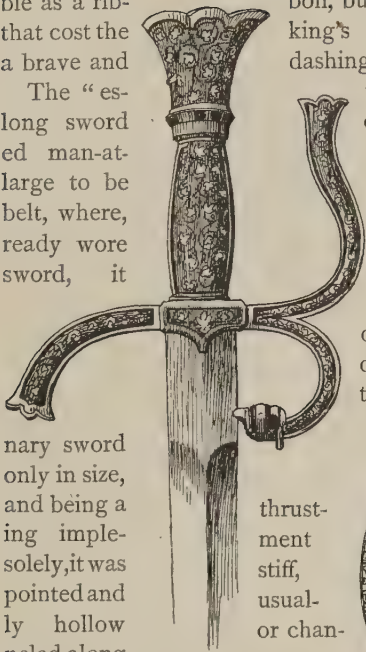
blades, and ancestry of The saber is tant cutting im- modern armies. It ed from the sword single-edged blade, its greatest thickness and is grimly sugges- dire effects of a swing- charge. The schia- vone—a notable sword of the Italian soldiery —carried a con- spicuous guard,

extending from the quillons to the pommel, formed of a lattice- work of metal bands that resembled the plaiting of osiers in a basket. This basket-hilted sword, as it was called, was so closely allied to the claymore of the Scotch Highlanders that they have frequently been mistaken, one for the other.

The Japanese, whose civilization was old before ours began, have produced beautiful examples of the sword-maker’s art. The Japanese nobleman carried his swords as the insignia of his rank. He wore one on each side, thrust into the folds of his sash.

These swords have been handed down as heirlooms from father to son; and it was not unusual for families of an-

cient lineage to have as many as fifteen hundred of them—marvels of costly and artistic workmanship—in their possession. The scab- bards are richly lacquered, and bound about with a silken cord in a curious pattern, a specimen of which is shown in the initial. The blade is curved, and the round guard is pierced to carry a small dagger. This guard, called a *tsuba*, is decorated with curious designs; and



VENETIAN SWORD WITH CURVED QUILLONS.



SPANISH SWORD, 16TH CENTURY, WITH PAS D'ANE.



SPANISH SWORD OF 17TH CENTURY, WITH CUP GUARD.

SPANISH SWORD WITH CARVED HILT.

a weapon ing son of Mars The cavaliers and Italy, how- in the intricate play, and used tlety. The cut- about in Cap- ring tales, and ries of the ex-



CARLOVINGIAN SWORD. EIGHTH CENTURY.

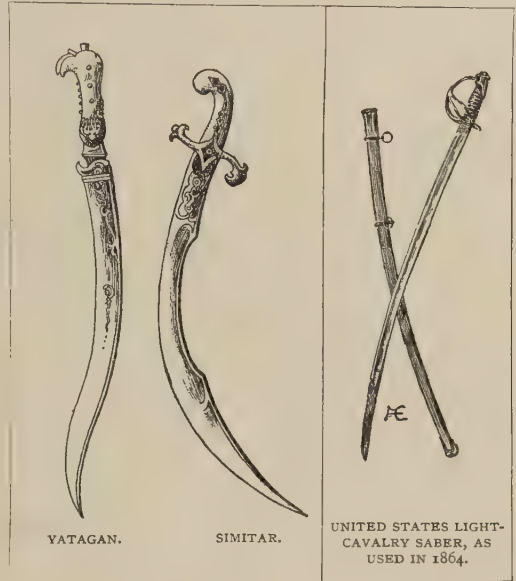
so great is the ingenuity of the Japanese metal-workers that among the thousands of swords they have produced it is impossible to find two guards exactly alike. They are prized so highly by collectors that large sums of money have been paid frequently for an antique sword, only that it might be ruthlessly torn apart to secure the guard.

But the heyday of the sword has passed.

The general use of firearms increased steadily as the awkwardness of the old snap-hammers and wheel-locks was improved upon, and the nobler weapon was gradually supplanted. Now, it is complained, the traditions that hung about the sword, the nice customs that controlled its use, and the courtly manners its very presence seemed to foster, have been forgotten: the king of weapons has become simply one more ornament with which to deck a full-dress uniform.

Such, sketched very lightly, is the merest outline of the history of the sword; an intimation only of the splendor and stateliness of the weapon of whose achievements Sir Richard Burton has said:

"In the hands of the old Nilotes the sword spread culture and civilization throughout adjoining Africa and Western Asia. The Phoeni-



YATAGAN.

SIMITAR.

UNITED STATES LIGHT-CAVALRY SABER, AS USED IN 1864.

cians carried it wide and side over the world then known to man. The Greeks won with it their liberty, and developed with it their citizenship. Wielded by the Romans, it enthroned the reign of law, and laid the foundation for the brotherhood of mankind. Thus, though it soaked earth with the blood of her sons, the sword has ever been true to its mission—the progress of society."



JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

PUZZLED.

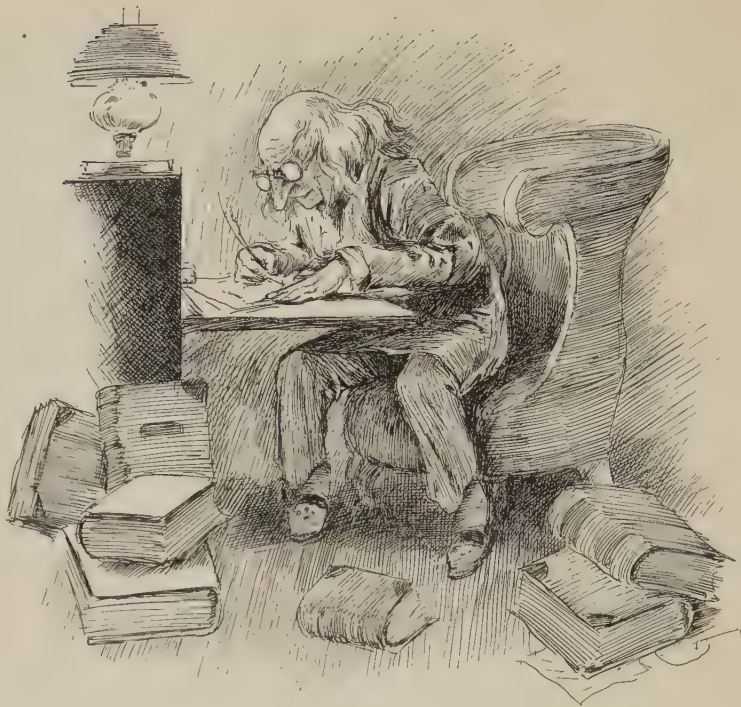
BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THERE lived in ancient
Scribbletown a
wise old writer-
man

Whose name was
Homer Cicero
Demosthenes
McCann.

He 'd written treatises
and themes till
"For a change,"
he said,

"I think I 'll write a
children's book
before I go to
bed."



He pulled down all his musty tomes in Latin
and in Greek;

Consulted cyclopedias and manuscripts an-
tique,

Essays in Anthropology, studies in counter-
poise —

"For these," he said, "are useful lore for little
girls and boys."

He scribbled hard, and scribbled fast, he burned
the midnight oil,

And when he reached "The End" he felt re-
warded for his toil;

He said, "This charming Children's Book is
greatly to my credit."

And now he 's sorely puzzled that no child
has ever read it.



TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

IT is doubtful if Carrots often had a harder task than that of remaining silent on the subject of the news-stand, when he went downtown to work immediately after it had been purchased.

He had-allowed himself to dwell upon the possibility of owning an interest in a stand, with a magnificent chair attached for the benefit of customers to the boot-blackening portion of the establishment, from the moment Teddy first spoke of the scheme; and now that it was really a fact, with the exception of the chair, it seemed particularly hard that he must keep the startling and pleasing information a profound secret.

"P'rhaps it 's jest as well not to flash it up on the boys till after we get the whole thing in style—bootblack's quarters an' all," he said to himself in the hope of cheering his mind. "When she 's in shape I reckon some of the fellows in this town will find out that I can do a thing or two, even if my hair *is* red!"

The fact that he was soon to become famous in the eyes of his friends, if not of the entire world, did not prevent Carrots from plunging into the vortex of business with his whole heart; for he understood how necessary it was to earn the extra money which would be needed until the business establishment was in a proper financial condition, and he worked most industriously.

It was hard to keep his thoughts upon the cleaning of muddy boots when he knew that at that moment Ikey was presiding over the stand with a "whole dollar's worth" of stock

in front of him, and more than once was he tempted to leave his business sufficiently long to take just one peep at the place.

"I could sneak up there, an' look 'round the corner without anybody's seein' me," he said to himself once when trade was dull; but, remembering what Teddy had told him regarding the necessity of "hustling," he put the temptation far from his mind.

He did, however, so far give an inkling of the change in his business prospects, as to say, when Teenie Massey spoke about the difficulty of finding customers:

"P'rhaps there 's some in this town what won't have to run 'round after trade very long; but can sit down an' wait for boots to come to them."

"What do you mean?" Teenie asked excitedly.

"Nothin' much; but you 'll see somethin' to 'stonish you before many years."

"I reckon I will," Teenie replied with a sigh, as he thought how the time might drag if he should be forced to wait so long before seeing anything astonishing. "Heard from Skip this mornin'?"

"No, an' I 'm takin' mighty good care to keep out of his way when the three of us ain't together. I wonder if he 'll have the nerve to set them boxes afire?"

"I should n't wonder. Where are you goin' to sleep to-night?"

"Well, you see it 's hard to say, 'cause all the swell places might be full when we get through business. I did n't know but I 'd telephone up to the Hoffman for quarters; yet there 's a good deal of trouble in doin' sich a thing."

"Yes," Teenie replied sarcastically, "an' it might be quite a bother to pay the bill for the message."

"I 'd be willin' to hang it up, if I was countin' on doin' anything of that kind."

"Yes, but the other folks might have somethin' to say 'bout it. It 'll be cheaper to hunt for a cart somewhere, or go down to the Lodgin' House."

If Teenie had questioned him more closely, Carrots might have been tempted to tell his friend some ridiculous yarn, rather than reveal the secret of the stand; but, fortunately, there was no necessity of his doing anything of the kind, for just at that moment the bootblackening industry received a decided impetus by the arrival of three gentlemen from the country, who required the services of Carrots and his friend.

Not until nearly noon did Master Williams see his partner, and then he met him by chance on the way to the newspaper offices for a fresh stock.

"How 's trade?" Teddy asked.

"First class. I've taken in eighty cents since I began; but it 's slackenin' off a little now. How 're you gettin' along?"

"Great! It seems as if it was n't any trouble to sell papers to-day. Say, at this rate we can get in a bigger stock by night."

"That 's what we want," Carrots replied gravely, looking as serious as if he had just been called upon to decide a very important question relative to some business policy. "We ought ter make as big a show as we can, 'cause folks will see the stand has been opened ag'in, an' they 'll look 'round the first thing to find if we 've got much of a stock. Of course we're goin' to keep all the weekly papers, ain't we?"

"I don't know if we ought ter put out so much money yet a while."

"'Course we ought. Pitch in an' have things fine. We can 'ford to invest what 's been made to-day, and you 'd better buy the stuff right away," Carrots said as he handed Teddy the money he had earned. "I 'll get more between now an' night to buy the supper with, so you don't want ter tend to anything like that."

Teddy was undecided as to whether this would be a wise move, so soon after taking upon themselves the expense of paying rent; but his partner was so eager it should be done that he finally consented, and hurried away to

buy the additional stock, while Carrots searched for customers.

It seemed strange to both the merchants that Skip Jellison made no effort to annoy them on this day, and they could account for it only on the supposition that he did really intend to carry out his plan of destroying the packing-case home by fire.

No one should censure Carrots for ceasing his labors at an unusually early hour because of the fact that he was exceedingly anxious to see his place of business in full operation, with a clerk behind the counter.

In addition to this desire, he had promised himself that, if trade should be brisk, he would purchase a regular feast as a sort of housewarming, a task which would require no slight amount of time.

And business had been sufficiently good to warrant his indulging in his treat.

He did not remember ever having made so much money, in the same length of time, as on this day the stand was opened.

He had given to Teddy his entire receipts of the forenoon, and yet, an hour before sunset, he had taken in sixty cents more, which was at least twice as much as he thought would be necessary for his purpose.

So determined was he that the feast should be a perfect success that fully an hour was spent in selecting the different articles, and then he walked swiftly toward their new establishment.

It did not suit Carrots's purpose to go directly to the stand.

He wished to view it first at a distance, and from the most favorable point, therefore he came up Grand street, and stood on the opposite corner fully ten minutes enjoying the scene, before making known his presence to the "clerk."

"Well," he said to himself, in a tone of satisfaction, as he surveyed the stand critically, "if there 's a better-lookin' place in this city, I 'd like to see it, that 's all! Why, it seems to be chuck full of papers! An' don't the pictures show up great? Well, I should say they did! I wish it was a *little* greener; but if business gits good we can give it a new coat of paint some night. An' I own half of all that! I 'm comin' it mighty strong, 'cordin' to my way of— Jiminy!— Ikey 's sellin' somethin' now!"

Carrots could not remain concealed.

Money was actually being paid into his establishment by a customer who had come there of his own free will, and the junior partner of the firm of Thurston and Williams felt it impossible to stay away from the enchanting place any longer.

Running swiftly across the street he threw his many packages on the counter with the air of a proprietor, just in time to see Ikey pass the gentleman ten cents in change.

"What did he give you?" Carrots asked excitedly.

"A quarter."

"What—a quarter?" the young merchant exclaimed in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me he bought fifteen cents' worth all at one time?"

"Course I do," Ikey replied, as if he was accustomed to making such large sales. "Why, I had one man who got twenty cents' worth, an' he asked me if the stand was goin' to be kept open right along now."

"Did you tell him who owned it?"

"Of course; an' he said he'd buy his papers here all the time."

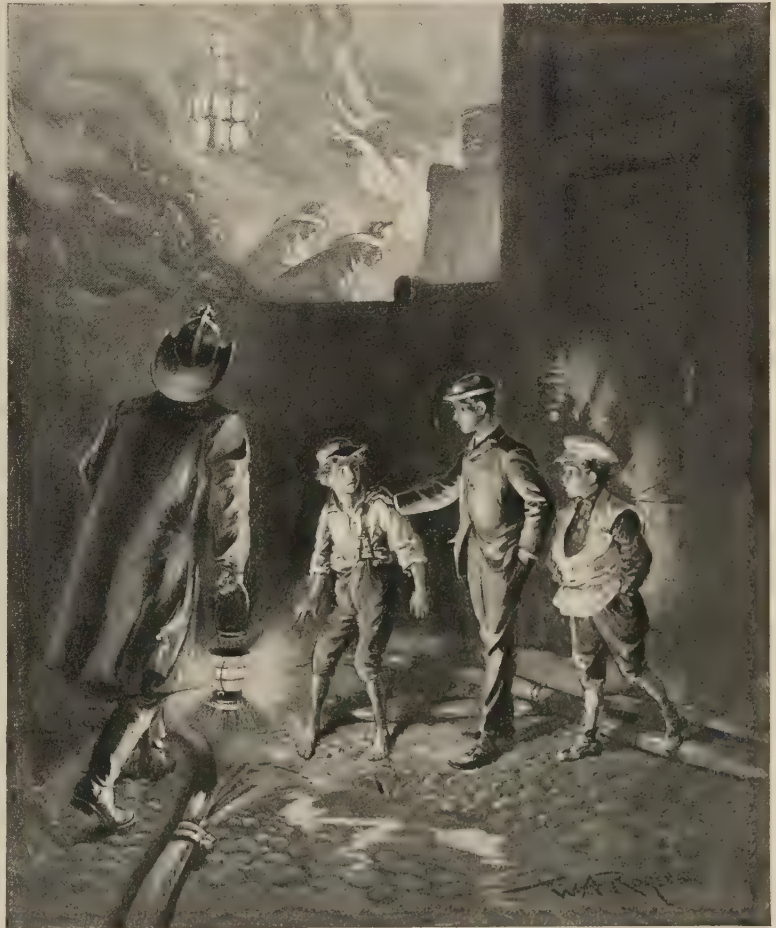
"Well, I'm a Dutchman if I thought business was so big with a stand! I can't see what made the other fellow give it up. How much money did you take in altogether?"

"Let's see," and Ikey knit his brow as he called upon his memory to aid him in the account. "There was two dollars 'n' forty-two cents, an' now I've got fifteen more; that makes—forty-two an' ten is fifty-two, an' five is fifty-seven—two dollars 'n' fifty-seven cents."

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"Well, I'll be jiggered!" and Carrots found it necessary to enter the stand for the purpose of seeing and handling the money before he could be convinced his clerk had told him no more than the truth.

"Well, 'cordin' to the looks of things we've struck a reg'lar gold mine here; an' it won't be very long before I can git a chair that'll knock the Italian's all out er sight!"



"HOW DID YOU KNOW CARROTS LIVED HERE?" TEDDY ASKED, STERNLY." (SEE PAGE 403.)

"If my leg was n't so lame I could make a good deal more; but you see I don't dare to jump on an' off the cars."

"Put those things under the counter, an' give me a pile of papers!" Carrots cried. "We'll soon know what this kind of trade is worth."

When Teddy returned from down town, be-

lieving business to be finished for the day, Carrots was still actively engaged; and not until nearly eight o'clock did either of the partners think it prudent to cease work.

"That 's what I call makin' things hum!" Carrots said as the two entered the stand, after "shutting up shop" by raising the shutter which served as a counter during the day. "I 've sold sixteen papers since I come up to-night, an' might 'a' done a good deal more if the stock had n't run out. How much do you s'pose we 've made?"

"We 'll soon know, after I go for a candle," Teddy replied.

"I bought three, so 's we could have a reg'lar blow-out for the first night," Carrots said as he produced the articles in question. "You figure up, an' I 'll get the grub together."

It was necessary Teddy should take an account of the stock on hand before the profits could be ascertained, and then, to the surprise of his partner and clerk, he announced that the amount which had been made in both branches of the business was three dollars and sixty-one cents.

"Now, if that ain't getting rich fast, I 'd like to know what you 'd call it!" Carrots exclaimed, as he ceased his labor of slicing a bologna sausage, to verify his partner's figures. "If things keep on at this rate it won't be sich a dreadful while before we 'll have to rent a reg'lar store."

"It 's a good deal bigger 'n I expected," Teddy admitted; "an' we must n't count on doin' the same every day. Half as well will satisfy me."

"But we shall make twice as much if the hoss-cars an' stores are worked. Jest wait till I get a chair here, so 's I can keep the trade hummin' when there is n't any shinin' to be done, an' you 'll see how the money 's bound to come tumblin' in. The feller what gave up this stand must 'a' been a chump!"

"I don't s'pose he tended to business," Teddy said solemnly, as he placed the stock on a shelf, and prepared to join in the feast. "This place is goin' to be mighty snug to live in; but it is n't so handy as the yard, 'cause a feller 's got to hunt 'round for water when he wants to wash his face."

"If trade keeps on like this I 'll 'gree not to let a drop of water come near me for a year," Carrots exclaimed.

"An' the customers would keep away too, I reckon. But say, Carrots, is n't this goin' it rather strong for supper?" Teddy asked almost sternly, as he gazed at the newspaper spread on the floor of the stand, and heaped high with such delicacies as "bolivars," bolognas, and pickled sheep's-tongues.

"I reckon it is; but you see it 's the first night, an' I counted on spreadin' myself some. There 's three of us, you know, so it takes a lot of grub to go 'round."

"It won't do to keep this thing up," Teddy said, as he shook his head gravely.

"Course not; but to-night does n't count. Now pitch right in, both of you, an' let 's have a high old time."

Ikey had already begun to do his share, and, as the others joined him, the silence within the stand was broken only by Carrots's gasps, for he ate so eagerly that he hardly gave himself time to breathe properly.

The candle was standing in one corner, in a bottle, while under the counter was a pile of straw which Ikey had gathered to serve as beds; and these gave the place such an air of home, as, according to Carrots's ideas, it would be hard to find elsewhere.

"I sha'n't go to the Hoffman House agin'," he said in a tone of content, as he gazed around complacently after it was absolutely impossible to eat any more. "This is about the swellest place in this city, an' the fellows 'd be wild if they could see us. Mighty lucky for you, Ikey, that we got this stand jest as we did, for now you won't have to lay low while your leg 's gettin' well."

"It 's a dandy!" Ikey replied, enthusiastically, "an' I would n't ask anythin' better 'n to stay here all the time."

"If trade keeps on as it 's begun, I reckon we can 'ford to hire you right along, eh, Teddy?"

Before Master Thurston could reply, the clang and rattle of a fire-engine broke upon the stillness, and all three rushed out of the stand in the shortest possible time.

"It 's down near where I used to live!" Car-

rots cried, as he saw the engine turning the corner. "Do you s'pose Skip has really dared to do what he threatened?"

"Ikey, you'll have to stay here 'cause you can't run," Teddy said, hurriedly. "Keep the door locked, an' Carrots and I 'll come right back."

Then the partners started at full speed; and, although they had been warned that such might be the case, both were astonished almost beyond the power of speech, at finding that the blaze actually proceeded from the backyard where Carrots had spent so many nights.

"He 's really gone an' done it!" Master Williams exclaimed in a tone of awe, and just at that moment Reddy Jackson stepped from among the network of hose, whence he had evidently been trying to peer into the yard.

"Why, how did you come *here*?" he cried in astonishment. "I thought there was n't any other way but this, to get out from where you sleep."

"How did you know Carrots lived here?" Teddy asked sternly.

"Why, some of the fellows told me, of course," Master Jackson replied hesitatingly.

"They did n't; 'cause nobody knew except Teenie Massey, an' I 'm sure he has n't said anything," Carrots cried. "I 've heard 'bout Skip 's threatenin' to burn this place, an' it was Skip that started the fire."

"What 're you yellin' so for?" Reddy cried nervously. "Do you want everybody to hear?"

"I don't care if they do," said Carrots, sturdily.

(To be continued.)

"Skip 'll be after you, if he knows you 're sayin' sich things. He ain't through with you an' this country jay yet."

"No; nor he won't be till he gives up that dollar he stole," Teddy said sternly. "If he is n't 'rested for settin' this place on fire, you tell him I 'll be down front of City Hall by seven o'clock to-morrow mornin', so 's he can begin the drivin'. Let him git all his friends there, an' show 'em the fun."

"Oh, yes, you 'll be there, o' course!" Reddy replied with a sneer.

"Don't make any mistake 'bout it. I 'm comin' down to give him his chance."

"Want ter git inter the station-house ag'in, eh? They must 'a' treated you mighty fine."

"Don't you worry about my bein' 'rested, an' if Skip Jellison cares to see me after what he 's done to-night, let him be there," Teddy said in a dignified tone, as he motioned for Carrots to follow him to the opposite side of the street, where they could be nearly alone.

"What kind of a row are you goin' to git inter now?" Carrots asked, his voice literally trembling with fear. "Of course Skip 'll be in front of City Hall, 'cause there 's where he always hangs out. You must keep clear of that place."

"I want him to see me when there 's a big crowd 'round, an' I 'm goin' to get some of that money he stole, between now an' to-morrow night," Teddy said, in such a positive tone that Carrots was plunged into bewilderment.

ESTELLE'S ASTRONOMY.

BY DELIA HART STONE.

OUR little Estelle
Was perplexed when she found
That this wonderful world
That we live on, is round.

How 't is held in its place
In its orbit so true
Was a puzzle to her,
With no answer in view.

"It must be," said Estelle,
"Like a ball in the air
That is hung by a string;—
But the string is n't there!"

WHAT LYDIA SAW.

BY HERBERT H. SMITH.



LITTLE West Indian girl was playing with her old black nurse under the orange-trees. She had her lap full of sweet-scented frangipani flowers, and was making a pink rope of them, sticking the tube of each flower into the mouth of the next one, as our children string honeysuckles. The old nurse was crooning softly to herself, and watching the child with half-closed eyes; it was almost noon, and the warm air made her drowsy.

"Where 's papa?" asked the child.

"Mahstah Bell? Me not know, missy. He go to Cumb'land dis mawnin' fo' see dat sick man; he was come back 'fo' miamh" (he was to have been back before breakfast, she meant), "but he don' come no moah."

The little girl's father was a physician, and she understood that his duties often kept him away from home. Her face clouded with disappointment for a moment, and then she went on stringing the frangipani flowers.

Suddenly she dropped them, and threw up her hands in alarm; the ground beneath was swaying and trembling, and there was a noise like distant thunder. The old woman threw herself on her face, beating her woolly head, and screaming, "O Lordy! Ah, poo' me! poo' me!"

But it was over in a moment. The child recovered herself first and began to laugh, though rather nervously. "It 's only an earthquake," she said. "Stop crying, mammy; that 's ridic'lous."

Mammy sat up, but she did not laugh. "Missy Lyddy," she said, solemnly, "dat no earquake; dat Moco-jumbo bawlin' away in um mountain, 'cause he well mad."

The Souffrière was a volcano some miles distant. Lydia had never been there, but she had heard of the great crater, and the cone-

shaped hill in the middle of it that was always smoking a little. Only the day before, her father with some other gentlemen had climbed the mountain, and they had noticed that the cone was quite covered with vapor.

Lydia crept up to her nurse, half-frightened and half incredulous.

"But the earthquakes don't hurt people," she said. "Papa told me they were just little ones, not like those in the Spanish countries. There they are *too* awful. Why, they make houses fall down, and kill all the people."

"Dunno 'bout dose. In my country" (the old woman had been born in Africa) "dey not shake um groun' nevah. Moco-jumbo not so bad in my country, 'cause niggah say pray to he; nevah say no pray to he in dis country; so he git mad an' bawl."

It was of course very foolish of the old woman to talk so; but she was full of the old pagan superstitions of her race, though she called herself a Christian.

The child listened in fear; she was so nervous by this time that when a bell sounded near by, she screamed, and clung to the nurse.

"Dat nothin'. Dat 's jes bell fo' niggah stop work in cane-field." It was the noon bell on a neighboring plantation.

But just then there came a mighty crash — a sound so awful, so stupendous, that the very trees and grass shook with it; the ground rocked and quivered. People ran screaming from the village houses, and threw themselves on their knees, praying and crying and trembling; a horse galloped madly down the road, the broken reins trailing behind him; the dogs cowered and whined.

With a shrill scream the old woman flung herself on the earth as if she would burrow into it; the little girl sank on her knees, sobbing and

moaning, frightened beyond measure, and no wonder.

"Lydia! Lydia!" called her father, who had just come in. He ran out of the house and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, papa! what is it? Mammy says it's Moco-jumbo. I'm *too* frightened," sobbed the child.

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Bell, though he looked grave enough; "there's no such thing

Indeed it looked so at first, for the sides of the column were quite straight, so that it seemed solid; but as the wind caught it, clouds of smoke broke away and drifted westward, darkening the whole sky. After the first crash there had been silence for a moment; but now began a sullen roar like distant thunder, almost continuous though not very loud. All the villagers were out by this time, some watching the mountain, some running off over the road,



"AS THE FIRE ASCENDED, FORKED LIGHTNINGS BEGAN TO PLAY THROUGH THE SMOKE." (SEE PAGE 407.)

as Moco-jumbo. It's the volcano that has burst out. See there!" and he pointed to where a vast column of pitchy smoke was rising.

Mrs. Bell ran out with little Ruby, and all stood watching the mountain. The black mass rose and rose over hills and trees, slowly, it seemed, because they were so far away; but in reality the great cloud was shooting up two hundred feet a second: an awful and yet a magnificent sight.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lyddy, "it's a great, big, large black log sticking up into the sky!"

some — especially the negroes — sobbing and screaming.

Mrs. Bell herself was very nervous, and a little inclined to cry; but she was a brave lady after all, and soon set herself to quieting the children. Fortunately, Dr. Bell was a man of intelligence and courage; and he had long thought that an eruption was probable. During the past year there had been earthquakes almost every day, and sometimes two or three in one day — slight ones, doing no damage, but keeping the ignorant people in a state of constant alarm. Dr. Bell had noticed that these little

earthquakes were always more apparent around the base of the old volcano, and he had reasoned that they were caused by some force beneath it which might become more violent at any time.

Now he took a cheerful tone, to comfort the others. "This eruption had to come," he declared, "but it will be a good thing in the end; it will put a stop to all these earthquakes. We're out of the way of any lava-flow, and if there's danger we shall have plenty of time to get away to Barrouallie or Kingstown. I'm glad it did n't come yesterday, when I was up there."

He and other gentlemen did all they could to quiet the negroes; and when people saw that only smoke came from the volcano, they thought the worst was over, and took courage. Late in the afternoon Dr. Bell went with his wife and the children to the market-square, where they had a better view of the mountain. Half the villagers were gathered there watching it; and truly it was a grand sight. All the afternoon that black pillar shot into the sky, half a mile broad and four or five miles high, it was thought, and the clouds of smoke rolled off westward, far out to sea. There were no flames, but now and then a vivid flash of lightning would shoot over the column. All the time they heard that sound, like low thunder, never ceasing, yet never very loud.

Late in the day the smoke-cloud drifted over the village, bringing stifling sulphur-fumes with it; and presently white ashes began to float down.

People coming from Richmond Plantation and Wallibou reported that the ground there was quite covered with ashes and sand. Then came canoes full of Indians who had fled from their settlement at Morne Ronde, just at the base of the volcano.

All this Lydia saw, standing by her mother's side in the market-square; little four-year-old Ruby gazing also with wide-open eyes, but understanding very little of it all. After a while they went home; the frightened servants were called in, and Mrs. Bell managed to get supper. The doctor was talking cheerfully all the time, and indeed it seemed now that there was not much to fear. As night came on, a slight glow

of fire could be seen on the mountain, and the smoke-column was as thick as ever; but that was all. Most of the villagers gave up watching it and went home to bed. Lydia slept soundly with her arms around little Ruby; the children, after their first fright, had quite enjoyed the excitement.

When Lydia woke next morning—it was Tuesday—the rumbling sound was louder than before, and there was a strong smell of burning sulphur. The little girls ran out of doors, and found the grass and trees everywhere white with ashes which were floating down.

"Dah, Missy Lyddy," cried old mammy, hobbling up, "what me tell you, eh? Moco-jumbo comin' fas' enough now!"

Just then Dr. Bell strode out of the house, took the old woman by the shoulders, and shook her as he gave her another scolding. He was not at all a cruel man, but he was thoroughly vexed at Mammy for frightening the children with her Moco-jumbo nonsense.

"See here, Mammy!" he said, at length; "you must stop that, or I'll have you punished. So take care!" The old woman, on this, retreated, muttering to herself; and thereafter she was more chary with her tongue. Mammy held her master in great awe, and knew he would do as he promised.

All that day the eruption continued, and all the next, the ashes falling lightly at times, as smoke-clouds drifted over the village. On Wednesday the sky was again darkened, so that they had to light candles in the house, and the air was full of ashes. Through the gloom they could see flashes of fire on the mountain. But children get used to anything. Lydia and Ruby played about under the orange-trees, soiling their frocks with the ashes, and only pausing now and then as the fire gleamed brighter or the hoarse rumbling increased. The plantation negroes had gone back to work, and the morning and noon bells rang as usual.

On Wednesday night Dr. Bell was called to a patient at Wallibou, three miles away, and much nearer the mountain. At first he hesitated to leave his family; but the call was an urgent one, so he went, promising to be back next day.

Early on Thursday morning the children

jumped from their beds and ran out, as usual, to see the volcano. "Oh, mother!" cried Lyddy with delight. "Come quick! It's *too* beautiful!"

It was a wonderful sight. The wind had wafted the smoke clouds from above them; the rising sun shone on that giant mass, and from black it turned to silver and purple and gold; even the negroes stopped their work to gaze at it. But as they gazed a lurid yellow crept over it; the rumbling sound increased to a roar, and the smoke-column rose higher; there was more to come yet.

Mrs. Bell was very nervous; the more so when a messenger came from her husband, saying he would be detained all day. There were explosions like thunder, that frightened the children. Little Ruby began to cry, and would hardly be comforted.

By noon the rumbling noise grew and grew until it was a mighty roar. The ground began to tremble, not with the rocking motion of an earthquake, but vibrating continually, as a railroad bridge does when a heavy train passes over it. The children, clinging to their mother, watched the smoke-column in awe and wonder. It streamed into the sky like molten pitch, fired now and then by a flash of lightning, or a glow of flame from the crater. The roaring was so loud that at a little distance they could hardly hear one another speak.

The negroes forsook their work in terror; people hurried southward for refuge, women screamed, the dogs crept off to hiding-places, and cattle wandered moaning, half-starved because all the grass was covered with ashes. Once Lydia ran to pick up a little bird that fell near them. It had been overpowered by the vapor, or perhaps hit by one of the small stones that began to drop. Most of these stones were very light, like pumice, else they would have done more damage.

Mrs. Bell grew hourly more anxious. Once or twice she half resolved to go with her children to some safer place. But a gentleman who passed advised her not to; he said he believed they were quite secure there, so long as only the light ashes fell, and he was sure Dr. Bell would hasten back to his family if there was any immediate danger.

By four o'clock the noise was frightful; so loud at times that they stopped their ears; talking was impossible unless they screamed close to each other; and the earth was trembling as if it shared their terror. Little Ruby, in her mother's lap, was moaning and clinging, the poor little face all begrimed with ashes and streaked with tears. The servants, old Mammy included, had disappeared. Mrs. Bell had trouble enough to find some supper, and when they had eaten it she took the children to the market square, mainly for the comfort of being with other people. It was small comfort. Most of the crowd were negroes, and they were groaning on the ground, half dead with terror; only a few of the men showed a little courage.

About seven o'clock in the evening there was a louder crash, if possible; and suddenly, through the smoke, a pillar of fire shot up, spreading as it rose, and dazzling as molten iron. In that fierce glow the darkness turned to a lurid day; the sea all around caught the gleam and every wave was tinged with angry red. And then, as the fire ascended, forked lightnings began to play through the smoke, deafening claps of thunder sounded through the roar and trembling. Then came great balls of dazzling fire, shooting up from the crater; some falling back into it, some hurled over on the mountain-side, where they set the trees and bushes ablaze. And then the awe-struck crowd saw a great river of fire sweep down from the crater, rumbling and hissing as it came, with meteor-like balls hurled here and there, and the whole mountain-side blazing in its track.

At first it seemed to be coming toward them; then it divided at some mountain ridge, and they could see fresh billows of fire pressing over it until it turned westward and was lost to sight behind a hill. An hour later it reappeared near the coast, three miles north of them; and at length it reached the sea, and they could hear the water hissing even in the constant din of the eruption.

Mrs. Bell knew that her husband was at Wallibou, almost in the track of this lava-river; and her heart sank, for she feared he was overwhelmed in it. In her anxiety for him, she hardly noticed another stream of fire that

flowed down the eastern side of the mountain. So she stood in the market square until after midnight. A neighbor laid a blanket on the ground for the children to lie on; they were silent between fright and admiration, until nature got the better of them and they fell asleep. Lydia remembered closing her eyes to keep out the glow, and that was all until Mrs. Bell roused her to go home at one o'clock in the morning. She followed her mother sleepily at first; but just as they reached the house they were startled by an earthquake shock that almost threw them down. It lasted only a few seconds, and, among so many terrible things, they hardly noticed it. After waiting a little, and finding that there was no other shock, but only the constant trembling, Mrs. Bell took them into the house.

Patter! tat-tat! came a noise on the roof. It was a shower of cinders and pumice-stones, light as chips. Looking through the window, Mrs. Bell saw with alarm that some of them were red-hot; one fell on a thatched roof near by, and set it ablaze; but the men threw a bucket of water over it, putting the fire out in a minute. Mrs. Bell laid the children in bed, because she did not know what else to do; but she did not undress them, and for two or three hours she sat by the window, far too nervous to sleep. Indeed, it was an anxious night for her. She thought her husband must

be dead, and she did not know how soon the village itself might be overwhelmed by a shower of ashes, or set on fire by hot cinders.

About four o'clock there was a loud clatter on the roof. Lydia started awake, and sat up in bed listening to it; the air seemed to be full of flying stones. Her mother came and tried to soothe her, but she was badly frightened herself.



"SHE TOOK THE CHILDREN TO THE MARKET-SQUARE, FOR THE COMFORT OF BEING WITH OTHER PEOPLE."

"Oh, mama!" sobbed Lydia, "will it never stop?"

Just then there was a loud knock at the door. "Run! Run!" cried some one. "The mountain is raining stones. Run to Barrouallie!"

Mrs. Bell caught up Lydia's old-fashioned peaked hat, and put it on her head; then she picked up the sleeping Ruby and ran out of the door, Lydia following. Luckily, most of the stones had fallen in the first shower, and only here and there one was dropping. People were hurrying along the road, and they joined the stream, running as fast as they could over

the hill southward. On top of the ridge Lydia turned for a moment to look at that awful, flaming mass,—the great column of fire flashing through the smoke-pall, the lightnings darting over it, the two rivers of lava flowing east and west,—and that was the last she saw of the eruption. But just as she turned again, a small stone hit her peaked hat, and glanced off without hurting her.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, "a stone hit me!"

Perhaps her mother did not hear her in the din; she answered nothing, but presently took Lydia's hand, for the child was panting for breath. "Hurry!" she said.

And hurry they did, for miles. I think the neighbors must have helped them; at all events, about noon Mrs. Bell dragged herself and her children up to her brother's house, eleven miles south of their home in Chateaubelair. I have been over the road myself many a time, and know it as a rough and hard one even for a man; it must have been far worse for this tired, frightened woman and her children.

This story is a true one, and was told to me by Lydia herself. She was a very old woman when I saw her,—past ninety years,—and all that I have related occurred in 1812, eighty-four years ago. It was the great eruption of the Soufrière of St. Vincent, one of the smaller West Indian islands. It began at noon on April 27, and the worst was ended by the afternoon of May 1, the day when Mrs. Bell and her children reached her brother's house near Barrouallie.

Lydia Bell sat in our house at Chateaubelair as she told the story; a cheery old lady, with keen eyes, and skin dry as parchment and much yellower.

She told also of the wonder and sympathy of her uncle's family; how the fugitives were put to bed and petted and comforted.

And her father was safe, after all. For some reason he was detained until the great burst of fire, and then he thought it wiser not to come, because he would have been obliged to pass a valley where he judged that the lava might descend. As the fact showed, he was right; the lava rushed down this very valley, overwhelming several negro houses and killing some persons who were trying to pass. Wallibou was

cut off from the rest of the island by this river of fire; but next day Dr. Bell got a canoe and came around to his family by sea. Their house, too, was safe, and they might even have remained in it had they known; for hardly any stones fell at Chateaubelair after the first shower: indeed, no large ones fell there at all.

But the bombardment in some places must have been terrible. I have seen tracts of land, once smooth and fertile plantations, now covered with the great rugged stones so that you have to pick your way among them as you pass. Many of them are four or five feet broad. Of course, these are only the larger stones; the little ones were buried under the soil long ago.

Stones seem to have fallen all through the eruption, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Not long after the first expulsion of smoke, a negro boy was tending goats on a hillside; I have seen the place often. Suddenly a small stone fell near him, and then another. He thought that some of his playmates were pelting him from the bushes, and so began to throw stones in return. But the contest was too unequal, for it was the mountain that was throwing stones at him; and ere long he fled in terror, leaving his goats to their fate.

I have no space to tell you the whole story of this great eruption: how many plantations were ruined by the shower of stones, and, far worse, how fifty or perhaps a hundred people were killed by them, with great numbers of cattle and horses; how the lava dammed back a stream and formed a boiling lake, which broke through after a month and came hissing down the valley, overwhelming a whole negro settlement; how ashes were carried five or six hundred miles out to sea, and Barbados, eighty miles off, was darkened by the cloud, so that people had to grope their way at noon and use candles in their houses; how the explosions were heard hundreds of miles away, and it was thought that they were the guns of a great fleet or army.

But one thing I must tell you. When the eruption was over, and people could ascend the mountain again, they found the crater—the one Dr. Bell had visited—all changed. In-

stead of the smoking cone, there was a lake of water nine hundred feet below, filling the whole area, and so deep that no one has ever been able to fathom it. And beside this, separated from it only by a thin wall, they found a new crater, even larger; it was nearly a mile long, three quarters of a mile wide, and eight hundred feet deep, with sides like walls. That pit was blown out by the great explosion.

I have stood between the two craters, and

looked down into them. The new one is green and pretty now, with bushes and ferns, and no signs of fire; but the old one is a hideous depth of gray green water, through which bubbles are always ascending and bursting into sulphur fumes at the top. Sometimes the wind carries these fumes over the neighboring plantations, for miles around, as if to warn people that the old fires are not yet extinct. I hope it may be long before they break out again!

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

(*Begun in the November number.*)

CHAPTER X.

IN CAPERNAUM.

WHEN Cyril reached Capernaum he did not find Lois at the house of Abigail. He went there at once, only to be told that his sister had gone to the house of Simon Peter to help, for his wife's mother was sick.

Simon's house was toward the sea; and even before Cyril reached the house he learned that Jesus had not yet returned to Capernaum. He was preaching in one of the neighboring villages, and would not be in his own town again before the Sabbath.

Lois had watched for her brother when the time for Cyril's arrival drew near, and he found her waiting for him in the porch of Simon's house. Her face seemed sad, too, in spite of the pleasure she felt at seeing him.

"I am so glad thou art here," she said, in her very earnest welcome. "I hope that the Teacher will come! She is so sick, I think she will die. Where didst thou leave him?"

Cyril had a wonderful story to tell, but he did not tell it to Lois alone. Even Simon's wife left her mother for a moment, and came

out of the house, and some of her friends came with her. The nearer neighbors had seen Cyril arrive, and they gathered about him to learn the news, according to the custom of village folk. He was quickly the center of a little group of questioners and hearers, old and young, and to them he related the clearing of the Temple by the Teacher of Galilee. Yet they were not so much impressed by the stories of cures, for these Cyril had heard of but had not seen.

"Thou shouldst have remained with him," said Lois, reproachfully. "Then thou couldst have told us more of what he did."

"He will be here on the Sabbath," replied Cyril. "Ye will then see for yourselves what he will do."

"He will not cure anybody on the Sabbath," remarked one of his hearers. "We must wait until next week."

The people separated, and Cyril went into the house; but the questions of Lois had only begun. As they went in, however, she pointed toward the door of the sick room and whispered:

"If the Master could cure her! We think she cannot live. I wish he would come! He does not even know she is sick. Simon is with

him, and perhaps even he has not yet heard of her sickness."

Cyril sympathized with her thoroughly, but as he turned to go, he exclaimed again:

"Lois, if thou hadst but seen him in the Temple. He fears no one. I hope that he will be our leader against the Romans."

Cyril believed that the time for him to be a soldier was drawing near. All through that night he dreamed of marching legions and of battle-fields. When the next morning came he went out to find that the people of Capernaum were waiting in a state of impatient expectation for the arrival of the man whom some of them called "The Prophet of Galilee."

The Sabbath began with the evening of our Friday, and the sun set without the arrival of any further tidings except that the Teacher might be expected to preach in the synagogue on the next day. During that sixth day Lois was too busy for more than a brief talk with her brother, but she was waiting even more eagerly than he.

Sabbath morning came, and the hour (about nine o'clock of our time) for the synagogue services drew near, but Ben Nassur had not been seen in Capernaum. Cyril prepared to go early, but Lois was to remain at Simon's house. She was sincerely glad to be there and to help, but she could not help saying to herself: "I wish I could be at the synagogue, and that I could see and hear him!"

The first thing that Cyril saw to interest him that Sabbath morning was the throng passing along the street toward the synagogue, with the Teacher. He had walked several miles to reach the synagogue, and some of his followers had come all the way with him.

"There is Ben Nassur," exclaimed Cyril. "But who is that behind him?"

The very strict rabbi had strained a point and had walked further than the Law allowed on the Sabbath, in order to attend these synagogue services. The throng was dense, so that the Teacher and his disciples advanced slowly. Among the crowd walked a tall, haggard, wild-eyed man, to whom no other spoke, and from whose parched and panting lips no sound was uttered.

"Is he insane?" whispered Cyril to Ben

Nassur, when they met and when the rabbi had greeted his young kinsman.

"Not so," responded Ben Nassur. "He hath a demon, it is said. Such cases are more and more numerous, nowadays. Only the chief priests can aid these sufferers — they and the most learned rabbis."

Cyril had heard that even the rabbis and the priests avoided undertaking to remedy these evils, which some called casting out unclean spirits, and he asked the question, "What is this they call 'a demon'?"

"No man knoweth," calmly replied the rabbi. "But I have thought that Herod hath one," he added thoughtfully.

The Teacher was now going into the synagogue, and Ben Nassur followed at once, for he wished to secure a place from which he could hear what was said.

During all the usual opening services the Teacher sat in silence, but afterward a parchment copy of the Scriptures was handed him, and he read from it several passages. Then he rolled up the parchment, handed it back to its keeper and began to speak.

Cyril was leaning forward to listen, when he became aware of a man moving close beside him, and a fierce face was pushed forward near his shoulder. Cyril shrank away, almost in fear, for now came a loud voice, as if some power within the man spoke through his lips: "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee, who thou art, the Holy One of God."

Ben Nassur had risen upon his feet, and so had other men, in the intensity of their surprise and curiosity.

But there was no change in the manner of the Master, except that he at once spoke, as if reprovingly:

"Hold thy peace, and come out of him."

Down fell the man, as if some wrestler had thrown him, but when, a moment later, he arose again, he was found to be altogether himself, quiet and sane.

"Is the demon gone?" exclaimed Cyril. "Where did he go? What is he?"

"He is gone," said a man, who had pushed closer to him. "But what a word is this! for

with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out."

Those who stood near Isaac Ben Nassur said afterward that he seemed to be completely overawed by this evidence of power.

As for Cyril, his first impulse was to go and tell Lois. It was all the easier to go, because he could not now get anywhere near the Mas-

He reached the door, but did not pause there. He walked through the main room, and was led into the smaller one, where the sick woman lay.

Little enough could any Jewish physician do for the sufferers from the malignant fevers bred by the marshes around the Sea of Galilee. What would the Teacher do in such a case?



RABBI BEN NASSUR AND THE THRONG BEFORE THE HOUSE OF SIMON PETER.

ter, and because the crowd was slowly making its way out of the synagogue. He reached the house of Simon, and Lois listened in silence to his wonderful story; but she seemed to be thinking of something else.

"I am glad the man was cured," she said. "Why cannot the Master do something for the people of this house?"

Cyril did not make any reply, for up the street toward Simon's house, at that moment, was coming the crowd that accompanied the Teacher.

"I believe he is coming to see her," whispered Lois. "I hope he is."

What comfort would he give to the poor woman who lay there tossing and moaning?

The Teacher was now standing by the sick woman, but neither Cyril nor Lois caught the few words that he uttered as he took the sufferer by the hand, and raised her gently. He did not seem to be speaking to her, but Lois exclaimed, joyfully:

"Cyril, Cyril! The fever has left her. She is cured. She is well!"

And indeed the matron so suddenly restored to health was quickly out among her kinsfolk. Her very gladness for her recovery at once expressed itself, moreover, in her zeal for the hos-

pitiable entertainment of him who had cured her, and of her thronging guests.

Not far from the outer doorway stood Isaac Ben Nassur. His face expressed both wonder and disapproval. He, at least, remembered what so many others had forgotten — that this was the Sabbath day, a day upon which not even such ministration to the sick was permitted by the rabbis.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

THE law of the seventh day of the week, as interpreted by the rabbis, enjoined a quiet Sabbath afternoon. During the hours when perfect rest was observed, however, the news of the Teacher's power to heal spread rapidly from house to house; and people everywhere made ready to claim his aid as soon as the Law would let them.

Ben Nassur had been consulted by several persons, and, among other wise remarks, he had said :

"I did not see the water changed into wine. Neither did I see this woman cured. She was cured, she got up, and came out. I know no more than that. I do not say yet what it is best for the people to think or believe concerning this Teacher."

When the sun went down everybody in Capernaum was listening for the trumpet, in front of the synagogue, to tell them that the Sabbath hours were over.

At length came the signal to the clustered homes of the city, and to the scattered dwellings of the fisher-folk along the shore. It was heard by rich and poor alike, by sick and well, and from every direction they went in a swelling tide toward the open space in front of the house of Simon.

It was still daylight when Cyril and Lois stood and watched the Master and the people.

"He laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them," said Lois, as she and Cyril walked away, for the darkness came on, and the crowd was dispersing. "Cyril, I heard some voices crying, 'Thou art the Anointed!' and as if answering them I heard the voice of the Teacher reproving and forbidding them."

"It is not time yet," said Cyril. "If the Ro-

mans suspected that he was the King, and was to be anointed over all Israel, they would slay him."

"Would they really slay him?" exclaimed Lois. "For healing the sick?"

"Not for that," replied Cyril; "but for being the King, to raise a rebellion. I mean to watch all night. If he goes away, I must go with him. How I wish father were here! He would know what to do!"

Neither his son nor his daughter knew where Ezra the Swordmaker was; but it was many and many a long mile from Capernaum. With a number of companions he was in hiding within a great cave.

It was exceedingly dark, excepting in one spot. That also was gloomy and strange enough. A cresset, or basket made of thin strips of iron, for holding embers to give light, swung at the end of a chain that hung from a dim frame-work high above the ground. The cresset was about two yards above a mass of iron, smooth on top, which could be recognized as a rude but serviceable anvil. This was indicated also by a brickwork forge, a bellows, hammers, charcoal, and ashes, with other evidences of the blacksmith's trade.

The place was neither untenanted nor silent. Not far from the anvil sat or lay the party of bearded men, to whom a voice, deep and solemn, was rehearsing the story of the doings at Jerusalem during the Passover week, the cleansing of the Temple, and the teachings of the bold prophet from Nazareth of Galilee.

It was an exciting and wonderful story, for it contained, though with some exaggerations, all the tales brought to Jerusalem by the enthusiastic men of Galilee. The name of Rabbi Ben Nassur and the wonder of the wine at the marriage feast were by no means omitted. Dark faces, bronzed and scarred, upon which the red light fell from the fragments of resinous wood that were blazing in the cresset, grew more striking in the earnestness with which they listened.

Some turned to look at one another, or at the almost unseen narrator, back among the shadows; but one brawny form by the anvil never stirred. This man's head was bowed forward and the face could not be seen; but

one bare arm rested on the mass of iron, so that the hand—a right hand—lay upon the pointed projection at one end. It was a hand, truly, but twisted and gnarled out of all shape, and its very fingers were shrunk to little more than the bones.

"Men and brethren," said the speaker, in conclusion, "they call us robbers of the wilder-

by the Jordan, when he bore witness of this man of Galilee. Let us know from his own lips what he will say of him now."

Then spake the strong man by the anvil:

"Go ye to John. I will go to Galilee to inquire for myself. The boy who was with Rabbi Ben Nassur is my own son. Perhaps he can tell me somewhat. I am of no use



IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

ness; disciples of John the Baptizer; followers of the old faith. We who wait for the hope of Israel know that John, indeed, is in prison. He is bound in the deep dungeon of the fort of Machærus. But this new prophet of Galilee, what shall we say of him?"

There was silence for a moment, and then another voice answered:

"Let us go and ask John. They still permit us to speak with him. Herod has shut John up, but dares not harm him. I was with him,

here. I can ply the hammer no more. Ye must find you another swordmaker. For if this is indeed the King, the day of those who can draw the sword is not distant!"

Slowly he arose to his feet, and in a moment more Ezra the armorer had disappeared in the gloom beyond the red light from the cresset.

There was no gloom in Capernaum that night. There were only such shadows as the moon might permit, while it shone so brightly

among the trees and houses. The lake was one glitter of dancing waves, and in many a household, until slumber quieted all, there were glad hearts and joyous words, because of the sicknesses of all sorts which had departed at the touch of the Master.

Cyril did not sleep. Neither was he at the house of Simon. Lois was there still, although Simon's wife's mother no longer needed the attention of her young nurse. Ben Nassur was at the house of a friend, a rabbi.

Cyril did not sleep, nor did he long remain in one place, for he was, in his own mind, acting as volunteer sentry, or rather guardian, around the house which contained the leader who would yet, he was almost ready to believe, become his captain and his king. All night long he stealthily patrolled, hither and thither, or lay concealed among trees and shrubbery, and at last, in the dark hour that comes before the dawn, he was rewarded. The moon had long since gone down and it was starlight only, but he saw the house-door open. He saw the Teacher walk out, silently, and pass away through the empty streets out of the city. And Cyril followed until a lonely, deserted spot was reached.

"He is safe there," thought Cyril. "I ought to go and tell Simon and the other disciples."

It was a simple task to find them, and then with them went out a rapidly increasing throng to gather around the Master and beg him not to go away. There were still, they said, many sick people in and around Capernaum.

"I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also," was the answer; "for therefore am I sent."

So those who had heard him dispersed to their own places. Isaac Ben Nassur returned to Cana. Lois went back to her needlework at the house of Abigail. Cyril, much against his will, was compelled to go to the fishing-boats and his daily, or, more often, nightly toil upon the Lake of Galilee. He could not possibly accompany the Teacher upon a long tour of preaching and healing, from city to city, and so Lois plainly told him:

"He has not bidden thee to come with him. Thou art better in Simon's boat, or John's, while they are with the Master. I too would wish to go, but I must stay here in Capernaum at work with Abigail."

(To be continued.)

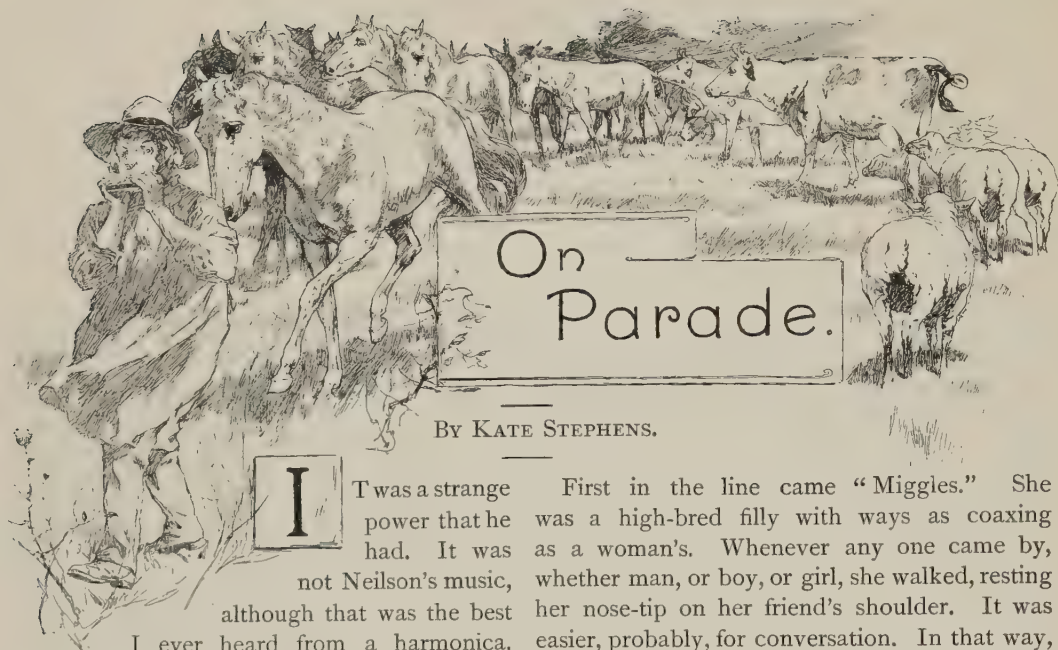
SNOWFLAKES.

BY CHARLES L. BENJAMIN.

SOFT — soft — soft
 From their cloudland home
 They steal when the gray old world 's at
 rest;
 Whiter they than the ocean foam,
 Light as the down on the eider's breast;
 Soft they fall through the winter night,
 Dancing down by the moon's pale light.

They fall — fall — fall
 Through the winter night,
 Till the gray old world is hid from sight.
 They fall — fall — fall
 By the moon's pale light,
 Till the earth is robed in a robe of white.
 They fall — fall — fall
 Over all.

Then Winter his bitterest blasts may bring,
 But the world is warm where the snow lies deep,
 And the snowflakes faithful ward will keep;
 And snug 'neath their snowy covering
 The flowers will wait for the voice of Spring.



BY KATE STEPHENS.

IT was a strange power that he had. It was not Neilson's music, although that was the best I ever heard from a harmonica. And it was not his military gait. It was surely his real love for the beasts—they were his brothers.

Every Sunday morning, when the weather was fair, you might see these kin of Neilson on parade.

They were the belongings of a big farm, which ran for perhaps a mile along the yellow waters of the Kaw. Overhead you would see white and sunny skies. In the dense woods you would hear cardinal-birds whistle in February, and doves coo in May. The soil was a rich bottom-land, and grew clover and blue-grass and timothy, upon which Neilson's friends fed.

Of a Sunday morning, as I was saying, up and down a meadow he would lead them—round the old oak, twenty feet in girth, standing at one end, then all across field, and down to the brook. They made the figure eight; they made zeros; they circled round the red wind-mill that was ever whirling to pump sweet water for their troughs. And they made squares and scallops, Neilson all the time leading and blowing for dear life upon his harmonica.

For tunes he played such gay things as "Annie Rooney," "After the Ball," and other airs that his ear had readily caught; also melodies of his native Sweden.

First in the line came "Miggles." She was a high-bred filly with ways as coaxing as a woman's. Whenever any one came by, whether man, or boy, or girl, she walked, resting her nose-tip on her friend's shoulder. It was easier, probably, for conversation. In that way, at least, she used to tell tales of the field's sports.

Then after Miggles came "Dick" and "Nick," and nervous "Betsy Bobbet," and "Fanny Fire-fly," who was as fine a buckskin mare as ever laid back ear at the thought of any sort of wagon ahead of her; then the other horses, ten or twelve of them in a line. But Miggles was always at the head; and in pace with Miggles, Neilson, blowing like the west wind, and swinging his legs like a new recruit in the goose-step.

Next came the mules. Poor, patient beasts! they never thought of mingling with the horses. Social lines were as clearly and as foolishly drawn in this meadow as in the big world of men. You never saw a simple-minded mule hobnobbing with a high-born horse. The two endured each other's presence, and fed in different patches.

After the mules the cows dragged their slow feet; Jersey and Durham colors marked their skins, but two or three long-horned Texans filled out the herd. Between these thoroughbreds and the natives of the plains there were, however,—and I am glad to say it,—no airs and no exceptions. Together they gossiped and waded the brook in the silent noontide heat. And now they marched in mixed file close

upon the mules—so far along the line, however, that it seemed impossible for Neilson's music to reach their ears.

But perhaps the oddest of all were the sheep. Whether they have a sense of sweet sound I do not know; but they, too, fell in with the spirit of the march. Perhaps, in a silly, mutton-headed way, they wanted to do as other folks did. At any rate, they ambled along in Neilson's great

line, heads down and tails often wagging like mad.

Such was the strange power of Neilson's that I first spoke of. That he could lead so many of his friends, of so different kinds, in so long and devious a march, merely by playing gay tunes on a harmonica and beating time by the swaying of his body—this was surely owing to his love for them and to their love for him.



THE BOY WHO BORROWED TROUBLE.

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.



THOUGH extremely fond of coasting, this most peculiar lad,
While flying swiftly down the hill, would wear a look of pain;—
For already he was thinking—and it really made him sad—
That very soon he 'd have to climb the whole way up again.

SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER V.

NEW BAGDAD.

THE junior partner made no reply; it was impossible for him to regard the situation from Sindbad's standpoint. If he had read of it in the "Arabian Nights" he would have enjoyed it immensely, and would probably have envied Sindbad's fellow-prisoner. But now that he himself was that fellow-prisoner, seated in a damp boat on a very damp river, on a chilly September night — well, it was quite a different thing.

"I am afraid you are offended, partner," said Sindbad, presently. "Honest, I did n't mean what I said on the train. You see, I was a little upset."

"Yes, but you were ugly before you were upset," returned Tom.

"You don't understand me. My digestion was all wrong — it is now, for that matter. Mrs. Pettibone's table did n't suit me at all; nothing but doughnuts and pie, and pie and doughnuts."

"Mrs. Pettibone makes awful good pies," said Tom, much hurt at this contemptuous reference to the cuisine of the Oakdale Hotel, which he had always considered beyond criticism.

"Maybe she does," replied Sindbad, "but if she had perpetrated one of those atrocities in Bagdad — well, it would have been a sure case of the sack. But never mind about Mrs. Pettibone and her pies: how does the present situation strike you?"

"I can't say I exactly like it," replied Tom after a moment's hesitation. "We don't know where we're going, and —"

"And I don't care," interrupted Sindbad. "One thing I'm sure of: we'll have high old

times. Oh, I can tell in a minute when there's adventure ahead!"

"Hush!" said Tom; "you know that fellow told us not to talk."

"Yes, and I tell you so again," interrupted one of their captors. "I can hear every word you say, and it will all be used against you. 'That fellow!' why, that term, applied to the Grand Vizier of New Bagdad — well, I don't know *exactly* what the penalty will be, but I should say about forty years' imprisonment. Now, don't deny that you said it, because you did. You heard him say it, did n't you, Selim?"

"Yes, your Ineffable Highness," piped a shrill voice, "I did. Those were his very words, and I don't know when I have been so shocked. Why, I have n't been so broken-up by anything since —"

"Oh, do be quiet," interrupted the Grand Vizier, impatiently. "I ought to have known better than to ask you a question."

"Do you mean to say, gentlemen," interrupted Sindbad, his voice trembling with excitement, "that the name of the city to which you are taking us is New Bagdad?"

"I *did* n't mean to say anything about it," replied the Grand Vizier, "but since I have inadvertently done so I reply — yes."

"Well," said Sindbad, "I'm delighted to hear it. Why, this begins to seem like old times. So you are the Grand Vizier! Well, well! And I suppose your ruler is called Sultan."

"He is. But don't ask so many questions; you are almost as annoying as Selim."

Sindbad discreetly relapsed into silence.

"What river is this?" whispered Tom in his partner's ear.

"I don't know," replied the great explorer. "It's only a little canal, I think. You see we fell into the Connecticut river, but we did n't stay there long; these two gentlemen, the

Grand Vizier of New Bagdad and his pains-taking and affable assistant, Selim, steered the boat into this stream, and—

"*Will* you be quiet?" broke in the Grand Vizier. "I'm listening to every word, and I shall report all you say to the Sultan."

"Well," said Tom, heedless of Sindbad's admonitory nudges, "we're not saying anything that we don't wish repeated. I should like to know what river this is, and where New Bagdad is; I never heard of it."

"Oh, yes, he has heard of it, too, Your Highness," interrupted Sindbad, giving his partner's arm a hard pinch; "but he is painfully modest, and does n't like to tell all he knows. Why, everyone is familiar with the geography of New Bagdad."

"No, everyone is n't, either," snapped the Grand Vizier.

"Of course," said Sindbad apologetically, "I mean everyone that *is* anyone."

"I think we've almost reached the New Bosphorus, Your Highness," interrupted Selim at this point. "Shall I turn on the expander?"

"Wait a few minutes," replied the Grand Vizier; "I think the moon will soon be out."

They had been rowing through a stream so narrow that they were brushed many times by the shrubbery on either bank, but this had ceased now; evidently they were in deeper water.

Scarcely had the Grand Vizier spoken when the full moon emerged from behind a murky cloud. Its rays shimmered along the dancing waves and entered a narrow inlet, but a few rods in the wake of the boat.

"Hurrah!" cried Selim shrilly, "we're on the New Bosphorus! Talk about your Hudson and your Mississippi!—why, they're not to be compared with the great, the glorious New Bosphorus."

"Will you *please* try to be quiet, Selim?" said the Grand Vizier in a tone indicative of much annoyance. "The next time I go on an expedition of this sort, *you* won't accompany me—I can tell you that."

"Your Illustrious Highness is pleased to be real cross to-night," grumbled Selim. "Well, shall your unworthy yet thoroughly up-to-date slave turn on the expander now?"

"Go ahead."

Tom was surprised to find that, notwithstanding his big voice, the Grand Vizier was a little insignificant-looking man not more than four feet in height, while Selim was a large, stout individual at least a foot taller than Sindbad. The head of the former was long and narrow, and his countenance had a most forbidding expression; but Selim's face was round and chubby, and wore a good-natured though perhaps rather insipid smile.

Their costumes were purely Arabian, and of rich material.

When the Grand Vizier said, "Go ahead," Selim placed his hand upon a little brass wheel, about eight inches in diameter, at the stern of the boat, and gave it several rapid revolutions.

The result startled Tom so much that he uttered a loud cry, half of astonishment, half of fear; even the blasé Sindbad seemed interested, and, perhaps, a trifle nervous. For the little bark began to spread out in all directions; in a few seconds it was as large as a yacht, then it had assumed the proportions of a schooner, and in less than two minutes it was a full-rigged ship with all sails unfurled. Sailors in Oriental attire were rushing about in all directions in obedience to hoarse orders issued by the Grand Vizier through a trumpet almost as large as himself.

Sindbad and Tom, who had been tumbled about most unceremoniously in the course of the transformation, found themselves, when all was over, seated upon the deck near the fore hatchway.

The great explorer tried to assume the air of one to whom this sort of thing was a frequent occurrence; but the attempt was not altogether successful.

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," he said, with a ghastly smile. "If you'd seen as many queer things as I have, you'd laugh at this. It's only a bit of magic, and very nicely done, too; I should really like to see it again."

"No, 't is n't magic," said a voice behind them; "it's science."

Turning, they confronted Selim, who was wiping the perspiration from his face with a large red silk handkerchief.

"It's nothing but science," he went on;

"though I confess it does look like magic. It's an invention of our Sultan's; he calls it a condensed ship. It's adjustable, and we can make this vessel anything from a small scull to a man-of-war. Oh, we New Bagdadites are a very ingenious people!"

Just then the harsh voice of the Grand Vizier cried:

"Where are you, Selim?"

"Right here, Your Highness," was the reply. "I'll be with you in a moment"; and he frisked away, waving his hand gaily at Tom.

"Well," said the boy, drawing a long breath, "did you ever experience anything as queer as this, Mr. Sindbad?"

"I'd have died of *ennui* long ago if I had n't," replied the explorer. "Why, this is nothing at all; but I'm in hopes we have a little excitement ahead of us."

"Well, I guess *you* have," said the junior partner, somewhat offended by his companion's contemptuous reference to the wonders they had just witnessed. "You heard what Selim said; I believe they intend to — to —"

"Oh, don't be afraid to say it," interrupted Sindbad lightly. "They intend to kill me, but you never heard of my being killed, did you? No; nor will you just at present. I wonder if this town we are approaching is New Bagdad."

Tom turned and glanced in the direction in which his partner was looking, then he uttered an exclamation of wonder and delight. Stretching almost from the water's edge to a height of at least a thousand feet, were countless gilded domes and minarets; the city they were approaching was built upon a high and very steep hill; it was lighted only by the rays of the moon.

"Well, that is the handsomest place I ever saw!" cried Tom in genuine admiration.

"It's very evident that you have n't traveled much," said Sindbad sarcastically. "You ought to have seen *old* Bagdad in its best days!"

At this moment Selim came running toward them in great excitement.

"We're almost there," he panted. "What do you think of our city, Sindbad?"

"It's fair to middling," replied the explorer sullenly.

"'Fair to middling,' eh?" said Selim. "So that's all you can say! You'd better express that opinion to the Sultan, and see what happens."

"I meant to say —" began Sindbad hastily, but Selim interrupted him with:

"Never mind what you *meant* to say; I heard what you *did* say. Now, then, come over near the gangway and make ready to disembark."

The two explorers silently obeyed. Five minutes later, escorted by the Grand Vizier and Selim, they crossed the gang-plank and set foot on the soil of New Bagdad.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.

THE straight, narrow street along which our travelers were hurried was lined with tall, detached buildings, of what might be termed the gingerbread style of architecture. No two houses were alike, and all were decorated in the gaudiest and most fantastic manner. There were but few pedestrians abroad, and they hurried past the two strangers with apprehensive glances.

"You have a pretty city, Your Highness," said Sindbad. "I have n't seen as pretty a place in many a long day."

"Pretty is n't the word at all," growled the Grand Vizier. "*I* should have said magnificent."

"Or sublime, Your Highness," interrupted Selim, "or gorgeous. Why, there are lots and lots of better words than *pretty*."

"And they all apply to your unapproachable city," said Sindbad, smiling at Tom.

"That's better — a good deal better. Now is n't it, Your Highness?" said Selim. "I can't at this moment think of a word that I like better than unapproachable."

"The place *is* as unapproachable as we can make it," said the Grand Vizier; "mighty few foreigners ever get here."

"But see here," interrupted Tom, "how is it that it is n't on the map of the United States?"

"There are a great many things that are not on the map of the United States," answered the Grand Vizier. "But we New Bagdadites acknowledge being directly responsible for the egregious errors made by your surveyors. The fact is, we have a way of concealing the existence of our city from its nearest neighbors."

"And *such* an ingenious way!" interposed

"Oh!" said Selim, in a shocked tone. "Well, I won't tell them then, for it would never do for me to lose my head to-night, when I have so much business on hand. Why, here we are at the palace now! Does n't the time pass quickly when you 're in pleasant company?"

"Stand back, and keep quiet," ordered the



"SO THIS IS YOU, IS IT, SINDBAD?" SAID THE SULTAN." (SEE PAGE 422.)

Selim, with childlike glee. "It won't do any harm for me to tell them about it, will it, Your Highness?"

"Oh, no, not much harm — nothing to speak of!" replied the Grand Vizier, grimly, and looking significantly at Selim. "You and they will be executed directly we reach the Sultan's palace — that 's all."

Grand Vizier, roughly pushing his subordinate aside, and striding on ahead.

"I don't know when he 's been so cross," whispered Selim to Sindbad. "But he 's all right at heart, as you 'll find, if he does n't induce the Sultan to kill you at sight. Ah, there 's the Sultan now! Is n't he looking well to-night?"

They had entered a courtyard paved with marble, and lighted only by the rays of the moon. In its center was a dais, upon which was seated an individual not unlike the Grand Vizier in appearance — a very small man, with his head crowned by a very large and brilliantly jeweled turban.

"Here we are, Your Serenity," announced the Grand Vizier.

"Who are 'we'?" queried the Sultan, rubbing his eyes; he seemed to have been asleep.

"Your unworthy slave whom you were pleased in a moment of weakness to elevate to the office of Grand Vizier: the illiterate and utterly despicable creature, Selim: and their two prisoners, the vile wretch Sindbad, and his unprincipled companion, whose name has not yet been ascertained."

"So this is you, is it, Sindbad?" said the Sultan, gazing with evident interest at the explorer.

"It is, Your Serenity," replied Sindbad. "How are you feeling this evening?"

"Sleepy; and I, therefore, want to dispose of your case as quickly as possible."

"Shall I send Selim for an ax?" asked the Grand Vizier eagerly.

"Not yet, my faithful servitor," said the monarch; then, turning again to Sindbad, he asked: "Who is the boy?"

"He 's my partner, Your Serenity. Allow me: the Sultan of New Bagdad — Mr. Thomas Smith. I 'm happy to have the privilege of making two good fellows acquainted."

Tom bowed clumsily, startled at Sindbad's audacity. But the Sultan did not seem in the least offended.

"I 'm glad to know you both," he said, "and regret that our acquaintance must necessarily be cut short."

"I 'd better send for the ax now, had n't I?" interposed the Grand Vizier.

"No, no!" replied the Sultan impatiently. "There will be no execution to-night, so set your mind at rest on that point. Why, I 'm bound to give these two prisoners an opportunity to think up a few last wishes."

"It is as I feared," sighed the Grand Vizier, "Your Serenity's better nature is coming back."

"No, it is n't either," said the Sultan, pettishly. "I should think you could see that. I

never felt more merciless in the whole course of my life than I do at this moment; but I want to have a little talk with Sindbad and his partner. You and Selim may retire."

The Grand Vizier shuffled away with a dissatisfied air, followed by Selim; who waved his hand at Tom, saying meaningly:

"Good-by; I may n't see you again."

When they were beyond earshot, Sindbad said, addressing the Sultan:

"I 'm very glad of this opportunity for a private interview, Your Serenity. I should particularly like to know why my partner and I have been kidnapped and brought here; I 'm sure it must have been in direct opposition to your wishes."

"No, it was n't," said the Sultan; "it was in accordance with my express commands. But that is one thing I wanted to speak with you about; I am willing to confess that I might not have had you captured had I not seen that it was a necessary political measure."

"I don't understand, Your Serenity," said Sindbad.

"I will explain," the Sultan answered. "You are a professional explorer?"

"I am."

"Just so. And you 've explored nearly every country on the globe except this one, have you not?"

"I have, Your Serenity."

"Well, you have been brought here because the New Bagdadites have a decided objection to being discovered and explored. I can't say that I should mind it so much, for I am nothing if not liberal, but I must recognize and respect the popular feeling. Why, our entire population is divided into Sindbadites and anti-Sindbadites, the latter being largely in the majority. Now you see how I 'm placed, don't you?"

"Dear, dear!" was Sindbad's only response.

"Learning that you were near New Bagdad," continued the Sultan, "and that it would very likely be your next stopping-place, I sent out my Grand Vizier, who is also the commander of my fleet, to capture you."

"And he did it very neatly; I 'll give him credit for that," said Sindbad. "But why do you object so strongly to having New Bagdad explored?"

"For many reasons; because we don't care to be burdened with foreign paupers, because—but what's the use of going into all that? My people don't want to be discovered, and they won't be, and that settles it. We've succeeded in keeping our existence secret for a long time, but we've always had a haunting fear that you might some day betray it. You having explored all, or nearly all, other lands, we knew our turn *must* come soon. When we heard that you were in Oakdale we decided that the time for action had come. We took action—and here you are. That's the whole story; I trust I make myself understood?"

"Oh, yes," said Sindbad; "your explanation of the situation is as clear as—as could have been expected of you."

"Thank you very much. And now let me ask you a question: Are you up in science?"

"Well, to a certain extent," replied Sindbad, guardedly. "Why do you ask?"

"Because a scientific problem confronts us, and has been confronting us as long as we can remember. We can't strike a light, and therefore we have no means of artificial illumination."

"And your city depends entirely upon the light of the sun and the moon?" cried Sindbad.

"Exactly."

"But how do you cook your food?"

"We don't cook it," replied the Sultan; "we don't know how to cook it. Now, can you help us out?"

"I can," replied the explorer promptly; "upon certain terms."

"What terms?" cried the Sultan eagerly.

"That my life and that of my partner be spared."

The monarch shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I can't promise that," he said, "but I will agree to use my influence in your behalf."

"That will be satisfactory, Your Serenity," replied Sindbad. "With your influence and my tact—"

"All right, then," interrupted the Sultan impatiently; "you may consider that as settled. And now let's see you make a fire."

"You'll have to wait until to-morrow, Your Serenity; my matches are all wet."

"Your matches? What are your matches?" asked the Sultan peevishly.

Sindbad explained, the monarch listening attentively.

"Well," he said when the explorer had finished, "matches are a great invention, and no mistake; I wish I'd known of them before. But do you suppose your matches will be good for anything when they are dried, Sindbad?"

"I have grave doubts on that point, Your Serenity," was the reply; "but if they are not I shall still have my sun-glass."

"What's a sun-glass?" inquired the Sultan.

"It is a convex glass lens mounted in a frame and furnished with a handle; with it the rays of the sun may be converged into a focus and heat produced."

"Dear me! I don't know what you are talking about," said the Sultan. "Let's see this wonderful machine."

Sindbad took a sun-glass about four inches in diameter from his pocket, and handed it to the Sultan.

The monarch examined it curiously, turning it over and over; then he said:

"I don't think much of it, but it may be all right; let's see it work."

"Your Serenity," replied Sindbad, "it is necessary to wait until after sunrise."

"Oh, nonsense!" snapped the Sultan. "If it'll work with the sun it'll work with the moon; go ahead."

"Your Serenity's knowledge causes his slave's eyes to stand forth from their sockets with wonder," said the diplomatic explorer; "but, nevertheless, this is not that kind of glass."

"Well, then, we'll let the experiment go until morning," returned the Sultan. "I'm awfully sleepy anyhow, and I'm tired of talking. What ho! Selim!"

That individual entered, concealing a yawn behind his broad palm.

"Take these two fellows to the nearest dungeon-cell and then get to bed," ordered the monarch.

(To be continued.)

THE LOWEST OF OUR QUADRUPEDS.

(Concluding paper of the Series on North American Quadrupeds.)

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

WE began with the highest of our quadrupeds, and we have now reached the lowest. We have described many animals so keen-eyed and nimble-footed that it takes a good gun and the skill of a good hunter to bring one down. A very few have been able to fight the hunter, and make him afraid. Now, however, we have to finish this branch of our natural history studies among animals so poorly equipped with weapons of offense that in one case Nature has kindly provided a bony coat of mail to protect her handiwork from assault, and to another she has given an instinct which prompts it to feign death in times of mortal peril.

The theories of "evolution by natural selection" and "the influence of environment" are very interesting and well worth study, but, like all things of human invention, they have their limitations. Before deciding that these theories are to be accepted as truths, I would like to have the student look at a little NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO (*Ta-tu'si-a no'vem-cinc'ta*), and tell us whether he got his wonderful suit of plate-armor by chance, by evolution, or by careful design. To my mind, and I say it in all reverence, this wonderful little creature deserves to be classed with the visible evidences of Christianity.

Just look at it for a moment. Its home is on the grassy and treeless savannas of Central and South America, where it is subject to the attacks of the larger birds of prey, and flesh-eating animals generally. It is too small and too puny in strength to run far, and has neither teeth, horns, claws, spines, nor scent-glands with which to fight. Shall it be left utterly defenseless to become the prey of any prowler the moment it emerges from its burrow to seek its daily ration of ants and other food? By no means. And who was it that cunningly

devised the Armadillo's suit of bony plate-armor, with nine ring-like joints in the middle, so that it would bend easily? Why, even its long, opossum-like tail is ringed all around with bone, and protected quite to its tip. The lower parts of the animal are not covered by the shield,—and why? It is so that in times of danger little Tatusia can fold up his legs neatly, tuck them and his head also close against the yielding flesh of his body, and in an instant make everything snug by rolling himself into a ball, leaving nothing but his hard shell exposed. The creature becomes a living nut that is not to be cracked by every enemy that comes along.

In its movements the Armadillo is quick and rather spasmodic, but while it scurries rapidly over the ground for a short distance, its course is soon run. It burrows in holes of its own digging, in dry plains; but its burrows are so shallow, it is an easy matter to dig the creature out whenever one is found at home. I once went a-hunting for "*Cachicamos*," as they are called in Venezuela, on a wide savanna at the head of the Orinoco delta; and, although the day was cloudy and damp, we had good dogs and walked at least ten miles, finding only one Armadillo. It was in a burrow about three feet deep, in the middle of a vast, level prairie. We dug it out with our *machetes*, or long knives, made a "specimen" of it, and, being ourselves in a state of perpetual hunger, ate its flesh with great relish, for it was very good.

The Nine-banded Armadillo is found in southern and southwestern Texas, and thence southward through Mexico and Central America to far distant Paraguay. It is entirely harmless and inoffensive, often kept in captivity, and its flesh is everywhere esteemed palatable food. In size it is a little smaller than our opossum.

In the hot lowland forests of South America there lives a group of animals specially designed by nature to feed upon the ants which are so abominably abundant in the tropics. These animals are called Ant-Eaters, and two of the number — the most interesting ones — have extended their range northward of the Isthmus of Panama, into North America.

end of that curious muzzle, its tongue is like a big angle-worm a foot long, and it has *no teeth whatever!* Its covering is a rough coat of long, coarse, brown hair, most strangely marked by a black band underneath the throat, which on the chest divides into a long, wedge-shaped stripe of black that extends backward and upward across the shoulder.



A GROUP OF NINE-BANDED ARMADILLOS.

With the exception of the jaguar, the GREAT ANT-EATER, the ANT-BEAR, or CRESTED ANT-

ANT-BEAR.

(*Myr-me-coph'a-ga ju-ba'-ta.*)

BEAR, whichever you choose to call him, is the most showy quadruped in all South America; nor am I at all sure he is not entitled to first place. In height and bulk a full-grown specimen is about as large as a Newfoundland dog, and is really quite bear-shaped in body and legs. Its tail is long and strong, and bears a tremendous brush of coarse, wiry, brown-black hair, which makes this organ very noticeable. Its head is so small, and its muzzle so fearfully prolonged, that it reminds one of the head and beak of an ibis. Its mouth is a narrow slit across the

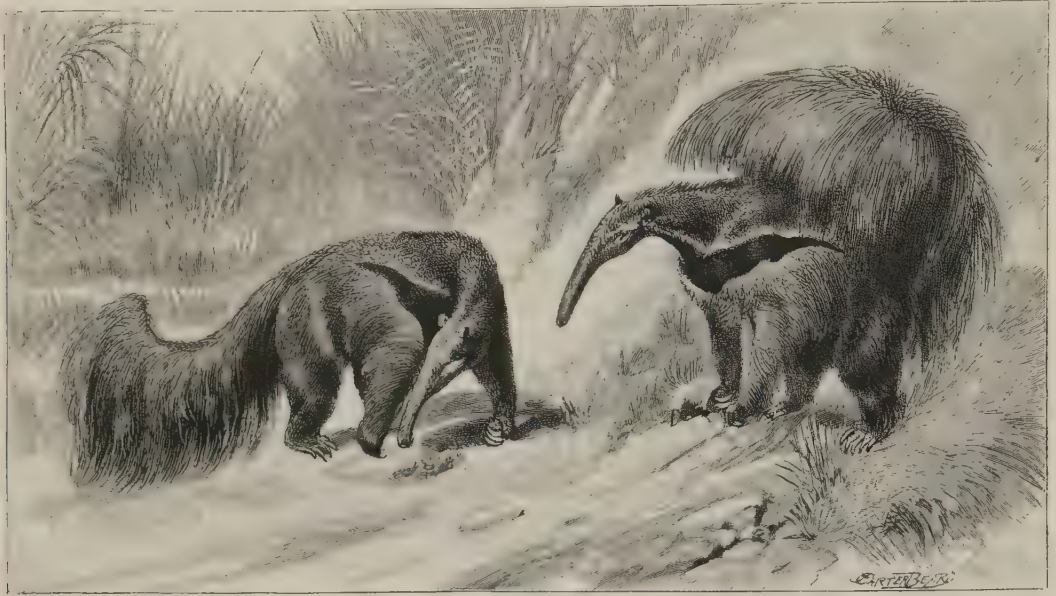
To me it has always been a puzzle why this creature should possess such a luxuriant coat of hair in so hot a climate. Another point still more open to criticism is his clubbed fore feet. He walks on his claws, and the outer edges of his fore feet, in a most awkward, and even painful, way, for which there seems to be no adequate excuse — unless his feet were formed that way to vex the souls of wicked taxidermists. Put them as you will, they *will not* look right; but to the living animal their big, strong, hooked claws are very useful in tearing the bark off decayed logs, or ripping open ant-hills for the insertion of that sticky, worm-like tongue. I have often been told by South American hunters that the Ant-Bear uses his long, bushy

tail to sweep up ants with, so that they can be devoured more expeditiously; but I fancy that is only a "yarn."

Even where it is most plentiful, the Great

species ranges as far north as Southern Mexico, and in some localities, where its favorite food is quite abundant, it is frequently seen.

There is one group of animals that seems to



GREAT ANT-EATER.

Ant-Eater is a rare animal. Although I have hunted it many days, I never saw but two specimens alive, one of which was a young one in captivity at Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco, and the other was a magnificent large specimen in Forepaugh's menagerie. Owing to their lack of teeth, and the peculiarities of their diet, they are difficult to keep alive in captivity. North of Panama this species is found only in Guatemala and Costa Rica, and is very rare in both those countries. It lives upon the ground, and its worst enemies are the jaguar and puma.

The TAMANDUA ANT-EATER is about one fourth the size of the preceding species. Its long, opossum-like tail has no brush; its head is very much shorter in proportion; it lives in trees, and is very much commoner than the other. I once was the proud owner of a fine, large specimen, which would climb all over me, and cling to my arms with its feet and tail, quite as lovingly as if I were a tree. This

have been created after nature had grown so weary of supplying good eyes, good legs, teeth, and claws, that she left the poor creatures without either shield, weapons, or the power to run away!

I never see a live Sloth without feeling sorry for it; for truly they all deserve sympathy, and plenty of it. Had I been born a Sloth, I would

want to sue Nature, or in
HOFFMANN'S SLOTH, some way collect damages.

(*Cho-lo'pus hoffmann-i.*) Take HOFFMANN'S SLOTH, for example. It is one of the largest of them all, but it is too weak and helpless to be put



SKULL OF ANT-EATER.

into such a wicked and dangerous world as this has now become. Its countenance is a picture of innocent stupidity, and as it looks at you, its dull eyes and expressionless face say to you, as plainly as words, "Pity me! I cannot fight—I

cannot run away. I have no defensive armor, no spines, nor anything worth mentioning. I am too big to live in a burrow, and, even if I were not, I have none, nor the tools with which to



TAMANDUA ANT-EATER.

make one. I am at the mercy of everything and everybody. Why is this thus? Why am I here?"

I give it up. This creature is a riddle that I cannot read. Being only a short-sighted mortal, it seems to me that the Sloths should have

been better equipped for the battle of life, or else left out of it altogether.

The Sloth lives, moves, and has his being by hanging underneath the smaller limbs of trees, and eating leaves and fruit. He is the slowest animal on record, and for speed in traveling a long journey, say from one side of a tree-top to the other, the tortoise is a lightning express in comparison. It takes a good field-glass to enable you to see him move. His hair is coarse, wavy, and precisely the color of gray moss, or rough bark, although sometimes it supports a minute vegetable organism which gives it an olive-green hue. His feet are simply four hooks, by which he hangs himself very comfortably when feeding in the upper story of a forest, but in walking on the ground they are worse than useless. But the Sloth has no use for the ground, and never goes near it of his own accord.

The tamest hunting in the world is sloth-hunting, in comparison with which the pursuit of



HOFFMANN'S SLOTH.

orchids is quite exciting, and turtle-catching is wild and dangerous sport. But I have done my turn at it, nevertheless. Once on the mighty Essequibo River, in British Guiana, I took a native companion, a gun, an ax, and a leaky canoe, and set forth to round up a lot of CHESTNUT-HEADED SLOTHS.

(*Brad'y-fus in-fus-ca'tus*,)

We paddled about thirty miles that day, and picked eight Sloths. They were found by paddling along the shore, and watching the tree-tops for things that looked like big gray spiders. Sometimes we found our Sloth "spread-eagled" on the outer branches of a tree; others would be hanging upside down, as shown in the illustration, but always eating. They eat so slowly that before one meal is over, it is time for the next. Usually the gun would bring them down, but sometimes it was not necessary. Two were taken alive by Paulie, who climbed up and plucked them like so much fruit, and twice we had to cut down trees.

North America had a very narrow escape from being slothless. Two species of three-toed sloths (genus *Brad'y-fus*) are found in Panama,



YAPOK — WATER OPOSSUM.

but the two-toed species (Hoffmann's Sloth, 22 inches in length) is found as far north as northern Costa Rica. Those who have handled the latter species alive say that it possesses very considerable power in its feet, and once a man's hand is within its grasp, its strong, sharp, curved claws can inflict real injury. It is on record that one of these creatures once escaped from captivity, and traveled 800 yards in a single night.

Of the great order *Marsupialia*,—the quad-

rupeds having a pouch in the abdomen, wherein the young are carried and nourished,—America has but one group of representatives, the Opossums. Far distant Australia is the true home of the marsupials, where all save a very few of her mammals are of that kind.

Just why the great zoölogists of the present day should have chosen to consider the Opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless Sloth, and the third order of the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact, nature has done a great deal for the Opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It eats almost everything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvæ, eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft-shelled nuts, and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out; but sometimes it makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked, it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck, it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce; and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young, instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold, or be devoured by some enemy.

The young of the Opossum vary in number from seven to eleven, and at first are hairless, blind, and utterly helpless. It is not until they are about five weeks old that they begin to venture away from the mother, but for a season they are very careful not to get beyond easy distance from her shaggy coat.

Unfortunately for the VIRGINIA OPOSSUM, whose range in this country is almost identical with that of the persimmon and the plantation negro, the toothsome quality of his flesh has made the negro its most deadly enemy. In the South, the moonlight possum hunt, with torches, dogs, guns, and axes, is a diversion not to be despised; but the hungry pot-hunter also has recourse to

VIRGINIA OPOSSUM.

(*Di-del'phys vir-gin-i-an'a*.)



VIRGINIA OPOSSUMS.

traps of many kinds for the capture of this much-coveted animal.

There are seven specimens of opossums found in tropical North America, but only one species, the VIRGINIA OPOSSUM, inhabits the United States. It is at home throughout all the Southern States, and from New Jersey westward to the Mississippi River, except in the regions where it has been exterminated. It is also found as far south as Brazil. Its habits have attracted more attention and close study from naturalists than those of any other small mammal on our continent, so far as I am aware.

Thus endeth our lesson on the quadrupeds of our own country and its environs. As these

papers have been in process of creation, the deplorable lack of zoölogical teaching in our public schools — particularly the higher schools in our large cities — has been impressed upon my mind very many times. It seems as if our high-school boys and girls have time, place, and opportunity to learn something of everything save the living creatures that God has made so wonderfully, and put before us to teach us valuable lessons, supply our wants, or provoke us to industry. Will the time ever come when a little systematic knowledge of the inhabitants of this earth will be considered essential to every person who would consider himself fairly educated?

Let us hope so.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



OREGON

Great Britain once claimed many a league
Along the ocean strand;
We had disputes for forty years
About the western land

Till we at last agreed to take
A part of what we'd claimed;
From which three States were later made,
As here you have them named.

Washington is to the north,
And Oregon below;
Adjoining them upon the east
Is Sister Idaho.

Three hundred miles has Oregon
Along the ocean tide;
A saddle-back upon the north
Where Washington doth ride.



In the Cascade Mountains.

Idaho



CALIFORNIA

Hurrah! we've reached the "Golden Gate,"

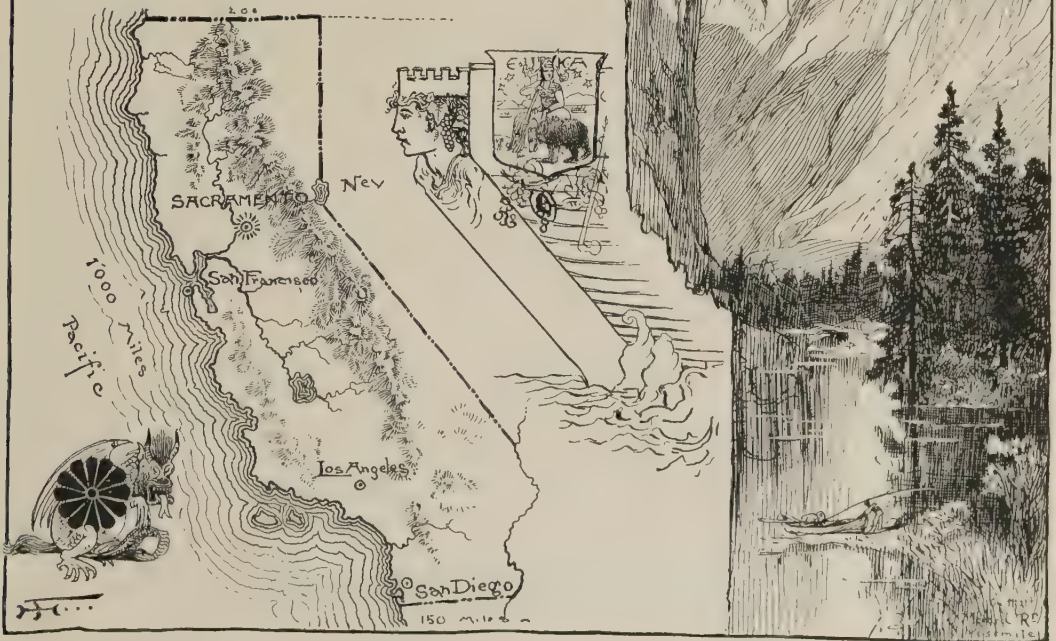
California's joy and pride;
Where all the ships of all the world
At once might safely ride.

Here San Francisco on her hills
Sits proudly by the sea;
While ships from China and Japan
Cast anchor at her quay.

This is a land of fruit and flowers,
A land of golden grain;
Where winters often are as kind
As summers are in Maine.

The warm Pacific waters lave
A thousand miles of shore,
And California every year
Still prospers more and more.

Yosemite, the valley grand,
Is found within this State;
Those who may see it stand in awe
To view the wonder great!



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

(*A Prize Puzzle.*)

(FOR LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED, SEE PAGE 434).

DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE.

EACH number represents a question to be answered. In case a quotation is used give the book, play, or poem in which it occurs, and the name of the author. Arrange the answers in their proper order to correspond with the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin. Write a short accurate answer opposite each number. For example, if you should read, "A king who never smiled again (41)," you would write your answer in this way: "41. Henry I. of England, it is said, never smiled after his son was lost on the White Ship."

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

33 East 17th St., New York City.

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelope "Fairy Puzzle."

THE Tompkinses were perfectly delighted at first.

That there should be a fairy godmother at this end of the nineteenth century was surprising enough; it simply took their breath away when she did them the honor to appear at the christening of their son and heir.

They were debating whether to call the little fellow John or Aristides, when the door flew open, and in walked the fairy godmother, armed with a yard-long list of names for them to select from. It began with a baby (1) who, hundreds of years ago, had been placed almost under the feet of the team which his father drove before the plow. This warrior parent was feigning madness at the time, but his anxiety to avoid driving over his child betrayed his sanity.

Second on the list came a boy preacher (2) whose eloquence brought disaster to a great number of children nearly seven centuries ago.

Mrs. Tompkins was slyly peeping over the fairy's shoulder, not paying much attention to anything but a charade that sorely puzzled her. Then, when the godmother shifted the paper so that the jingling words were no longer in sight, Mrs. T. found herself repeating them over and over as if her fate depended upon finding an answer.

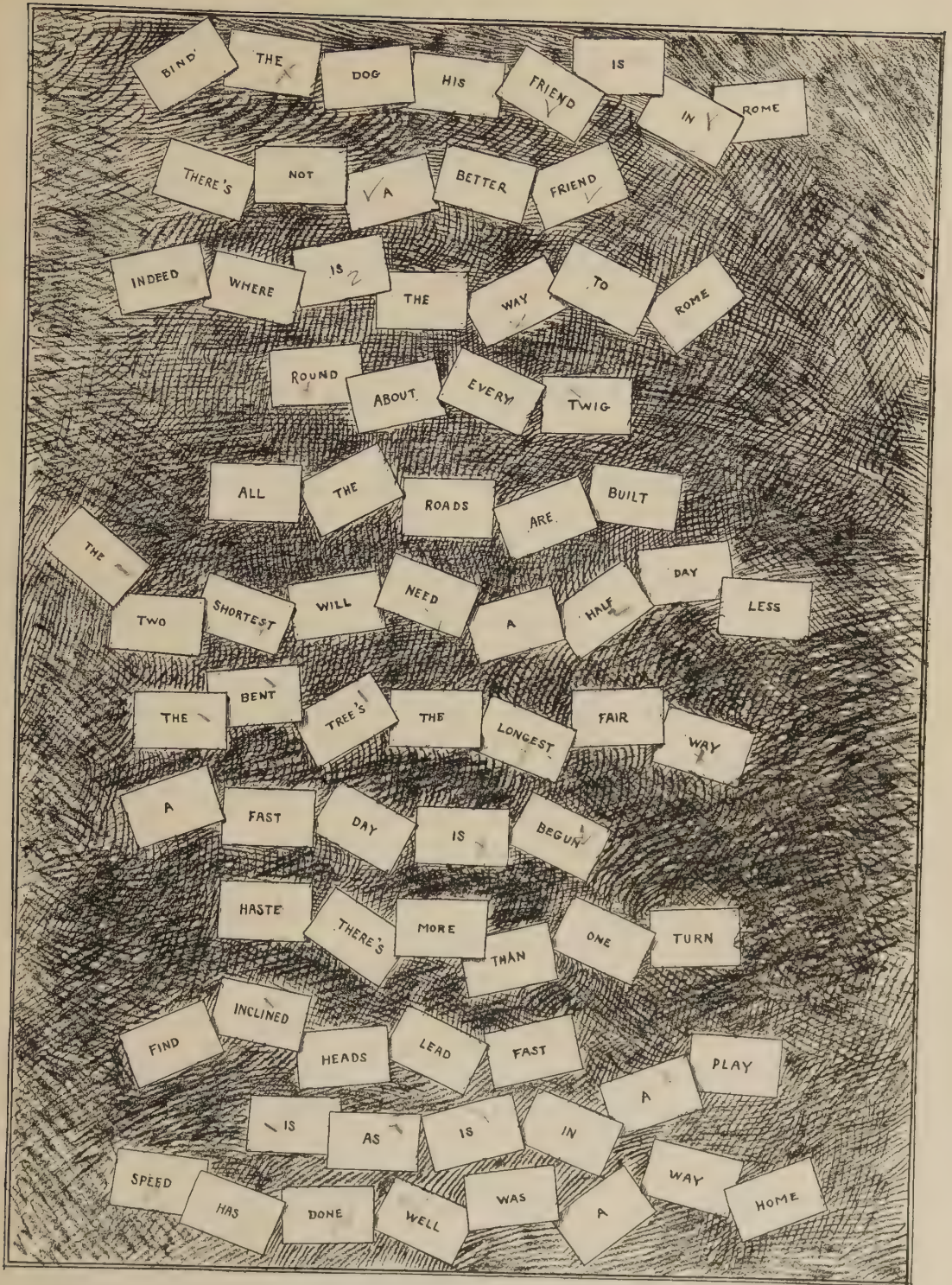
(3) "T is a well-known story — how on my third The voice of a dying man was heard,
Commanding my first and second to speed
To the battle's front with flying steed.

No soldier my whole. I warrant him
Best mannered of carpet-knights so prim.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. T. "Perhaps the very name we seek lies buried in that charade."

"Pooh!" said the fairy, "if you cracked the nut, the kernel would not repay you for your trouble. Besides, I am determined to have my godson christened by the appellation of the woman called by the poet Longfellow the 'Lady with a Lamp' (4). A testimonial fund worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars was offered to her, and with this fund was established an important institution in aid of the work she loved best."

In vain the parents protested against burdening their son with a woman's name. The fairy answered their objections by citing a dozen instances where girls have been named Josephine, Henrietta, Edwina. For her part, she had a poor opinion of a rule that does not work both ways; but if the Tompkinses disapproved of her views, she would simply withdraw and leave them to their own devices. Seeing her really offended, the parents hastened to effect



THE FAIRY'S PROVERB PUZZLE.

a compromise. They suggested the feminine name of a boy (5) who long ago created a furore in London by his fine acting in Shaksperian tragedy. The mollified fairy then departed, promising to return on the morrow with many gifts, which, she laughingly said, she would fetch in a box of unwelcome things that held also one precious gift (6).

True to her word, she arrived bright and early next morning, but not before the drawing-rooms were thronged with guests invited especially to meet her.

She proceeded without ceremony to open her box, taking care, however, that no one should catch a glimpse of the contents too soon. First, she took out a number of white cards.

"Now," said she, spreading them on a table, "here are seventy-five cards, each bearing a printed word. These seventy-five words, when the cards are placed in proper order, will form twelve well-known proverbs or quotations. But that is not all. You must arrange the twelve lines in six couplets, each couplet perfect in rhyme, though not all are correct in meter. Of course the total number of words will be seventy-five, for every card must be used. It's not very easy work," she added, maliciously, "but the couplets will at least furnish some excellent advice for my godson."

"What!" said the disappointed company, "do you come here on a festive occasion to treat us to moral lessons in poor meter?"

"Ingrates!" the fairy cried, "know ye that insolence to a fairy never goes unpunished? Since you speak so lightly of my verse, you shall learn by experience whether it is easy to put moral lessons in poor meter!"

So saying she gathered up the cards, and laid them on the table in twelve rows, unequal in length, until the entire lot was disposed of.

"Now find your twelve proverbs that rhyme in couplets, and may you enjoy the task!" (7)

With a taunting laugh she whisked out of the room, carrying the box under her arm.

As soon as the door closed behind her the Tompkinses and their visitors began examining the cards.

Meanwhile the fairy had gone upstairs to the nursery. She unlocked the box once more, and drew from it a horse-hair (8) that served a

Sicilian tyrant in rebuking a flatterer who envied him; a coin showing the portrait of an Emperor (9) who was so gigantic that his wife's bracelet made him a finger-ring, and a sprig of the shrub from which a royal house (10) derived its name. These she placed in three corners of the baby's crib.

"To remind thee, little one, of man's frailty, his strength, and his mortality. Now for a talisman"; and she tied to the fourth post of the bed a golden shoe from the hoof of a great commander's favorite horse (11) whose head was like that of another domestic animal.

Then, raising the infant's head, she put under it a silken pillow bordered with hieroglyphics copied from a celebrated stone (12) found by French soldiers in Egypt, and now preserved in the British Museum.

"Though we immortal creatures need it not," said the fairy, "I do not forget that one of the greatest boons to humanity is balmy sleep."

After several times waving a Flower of the Sun (13) above the crib, the fairy tripped lightly into the hall and down stairs.

There she found the Tompkinses and their friends still engaged in trying to solve the proverb puzzle.

Disguising herself as a gipsy the fairy advanced toward the table and asked if she might try her luck; then, without waiting for consent, she tossed the cards about the table. Lo! presto! the proper couplets lay plain as day before the bewildered guests.

"Come," said the fairy, "since I have proved so brilliant in this instance, suppose I try palmistry and tell your fortunes."

Of course each guest instantly extended a hand.

"One at a time, good people," cried the fairy. "You," she continued, examining Tompkins's broad palm, "will become cleverer than the Seven Wise Men of Greece (14).

"You," addressing Mrs. Tompkins, "will some day combine the skill of the spider who tried to compete with a goddess (15), with the perseverance of one who is praised for destroying her work as fast as she completed it (16). You," turning to a very thin gentleman, "who now resemble one who had 'a lean and hungry

look' (17), will grow to resemble another who was 'fat and scant o' breath'" (18).

"And I?" cried an old woman, thrusting out fingers brilliant with rings.

"You shall go in search of a jewel worn in the head of an ugly, venomous reptile" (19).

"And now," the fortune-teller ended satirically, "having given you something pleasant to think about, I am ready to receive my reward. What! not a piece of silver among you? Then take this, and this, and this."

Reassuming her fairy form she sprinkled the assembly, not with "the perfumes of Araby" (20), but with water from the brooks in Val-lombrosa (21).

She tore Jupiter's Beard (22) apart, scattered the fragments right and left, and sent bits of Zest (23) flying about the room.

One of the guests venturing to remonstrate, received from her fingers a mere tap that left him "The Man with the Broken Ear" (24).

He remarked afterward that he thought the blow had come from the "Man of the Iron Hand" (25), whose story is told by a great German writer.

Things were now confusion worse confounded, and the fairy seemed to enjoy the turmoil too much to let it subside. She rattled off a number of the most perplexing-puns and riddles, which made a jumble something like this:

"There was once an innocent murderer (26),
An Alice who wept with delight (27),

A prelate (28) who met an inglorious death,
When he'd risen for life to a height.

A ship (29) that sails over the raging main

Yet never arrives in port,

A comical player (30) who played on a town

A trick of a terrible sort.

A titled young person (31)— you've read of her oft—

Whose costumes were patches and shreds;

A famous old monster (32) whom, nevertheless,

Women loved till they quite lost their heads.

A poet by nature, a pontiff by name (33)

And a poet who fits every pate (34);

A general (35) always ahead of time,

Though we speak of him now as "the late."

A cliff (36) with a voice every German knows;

A plant (37), bird and human as well;

A soldier who stood for centuries

In a city (38) where thousands fell."

Having delivered herself of this, the fairy bade the company good morning and departed.

"And may it be our last experience of fairy godmothers!" said the Tompkinses as they locked the front door after her. "She has done nothing but tease and torment us since she entered the house!"

You see, they did not know of the gifts she had left with her little godson.

FOR the best sets of answers to the foregoing puzzle according to the conditions of the contest, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Ten Dollars.

One prize of Nine Dollars.

One prize of Eight Dollars.

One prize of Seven Dollars.

One prize of Six Dollars.

Five prizes of Five Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Three Dollars each.

Fifteen prizes of Two Dollars each.

These, amounting to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills.

Directions for preparing and forwarding the answers are given on page 432.

The competition is limited to subscribers and regular readers of ST. NICHOLAS from the ages of ten to eigh-

teen, inclusive. The Committee of Judges, in awarding the prizes, will take into account not only the correctness of the answers but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All sets of answers must be received before March 20th, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

Competitors may ask questions of their parents or friends, and receive suggestions, but all who have been so aided must, in sending in their numbered answers, place a cross (X) opposite the number of each question which they have been helped to solve. As a whole, the puzzle is not very difficult. It requires a ready memory, some knowledge of the best books to be consulted for the answer to any given question, and ingenuity in following up suggestions and clues until the right answer is found. Moreover, many of the questions are directly in the line of certain school studies, and refer to characters, quotations, or historical incidents that are perhaps more famil-

iar to school boys and school girls than to their elders, who have been out of school for some time.

In justice to all competitors, each set of answers sent in must be signed by a parent, guardian, or teacher, giving the sender's name, age, and address in this form: I hereby certify that this is the work of — (name) of — (address), aged —.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning this competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

The puzzle will reward patience and perseverance, and we are sure the boys and girls who read the magazine will be glad to show the tantalizing little Fairy Godmother that their bright wits are equal to her quips and cranks.

A set of prizes in English money is offered upon the same conditions to English readers of the magazine as follows:

- One prize of two pounds sterling,
- Three prizes of one guinea each,
- Ten prizes of a half-sovereign each.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

OUR READERS will appreciate the charming frontispiece of this number, "The Saraband," painted by the French artist F. Roybet. The picture appeals especially to children because of the quaint little dancers who "step it so fealty" to the music their father plays upon the long, antique lute, while the mother looks on with pride.

The saraband is an old dance not unlike the minuet, but even slower and more stately. Probably learned from the Moors, it was danced in Spain to the sound of castanets, and from that country came into wide use and popularity in Europe. The name is applied also to the dance-music; and it is said that an old French poet, when he was dying at the age of ninety, asked to have a saraband played, "that his spirit might pass away more pleasantly!"

WE are glad to print further news of our old friend "Owney of the Mail Bags," in a letter from one of his admirers, and in an item that appeared in the New York "Sun" of December 24:

THE ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1894, told the story of "Owney of the Mail-Bags." We are a family with a liking for dogs, and my boys were much interested in his story, so, when he arrived in our small city in March, 1895, we, as a family, called upon him. He received us kindly and courteously, but paid about as much attention to us as we might expect from Queen Victoria. He is evidently used to callers and consideration.

The postal clerk in whose care he was had him at his own home, and Owney had had a bath and was resting after his journey. He seemed tired and in need of rest, too; so, after one or two short trips he was kept here a week to rest, and during his stay his photograph was taken. It resembles the picture in ST. NICHOLAS except that he had a few checks on his collar, instead of the heavy harness; but the few he wore seemed heavy enough.

We were told that Owney had crossed the Atlantic twice with mail, and was to have returned on the "Elbe" when she made her disastrous voyage, but missed the steamer.

Our friend the postal clerk borrowed the ST. NICHOLAS, so that he might read what it had to say of Owney, for he said our boys knew more about the postal dog than he did.

Owney has not only learned the "secret of the mail bags," but he knows the odor also, and recognizes the postal clerks by it. There is quite a rivalry also among them, for each one wants the honor of a trip with him, but he does not stay long anywhere, and is passed along from one line to another, and I suppose has traveled over much of our country, and would tell many wonderful tales if he could.

A few years ago there was at Cincinnati a convention of the Railway Postal Clerks' Association, and there was a benefit given them by one of the theaters. The hero of the play was a postal-clerk, of course, and the boys were anxious to have Owney appear also. It seemed unusually hard to find him; telegrams were sent in every direction, and he was finally found at Meadville, Pa., where he had evidently decided to take a vacation of a few days. He arrived in Cincinnati in time to appear on the stage on a truck-load of mail, and you may be sure he brought down the house.

The summer after his visit here found him at Tacoma, Wash.; from there he went to Alaska. When he returned he seemed to fancy going to China, and last August left Tacoma on the Northern Pacific steamer "Victoria" for Hong Kong. On arrival there Captain Panton will start him on a steamer for London by way of India and Suez; thence he is to come by steamer to New York and return overland to Tacoma, making a trip around the world.

Owney is fifteen years of age, rather old for such a journey, and he may decide in his wise old head to return to Albany on his arrival at New York, instead of continuing the trip his friends have planned for him.

ELIZABETH L.—.

OWNEY, THE ROVER, RETURNS AFTER A JAUNT AROUND THE GLOBE.

OWNEY, the shaggy little terrier who has been traveling all over North America in postal cars, arrived at this port yesterday on the steamship "Port Philip." There are other curios and a large cargo of tea on the ship. She had hundreds of rats aboard when she sailed from Yokohama, on October 3, but Owney exterminated nearly every one of them, thus fairly working his passage. Owney travels on his reputation. Nobody owns him

now, and his original owner is not known to his many biographers. A mail clerk discovered him, put him on a car at Albany eight or nine years ago, and he stuck by the car until another clerk tagged him and sent him on a long journey. Since then he has traveled across the continent and over Canada many times.

He appeared at Tacoma last August with many tags dangling from his stout, harness-like collar. The "Morning Union" of Tacoma decided to send him on a voyage around the world, and added another tag to the collection, on which was printed: "Owney, boom Tacoma while you live, and when you die be buried in a Tacoma-made coffin." Postmaster A. B. Case of Tacoma contributed another tag, which served as a letter of introduction for the traveler, inscribed: "To all who may meet this dog: Owney is his name. He is the pet of 100,000 postal employees of the United States of America. He starts to-day, Aug. 19, 1895, for a trip around the world. Treat him kindly, and speed him on his journey across ocean and land to Yokohama, Hong Kong, and New York. From New York send him overland to Tacoma by fast mail train. Who knows but that he may compass the globe and beat the record!"

Owney will not beat the record, because he had to wait the pleasure of those who gave him transportation. Captain Grey will bring him up from Quarantine on the Port Philip to-day and take him to the Post-office. He will be put in a mail-wagon and sent up town to the Grand Central Station. His friends the postal clerks will take charge of him and send him flying westward. Owney never crossed an ocean before he started for Yokohama on a Pacific mail steamship. He is a good sailor, though, and apparently enjoyed life on shipboard quite as well as life in a postal car. The Port Philip, in her voyage from Yokohama, brought Owney through the China Sea, Strait of Malacca, Indian Ocean, Gulf of Aden, Red Sea, Suez Canal, Mediterranean Sea, Straits of Gibraltar, and across the Atlantic. He had glimpses of Shanghai, Foochow, Hong Kong, Singapore, Perim, Algiers, and St. Michael's, in the Azores, where the steamship stopped to coal.

THE most striking incident in the story "President For One Hour," printed in the December, 1894, number of ST. NICHOLAS, has recently been enacted in real life, as this clipping from a Philadelphia paper will show:

A DARING FEAT.

(Special to the Public Ledger.)

ALTOONA, Nov. 6.—A few days ago an engine, which had been left standing on the Horseshoe Curve of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Kittanning Point while the engineer and fireman got off to look at a freight wreck, ran away. The fact was telegraphed ahead, and the runaway locomotive was given a clear track through this city. While it was going down the yard about twenty-five miles an hour, Yard Conductor Henry Cresswell, at the risk of his life, managed to jump on and stopped the engine before it had done any damage. For this brave act Conductor Cresswell has received a very complimentary letter from Superintendent Sheppard, accompanied by a check for fifty dollars.

We are glad to print herewith another letter from our little Australian friend, Daisy Mundy. Her young American cousins, besides others of many nationalities, replied generously to her appeal for paper-dolls in the Letter Box of the August ST. NICHOLAS, and this is her answer to them all:

"RUDOT," FULLER'S ROAD, CHATWOOD, N. S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for inserting my letter and also for so kindly forwarding the letter and dolls from the little girl in Virginia. I think they are lovely and very well made, too. I received 226 letters from the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and to show how widely circulated your magazine is, I had letters from Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Egypt, Jamaica, England, Scotland, Mexico, all parts of Canada, the United States, and South America. I cannot thank the boys and girls enough for their kindness. Some of the parcels came broken, and I do not know whom they are from. I received a lot of paper-dolls, with which I am very pleased. We do not have paper-dolls in Australia, but I heard of them and was always very anxious to get a few. I would be very grateful if you could print my letter, so those who do not receive an acknowledgment will know that their address has been lost through the letter being broken. I had some beautiful dolls, and I cannot thank them enough.

I have had an attack of La Grippe, and so have not been able to write sooner. Wishing a happy, prosperous New Year to you and your readers,

I remain your devoted reader,

DAISY MUNDY.

P. S. Lily also sends love and wishes for a happy New Year.

MORENCI, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of your readers have lived in a mining camp. This camp, of Morenci, lies in the mountains of Arizona, over 5,000 feet high. It is a copper-mining camp, and it is very interesting to go in the different mines. Some of the shafts are very deep, and the men go down in buckets. Before I had been here long I encountered a large tarantula and a rattlesnake.

I remain your faithful reader, D. F.

LABRADOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl who lives on a Hudson's Bay post on the Labrador coast, and I thought I would like to tell you this little story. This year, 1895, the post has been overrun with squirrels, and these mischievous little animals found their way into the trading store, and in consequence were a great plague. One morning the storekeeper went to the store, and happened to take down a pair of long boots, which were hanging from a beam in the ceiling. As he lifted them down it struck him they were rather heavy. He looked in, and lo! and behold! they were stuffed full of ships' biscuits, prunes, and raisins. He emptied them out on to a box and went to breakfast. When he came back he went to look at a squirrel's trap, but before he got there he saw a squirrel running away from where he had put the biscuits, etc., with a large piece of biscuit in his mouth. He took down two other pairs of boots, and they also were full of biscuits and fruit, so this was where the little rogues had their larder. Don't you think the squirrels chose a funny place for keeping their food? I do. Yours truly,

DOROTHY M. W.—.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a little Polish girl who lives in St. Petersburg. We have been taking you for two years, and we like you very much and always look forward to your arrival. I thought some of your readers would like to hear of a trip we made to the greatest waterfall in Europe, called "Imatra," in Finland, near Lake Saïma. We left St. Petersburg at five o'clock in the afternoon. The train for Finland was so crowded that we could not get places for all our party

until we came to Terioky, where some people left the train. We had to change at Viborg, where we had just ten minutes to take our tea, which was very hard to get. There were so many people hurrying and scurrying on all sides, and then so many false alarms, that we thought we should be left behind. However, at last we were comfortably seated and could enjoy the lovely views as we were carried rapidly along. At eleven o'clock we arrived at Imatra and took the diligence and were soon within hearing of the great rushing water of the falls. Oh, how beautiful it was in the moonlight! The hotel was very full, and as we had secured our rooms beforehand by telegram, and were very tired, we went to bed and slept very soundly notwithstanding the noise of the water in its mad rush from rock to rock. In the morning we were soon ready to explore. When we came quite near to the fall, after descending many steps, the water was quite white, and it seemed as if it were boiling with the force and rush of the great volume. We could not stay very long, as we intended to make an excursion to Rauha. The diligence was ready when we went back to the hotel, and we started with three horses (which we call "troika") up hill and down hill, flying along the road singing and laughing all the way until we arrived in sight of the lake at Rauha. There is a hotel where we ordered luncheon, and while it was being prepared we took a boat and went for a row on the lake. In an hour we came back very hungry, had our lunch and returned to Imatra to rest before going to visit the little falls of Imatra. It seemed to me very strange that the waters were quite calm on both sides of the river, but the middle was one seething mass. We hired a man to throw in a barrel and a wooden buoy, to see the effect, and very rapidly they were carried along from wave to wave, dashing against the rocks, until they were carried into the smoother water, where a boy could go in a boat to fetch them. Next morning we took a diligence to Joës-Tilla, where we lunched, and then went in the steamer through Lake Saïma. We had to pass through some canals, and it was very amusing to go lower and lower as we passed through the locks. We arrived at Viborg, where we dined, and afterwards took the last train to St. Petersburg, where we remained for the night, or rather for the next morning, for we did not arrive till 2 o'clock A. M., and at ten we were on our way home. My little brother and sisters were waiting to receive us. We were once seven children, but we lost our eldest brother; he was a lover of St. NICHOLAS.

J. B.—.

EAST WINDSOR, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Brooklyn. I stayed for the summer at East Windsor, Conn. They raise tobacco a great deal. Perhaps some of your readers who have never seen tobacco growing would like to know how it is raised. First it is "set out," then it is "hoed" and "cultivated," which means going between the rows with a machine that throws the dirt up on each side. Tobacco sometimes grows to a height of five and a half feet. It has to have the flowers on the top taken off and the shoots or suckers also taken off. There are three ways of getting in tobacco: spearing, hooking, and stringing. The tobacco is hung in a shed and dried. When it is dry it is stripped off the stalks and packed in boxes ready to be sold. The price of tobacco ranges from one cent to fifty cents a pound.

I remain,

Your interested reader, FRED L. H.—.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Greek girl living in Geneva. I have taken your magazine since I was nine

years old (I am now twelve), and I write a letter to you because I have never seen one yet from a Greek girl.

We like Geneva very much. It is a pretty little town, with nice streets and shops, and many trees. It is splendidly situated, and there are lots of beautiful walks just out of town, by the lake, or in the country.

We always spend our summer holidays in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, and generally enjoy ourselves very much when the weather is fine, because then we can go on long excursions, or play tennis. Last year we went on a mountain train part of the way up the Jungfrau, a little lower than where the snow begins. From the hotel we walked to a splendid and very large glacier, in which a man had dug a large ice-grotto.

We went into this grotto, carrying torches; and it was beautiful to see the flame of the torches shining on the ice, which was dark blue, as it was so thick. As we walked back to the hotel we saw many avalanches falling in the valley. They make a dreadful sound like thunder, so loud that we heard several we could not see.

Your affectionate reader, ALEXANDRA M.—.

HYDE PARK, LONDON, W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for eleven years, and have eleven lovely fat volumes at which we are never tired looking.

I wonder if some of your readers would like to hear about the part of the country we were in last year. It was so interesting. We were staying near Cranborne, in Dorsetshire. A few miles away there was a high hill on which were many earthworks made by the Romans. From this camp stretched a large dike, which we could see winding its way for miles over Salisbury Plain. Here and there are dotted barrows where the ancient Britons were buried. In some of these have been found bones, pottery, and flint arrowheads. In the village of Cranborne stands the manor-house, which was built by King John as a hunting-lodge, and it was from there that he started to hunt the deer on Cranborne Chase.

In later years Queen Elizabeth stayed at this house; and we were shown her saddle, and the sofa she once rested upon.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must not take up any more of your most valuable space, so with many, many thanks for the pleasure you have given me in the past, and wishing you all good luck in the future, I shall always remain your devoted admirer, WINIFRED G. B.—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Marguerite and Edith M. T., "Perseus," Bross and Max, Marian G., Annie R., Edgar A. S., Lucy A. D., "Methuselah," Claribel K., Hetty M. A., Pearl K., Florence H., Eleanor M., Margaret E., Carolyn L., Grant T., Samuel P., Fannie C. P., Nyna McE., Louis M. U., Beatrice A. de L., Rufus P. D., J. S. E., Anna S., Ralph A., Eleanor A. M., Blanche E. S., "A Friend," Cora C., C. T., Jr., Bessie C., Belle B., Albert S. C., May A. M., Margaret D., Kate L., A. D. L., Muriel S., "Rhadamanthus," Gertrude Kellogg, Julia Switzer, Claire, Mabel, and Beatrice, Julia Cole, Thirza Bromley, Alice N., Maude and Eugenia R., Margaret de G. H., Bee D., Louise Matteson, Marjorie Dyrenforth, Elizabeth B. E., Stillman B., Lorna Dickson, Ruby Nicoll, Russell Walton, May and Eleanor, F. M. A., F. de Courcy Heriot, B. L. B., Harry H., Worth Colwell, Julia C., Philip Earle Hamilton, Lottie V. Finley, Margaret Rea, Jamie T. Anderson, Annie C. R., Francis C. Nickerson, J. Homer Hunt, Gordon Morse, E. Baldwin G., Dorothea G., "Evilo," Elta Mae Armstrong, Van Rensselaer G. Wilbur, Kenneth H. Goss, Elsa Elmenhorst, Kathleen Doyle, Nellie P.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Riley. 1. Rakes. 2. Piano. 3. Dolls. 4. Wheel 5. Daisy.

RHOMB. ACROSS: 1. Holes. 2. Raven. 3. Dived. 4. Le-roy. 5. Romeo.

OCTAGON. 1. Zed. 2. Zebra. 3. Ebbed. 4. Dread. 5. Add.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Whittier. Cross-words: 1. Stonebow. 2. Midnight. 3. Material. 4. Munition. 5. Pastoral. 6. Princess. 7. Merchant. 8. Ruminant.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Charles Lamb. 1. Can. 2. The. 3. Tea. 4. Arc. 5. Log. 6. Pen. 7. Yes. 8. Ell. 9. Alb. 10. Emu. 11. Hub.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lochinvar.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Paul Reese—W. and E. G. L.—Josephine Sherwood—G. B. Dyer—P. C. and R. R. Stanwood—"Two Little Brothers"—"The Tellings"—W. Y. W.—"One of Five Cousins"—"Jersey Quartette"—"M. McG."—"Dondy Small"—"Buckeye Nut-cracker"—Clive—Mabel and Henri—Hubert L. Bingay—Clara A. Anthony—Addison Neil Clark—"Charles Carroll"—Jo and I—H. G. E. and A. E.—Blanche and Fred—"Dee and Co."—"Chiddingstone"—Kathlyn B. Stryker—Walter and Eleanor Furman—Robert S. Clement—"9 and 35"—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Paul Rowley.

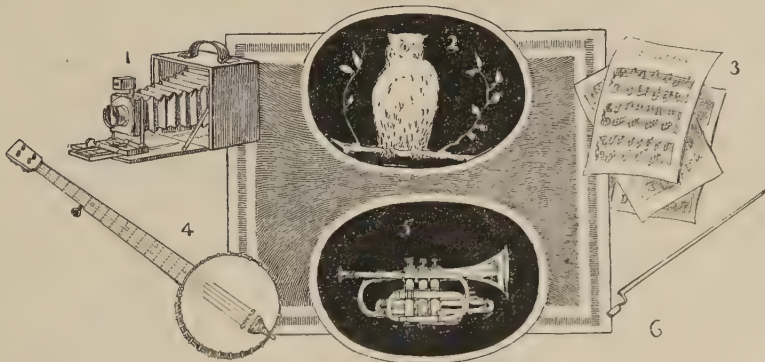
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Seth H. Moseley, 2d, 1—Emma Giles, 1—P. D. S. and A. M. S., 3—Julia Switzer, 1—No name, Painted Post, 1—G. A. Hallock, 2—Dorothy Gittings, 2—Ethel M. Yoxall, 2—Helen M. Shriver, 2—Kate Lowell, 1—Irma Hirschl, 1—Charles Townsend, 1—Abbie Chandler, Elizabeth P. Stevens, Priscilla P. Joutet, and Winifred Hanus, 3—Helen A. Kirkland, 2—Helen L. Enos, 2—Fred K. Haskell, 2—Herbert S. Abraham, 3—W. P. Anderton, 1—A. S. and C. B., 4—"Kearsarge," 4—E. F. and G. S., 3—Albert P. Weymouth, 1—L. O. E., 9—F. Goyeneche, 3—Geneva G. Matthews, 1—Herbert N. Arnstein, 1—"Debe," 1—Mary K. Rake, 1—Ralph C. Turner, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Sabra Scovill, 1—Carl and Conrad V. Blücher, 9—"Kilkenny Cats," 7—J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 1—S. Stankowitch, Jr., 4—"Edge-water Two," 9—"Embla," 9—Florence and Flossie, 9—E. J. Darling, 2—Frank Preston, 6—Frederica Yeager, 6—"Nemo," 5—"Blue-eyed Kitten," 7—H. J. Rose, 2—Marianne and Harriet Hamilton, 9—Chas. R. Hopkins, 1—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—Mary N. Williams, 9—M. J. Philbin, 7—Norman A. Bill, 6—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9—"Merry and Co.," 8—"The Butterflies," 7—Olive Lupton, 6—E. C. C. E., 6.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Raccoon. Cross-words: 1. Perch. 2. Quail. 3. Yacht. 4. Racer. 5. Goose. 6. Cross. 7. Canoe.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Grate. 2. Roger. 3. Again. 4. Teine. 5. Ernes. II. 1. Crust. 2. Ruler. 3. Ultra. 4. Serry. 5. Trays. III. 1. Scent. 2. Canoe. 3. Endow. 4. Noose. 5. Twel. IV. 1. Cadet. 2. Anona. 3. Dower. 4. Eneid. 5. Tardy. V. 1. Lacks. 2. Acorn. 3. Corea. 4. Kreng. 5. Snags.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, library; 1 to 3, lappets; 2 to 4, younger; 3 to 4, sampler; 5 to 6, peoples; 5 to 7, paraded; 6 to 8, samples; 7 to 8, damages; 1 to 5, lamp; 2 to 6, yams; 4 to 8, rats; 3 to 7, sled.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Staple, plates, palest, pleats, petals, pastel.



ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the six objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of unequal length) written one below the other, the final letters will spell the name of an American writer.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. ONE of the United States. 2. Each. 3. A small three-masted vessel. 4. An old word meaning to raise. 5. Silver, pounded into ingots of the shape of a shoe, and used as currency in China. "SAND CRABS."

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a religious holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A cleansing substance. 2. Harmless. 3. A narrow opening. 4. To bridge. 5. Loca-

tion. 6. A kitchen utensil. 7. The highest point. 8. Part of a stair. 9. A title of respect used in addressing a sovereign. 10. A group of islands. 11. A bag. 12. To peel. 13. A blow. 14. The fifteenth of March. 15. To remain. 16. To destroy.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CHARADE.

My *first* I have no sort of doubt
You will find it in, if you find it out.
My *second* will be already got
Whether you ever get it or not.
My *whole* is but a piece of metal,
But its use I will leave for you to settle.
LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.

DIAMOND.

1. In elegant. 2. A small animal. 3. A country of Asia. 4. Sincere. 5. The numbers from thirteen to nineteen. 6. An animal. 7. In elegant.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

EACH blank is to be filled by a word of four letters. No two words are alike, though the same four letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the five missing words.

Each passer-by did * * * * awhile to see
The * * * * a-row upon the balcony.
Two little boys forgot their * * * * and stood;
One took his * * * * as near them as he could.
That * * * * of brightness in the dusty street
Held their admiring eyes, and chained their feet.

E. T. CORBETT.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular author.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A vessel. 2. To engage for pay. 3. The expressed juice of the grape, or other fruit, before fermentation. 4. An heroic poem. 5. A period of time. 6. Sediment.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. An exclamation. 3. To try to gain. 4. Authentic. 5. To discover. 6. Fastened. 7. A vehicle. 8. A musical tone. 9. In triangle.

M. N. M. and M. B. C.

HIDDEN GENERALS.

THE names of seventeen generals are concealed in the following story. Which are they?

Jack Burns, the old fisherman, sat on the lee side of an old stone wall. Jack's only son stood by him eating a rasher Ida Norton, a young emigrant, had given him,

she meantime trying to hook erratic minnows that would not be caught. At his cottage door there stood a man, his garb ragged and torn. "I fear lying in bed will not be well liked in this neighborhood," said Jack, disapprovingly.

The man, by name Alibeu, regarded him crossly. "It's a long street that has no turning," he said. "They will be glad to know me yet. My mother has priceless jewels and my father has bank stock. I will have him organize a bank here. But Leroy must not know—" Here the laughter of the others stopped him, and I heard no more.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

I	3
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.	*	*	.	*	.	.
.	.	.	*	.	.	.
.	.	*	*	*	.	.
.	*	.	.	.	*	.
4	2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Continuing for a long time. 2. A tree that furnished the precious wood of which the ark, tables, and altars of the Jewish tabernacle were made. 3. A female public speaker. 4. Animals of the weasel family. 5. Certain kinds of small dogs. 6. To defame. 7. Uncontrolled.

From I to 2, a Christian name; from 3 to 4, a surname; together they form the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

SHE sits beside the 1-2-3-4 fire bright;
Upon her 1-3-4-2 a bonnet,
Tied with a 4-3-1-2, a perfect fright,
A flower were better on it.
She's in 3 1-2-4 because I smiled—
I cannot 1-2-4 3 sulky child.

E. R. BURNS.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The noise made by a serpent. 2. Notion. 3. A line of junction. 4. Exactly similar.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An old word meaning to rob. 2. Like ebony. 3. Empty. 4. Finishes.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. An old word meaning "easy." 2. To abound. 3. An old word meaning "health." 4. An old spelling of "emu."

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A swift animal. 2. An eastern weight for pearls. 3. To rub or grate with a rough file. 4. To catch sight of.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Offensive to the sight. 2. An old word meaning "good will." 3. To look on with sly hatred or contempt. 4. To jerk.

PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER.



"AS ULVIG NEARED THE TRAIN HE WAS HAILED BY THE CONDUCTOR
AND ONE OF THE PASSENGERS."

(SEE "STALLED AT BEAR RUN," PAGE 503.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

APRIL, 1896.

NO. 6.

ABOUT FLYING-MACHINES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ALL signs seem to show that many boys and girls now living will see flying-machines traveling through the air, and some, perhaps, will ride in them.

What remains to be done is difficult rather than impossible. Practical and learned men have lately said that flying will surely come soon; and the men who make this promise are not dreamers nor idle talkers.

Progress in arts and sciences comes, as a rule, by steps; each thinker adds a little until the wished-for result is reached. The art of flying has been more or less seriously studied for several hundred years, and we can now see what remains to be done. The theory has been carefully worked out, and practice must follow.

If you doubt this, it is likely that you have not learned what has been done. To many, Dædalus and Icarus are still the only air navigators, and they flew only in legend. Perhaps some remember that Archytas was believed to have made a dove of wood, propelled by heated air; and a brass fly is also said to have made a short flight — but brief as is this list, it contains all that the ancients have recorded of flying-machines.

But that men have always wished to fly we may know from their giving wings to all superior beings; angelic messengers, fairies, demons, witches receive the power of flight as a matter of course. And, wishing to fly, it was certain that men would study the habits of birds, and would argue as Darius Green did:

What 's the use of wings to a bumble-bee
Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me; —
Ain't my business
Important 's his 'n is?

Certainly it looks easy, when one sees the "swallows skim along the smooth lake's level brim"; and for a long, long time men thought that if they had wings like the dove, of course larger and stronger, they could at least make a beginning. So many tried the experiment. It was not hard to build a pair of wings "of leather or of something or other," or even two pairs; and many kinds were made — so many that the most ingenious of boys with the best sort of tool-box probably could not invent a new variety even if he worked all summer.

Some of these early wing-makers lived in the shadowy days of history. Bladud, a British king, was one; but all that we learn of his flight is that he soared above his city of Trinovante, and then fell upon a temple, thereby ending his wings and himself. Bladud belonged to an unlucky family, being the father of Shakspeare's "King Lear." Simon, called "the magician," who lived about the time of the Emperor Nero, lost his life in the same way; another martyr to the science was a monk called Elmer (or Oliver) of Malmesbury, who had foretold the invasion of William the Conqueror, and was therefore taunted by cruel people when he did not know beforehand that he would break his legs on taking flight from a tall tower. This monk is said to have flown one hundred and

twenty-five paces. People laughed at him all the more when he said that he failed because he did not fix a tail to his feet; but a recent writer, Chanute, argues that the monk was very likely right in his conclusion.

A hundred years later, and more, a Saracen repeated the attempt, and like poor Oliver, was killed. Then we read of a relative of the poet Dante, who made a successful flight over a lake, and fell in trying to repeat the feat across a square in the city of Perugia — though even upon this second attempt he is said to have "balanced himself a long time in the air," and to have fallen only when his wings broke.

We do not know what wings these men had, but from later facts it seems likely that the stories told of them are true. We know, as you will see, that with stiff wings men can often sail a long distance, and such flights as are reported seem to have been made with fixed wings and from high places.

After men became more skilled in the making of machinery, they tried to make moving wings; but it was found that the moving wings would not raise men from the ground.

Leonardo da Vinci, being a great architect and engineer, as well as painter and sculptor, left note-books proving that he had studied the flight of birds, and had planned flying-machines to be driven by wings or by screw-propellers. But as Leonardo was good at figures, he seems to have abandoned his plans after finding out how much force would be needed.

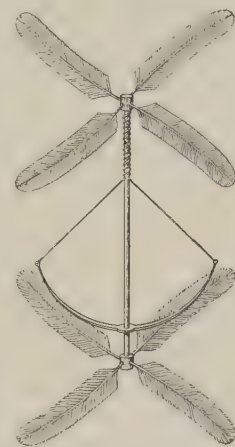
A French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing; and, fitted with wings, he jumped first from a chair, and afterward from a window, and then from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he sailed over a cottage roof, but soon after sold his wings to a peddler—and probably saved his own life. Another Frenchman, a marquis, tried to go by the air-route across the River Seine; but he was not drowned, since a washerwoman's boat happened to be where he came down.

From those early days to our own, inventors have kept on building large wings and small wings, driven in every sort of flapping, by legs and by arms, but it is useless to quote the long list of failures. They proved only this, and boy-inventors will do well to remember it: A man

is not strong enough to flap wings big enough to hold him up; and man's muscles move too slowly to flap wings as fast as a small bird can. Whenever men have gone some distance through the air, it has been by sailing, as the larger birds often soar, upon the wind.

All well-instructed inventors of to-day believe that in order to fly with flapping wings man must have some other power than his muscles. Many light motors have been tried. The principal ones are: explosive compounds, steam, electricity, springs, and rubber bands. All these and others have been used to make small models, and all have been reasonably successful when the models were small enough.

The subject of flying-models is interesting, but it will be possible here to



AN EARLY MODEL.

describe only a few that will serve to show the different kinds.

One of the earliest was made by putting four feathers into a cork so as to make a propeller. Two of these propellers with feathers sloping in opposite ways were set on a stick, one propeller being fixed, the other revolving. A bow of whalebone was attached so that its cord could be twisted around the stick. Upon winding up the cord, and then letting go, the model would be driven upward.

A drawing will make this clearer. The whale-bone-bow is pierced to let a wire through, and works easily on it. The rod is jointed at the bow, and the upper propeller turns from right to left, the lower in the other direction; but the feathers are so sloped that both sets tend to move upward. This model is described because it is not hard to make, and will fly pretty well. To make the upper rod movable, that part may be a hollow stick put on a wire fixed into the lower part.

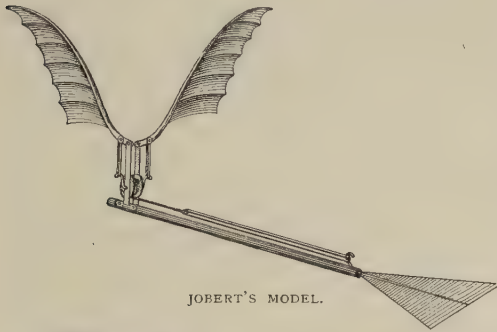
A simpler model on the same principle is the one known as Pénau's "Hélicoptère," or, in English, "screw-wing," the invention of a clever

young Frenchman who made some of the best models, though he worked only a short time on the subject, and died when he was thirty.

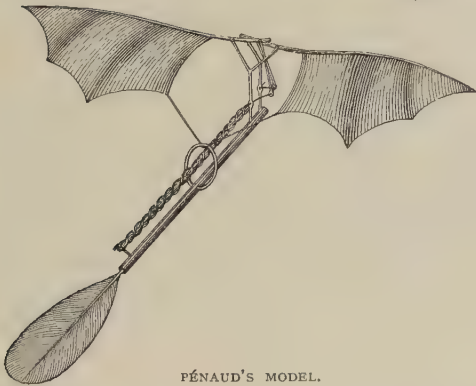
It is the simplest form of the flying-screw, and is moved by a twisted rubber band. It is wound up by turning the lower wings, or propeller, and when released flies in the same way

of flight, and the one that seems likeliest to lead to success in making real flying-machines. This new method uses flat or curved surfaces, sliding quickly upon the air, to support the weight. Scale a card through the air, and it travels upon the air, holding itself up so long as it can keep moving.

These planes, or stiff wings, are called air-planes or *aéroplanes*. In order to know just how they act, take a piece of writing-paper, about eight inches long, and four inches wide, and cut from it a paper bird like this:



JOBERT'S MODEL.

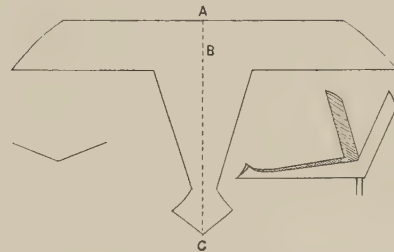


PÉNAUD'S MODEL.

as the one in the picture. A common Japanese toy sometimes found in toy-shops illustrates this principle. It is an imitation butterfly that will fly as high as the roof of an ordinary house.

These two forms will show how the screw-models work. Those driven by flapping wings may be more briefly described for they do not fly so well and are harder to make. The least complicated ones were made by Jobert and Pénaud. In Jobert's a stretched rubber-band pulls a cord and revolves a pulley. The pulley turns two little cranks that move the wings up and down. Pénaud's model works on a similar plan. In both the wings are stiffened by a rod along the front edge, while the rear edges are flexible; so the wing slides forward on the air as it descends.

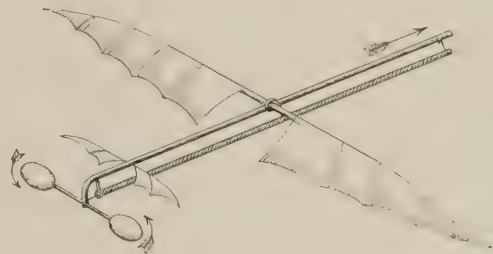
A third sort of model shows a new method



PAPER AÉROPLANE.

Then bend it along the line AC into a flat V, putting two pins at B, as near the head as you conveniently can. Now stand on a chair and drop the bird, and it will come down as if it was a hawk after a chick. The weight of the pins pulls it down, the wings resist by pressure against the air, and the paper bird *slides* down instead of falling direct.

If the wings were sloped a little upward at the forward edge, and the paper-bird were pushed forward by a propeller, it would rise on the air. To illustrate how *aéroplanes* may be caused to rise, here is a model made by the Pénaud already mentioned:



PÉNAUD'S AÉROPLANE MODEL.

In this model it will be seen that the larger wings do not move the machine; it is driven by the propeller at the back, just as if it were a



WHAT YOU MAY SEE ON SOME FINE DAY IN THE NEXT CENTURY.

tugboat. The wings in front only support the weight of the model during flight. They are pushed against the air, and are held up by the air's resistance, just as a kite is held up by the wind. The kite, however, is held against the moving wind, while the *aëroplane* is moved against the still air.

The little wings at the rear are set at a greater angle than the large wings; and whenever the front of the model begins to droop, they resist more, and thus bring the head upward again. They do this the more easily because the front wings lose some power whenever they are nearer level.

A simple diagram will show how these rudder-wings act.

The model is made heaviest at the head, C. If it begins to go downward, as at 2, the rudder-wings at A come more directly against the

wind and pull back, raising the head; the wings B, meanwhile, are edgewise to the air, and offer little resistance so the model goes faster. When the model rises, as at 3, the rudder-wings are flat, and stop lifting, while the wings at B push

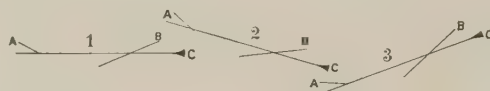


DIAGRAM SHOWING ACTION OF RUDDER-WINGS.

against the air, and slow down the flight until the weighted head comes level again.

The result is that this model flies in a wavy line, up and down, like a sparrow.

This *aëroplane* contained valuable hints for future inventors; and you will see how Maxim uses the same method to control his great flying-machine.

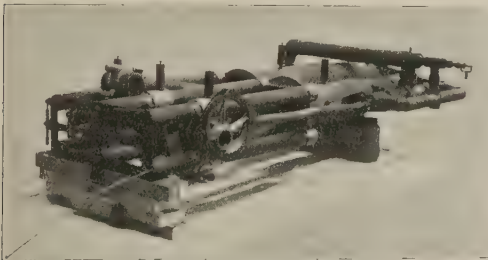
Many of the little models fly excellently;

but when the machines are made big enough to carry men, new difficulties arise. Big machines cannot be driven by twisted rubber bands, or, if they could, the flight would be no safer than if the machines were fired out of cannons, like the projectile in which Jules Verne's heroes made their imaginary "Trip from the Earth to the Moon." And when any machine fell, it would be smashed to smithereens—together with its passengers. A toy may be allowed to fly into the air, and then fall to the ground; but a flying-machine, to be worth while, must not only rise, but must keep right-side up while on its voyage, and must then descend safely.

What goes up must come down
On your head or on the ground!

Consequently the prudent air-ship maker must in all cases provide, first, enough power to carry his ship aloft and drive it where he chooses, in anything short of a hurricane; second, a method of balancing securely while aloft; third, a method of coming down in safety.

After trying different means of lifting and driving the air-ships—balloons, wings, screw-propellers, and *aéroplanes*—it has been decided that the planes are the best supports, and that,

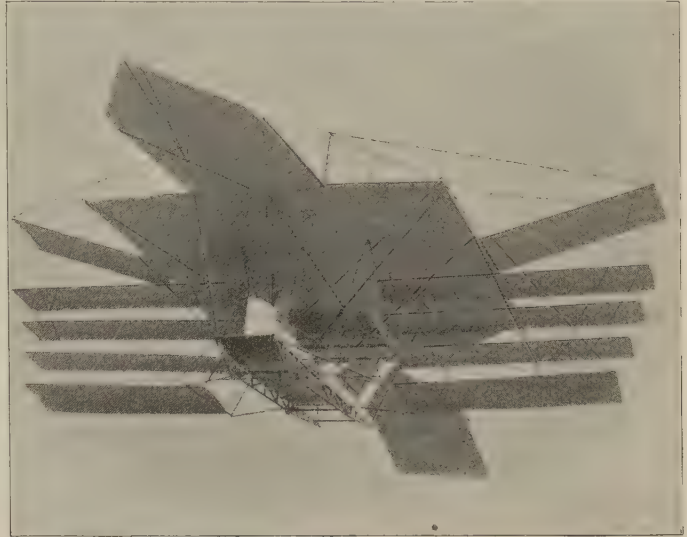


ONE OF MAXIM'S STEAM-ENGINES.

all things considered, they promise to solve the problem earliest.

And this decision was no piece of guess-work. Careful experiments were made, especially by two Americans,—Professor Langley and Mr.

Hiram Maxim,—both learned men, and both well informed about all that had been done before our own times with all sorts of flying devices, to determine just what form of *aéroplanes*



MAXIM'S AÉROPLANE OF 1893, AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN THE AIR.

were best worth trying. Their experiments were made separately.

There was a number from which to choose, for men had tried to fly with planes as with every other apparatus. A model *aéroplane* was made that flew fairly well, and the design was patented in 1842 by Henson; but he never made a large machine. Du Temple tried a similar plan, but all known engines were too heavy for it—even though this inventor and his brother seem to be the first who made their boiler of light tubes, as Maxim and others have done since. In 1875 an English enthusiast named Moy built a large air-ship driven by screws and held up by planes. It was run around a circular track, being fastened by a rope to a pillar, but did not make speed enough to rise from the ground. Lack of power, which came partly from lack of money, kept Moy from making an air voyage.

Only a word or two more can be spared to these inventors, clever as many were. Each added some useful fact to what was known before him. Thus Wenham in 1866 showed that planes could usefully be put over one another; Brown, in 1873, that planes at the two ends of

a rod would balance well; then came Moy, already spoken of, and Tatin, who made a model that flew in a circular track as Moy's machine

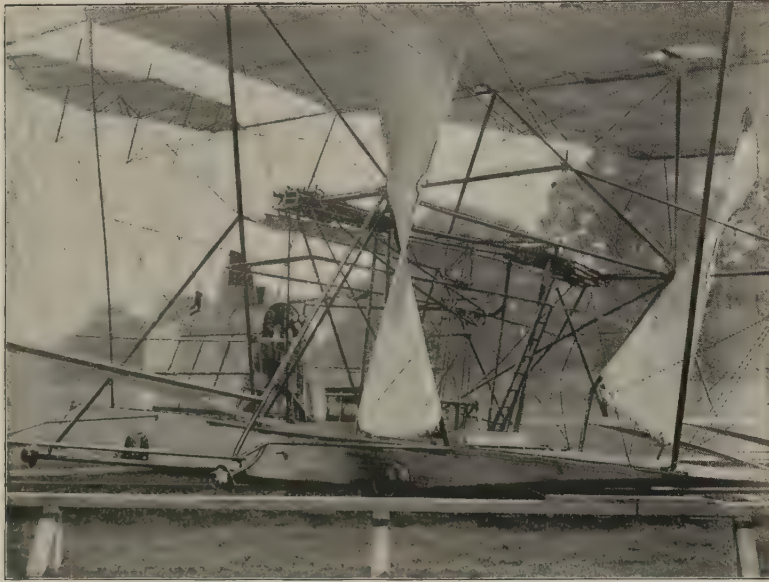
Mr. Langley and Mr. Maxim began as modern men of science do—each made trials of all sorts to find what material and what shape would give best results; and Mr. Maxim built and tried every kind of motor that suited his purpose. He tried engines moved by hot air, oil, steam, or electricity; and at last convinced himself that the steam-engine was the easiest to manage, and gave nearly as much power for its weight as any motor.

While Mr. Langley made less outward show than Mr. Maxim, perhaps it will be found that his study and writing have done as much for the art.

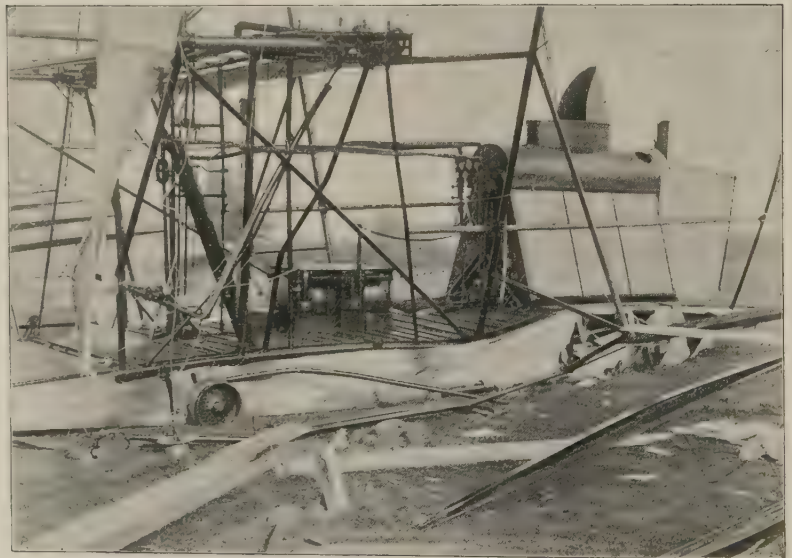
Scientific men thought that if an engine could be made weighing less than forty pounds

failed to do. In 1879 Dandrieux, a Frenchman, made a model much like the Japanese toy already spoken of,—a paper butterfly driven by twisted rubber. A similar model with undulating wings was made by Brearey, who added an elastic cord extending from the under side of one wing to that of the other. This made the down pressure stronger, and gave better flight.

These machines, and many others, made the task easier for inventors who came afterward, by showing which experiments promised the best results; and their experiences gave Mr. Maxim courage to make his flying-machine on a large scale.



VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE OF THE MACHINE AFTER THE ACCIDENT. (SEE PAGE 450.)
Showing the axletree which, by bending, led to the accident.



THE STARBOARD SIDE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

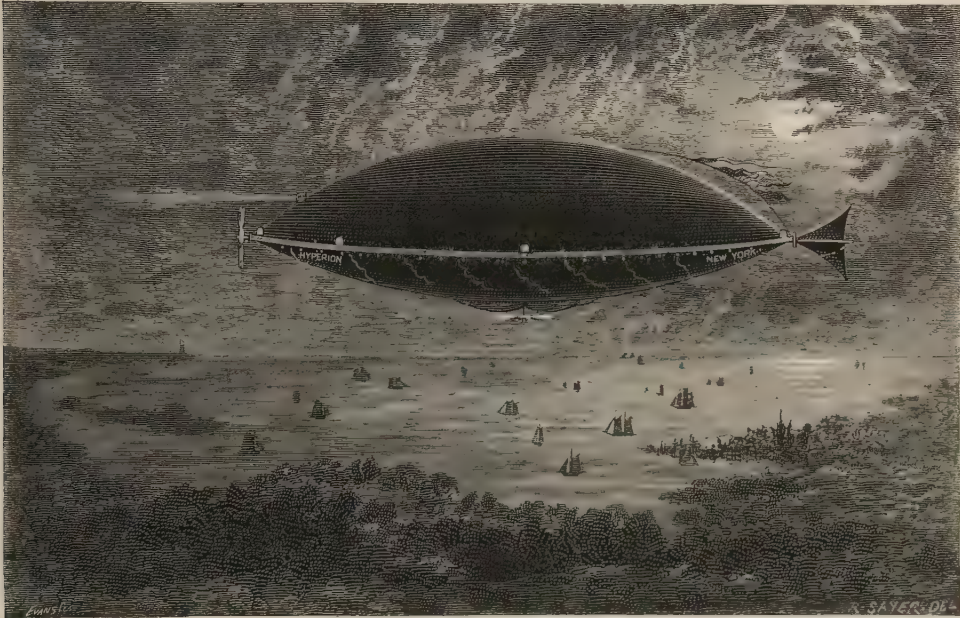
for each horse-power, flying-machines could lift it and themselves by its aid. Now, by using light tubes to make his boiler (the same plan is

adopted in torpedo-boats), Maxim constructed the two lightest engines ever built. Weighing only 640 pounds together, they gave 360 horsepower—much more than is thought necessary for flying. For their weight these engines were nearly five times as powerful as those Mr. Moy had tried, though Moy's were considered a marvel of lightness and power in 1875. The rapid advance in modern science is shown by this improvement in less than twenty years.

The engine being ready, Mr. Maxim tested different fabrics until he had found out the best

stretched by wires upon a framework, the largest being fifty by forty feet, and capable alone of lifting most of the weight. It was meant also to make the machine fall slowly, for it would act as a parachute in falling. At the sides were smaller planes, and in front and behind were planes movable up and down—ruders to steer upward or downward.

The machine ran along its own railroad, a track a third of a mile long, and could be driven by the push of its air-screws as fast as most locomotives.



AN IMAGINARY AIR-SHIP OF THE BALLOON TYPE.

material for making the aëroplanes—his bird's-wings. The tests were made on an ingenious little machine that showed how much each piece of stuff would lift, and how hard it tried to go with the current of air blown against it.

He found that an aëroplane made of a special kind of cloth called "balloon fabric" would, with the same weight and power, carry more than any balloon could lift.

Then Mr. Maxim went to work on a large air-ship to be driven by screws and supported by planes. The body of the machine was a platform car on wheels. The car, forty feet long and eight feet wide, carried the two little engines. Above were the aëroplanes of cloth,

The inventor soon found that when the car ran at a high speed it tried to rise from the track; so he built guard-rails above to keep his flying-machine down. You see that Mr. Maxim did not intend to go up until he had made sure of keeping his balance and coming safely down.

The air-ship and its appliances were finished in 1893, the engine being so arranged as to use naphtha for fuel, and to condense its own steam into water, so that it could be used over and over.

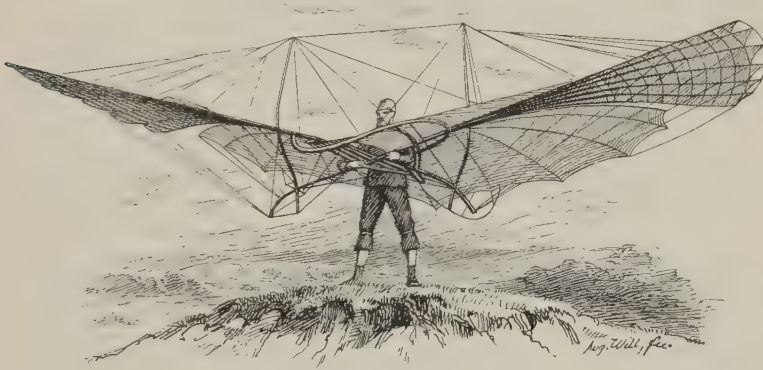
All these matters required, time, labor, and money,—to say nothing of the brain-work,—and over \$50,000 was spent before the air-ship began its trips along the rails.

Then the inventor began his lessons in flying, taking careful notes of the machine's behavior at different rates of speed. It was soon proved

boats, and the whole system of modern warfare would be completely changed.

Such is the present state of the aëroplane flying-machine.

Meanwhile another sort of flight has been attempted, and to some extent successfully, by other inventors. This is the soaring or sailing flight. You may see it in operation almost anywhere if you will keep an eye upon the gulls, hawks, eagles, and other soaring birds. Yet it was long doubted whether any bird could sail in the air with mo-



OTTO LILIENTHAL ABOUT TO TAKE FLIGHT.

tionless wings. Nowadays the evidence that such flight is not only possible but usual is overwhelming.

Mr. Maxim believes that birds are aided in this soaring by the many minor currents in the air, of which the bird takes full advantage.

When the whole machine was in the best of order, it was run at a speed of thirty-seven miles an hour. The planes lifted all four wheels and the machine ran upon the *upper* track for some distance. But the lifting-power was too great. An axletree of one of the rear upper wheels was bent—the air-ship was set free and the front wheels broke the guard rail. Steam was shut off and the ship dropped.

A recent writer, Chanute, in his book "Progress in Flying-Machines" (from which book I have learned much that I tell you in this article, and have also secured several diagrams), shrewdly remarks that stories about men flying successfully have come almost entirely from the warm countries—the regions where steady winds make soaring birds a common sight. His book tells nearly all the experiments in flying in which men depended on their own strength.

The broken rail did some damage; but the ship has since been repaired, and Mr. Maxim is said to be waiting until he can secure a very large and level space in which to proceed with his trials.

Among the most striking instances of flying are the experiments made forty years ago by a Frenchman named Le Bris.

Here is Mr. Maxim's opinion upon the result :

Le Bris once held up in the breeze a wing he had taken from an albatross, and, he says, "in spite of me it drew forward into the wind."

Had it been known twenty years ago that a machine could be made on the aëroplane system which would really lift its own weight, its fuel, and its engineer, we should have had plenty of flying-machines in the world to-day. If one half the money, time, and the talent which has been employed by the French balloon corps in their fruitless efforts to construct a navigable balloon should now be employed in the right direction, the whole question of aërial navigation would soon be so perfected that flying-machines would be as common as torpedo-

He wondered if he could make wings that would act in the same way, and about 1855 he built a bird-like boat with outstretched wings that could be moved slightly by rods. Then he placed the machine upon a cart, got into it, and told the driver to drive against the wind. When they started Le Bris kept the front edges of the wings bent downward; but soon the

horse began to trot, Le Bris raised the front of the wings, and behold! up went the boat until it was higher than the church steeples, and floating along *against* the wind.

But soon Le Bris heard energetic remarks in the air below him, and found that the driver had been caught in the rope and was then dangling down like the tail to a kite. So Le Bris turned the wings so as to glide downward until the driver was on solid ground, and could run after the runaway horse and cart.

Le Bris tried to return to the upper air, but failed; and he came down unhurt, having only slightly injured the machine.

The air-boat being repaired, Le Bris soon made another start; but this time he had Humpty Dumpty's luck and the machine was smashed to bits. With a second air-ship he once went up forty feet, and he flew the same vessel loaded with ballast even higher. When this second air-ship was smashed Le Bris gave up, for he was a poor man and could not afford another.

These flights were *against* the wind, and proved that surfaces curved in a certain way were drawn forward "into the wind's eye," as sailors express it. This fact was explained in a book written in 1864, and its author, D'Esterno, was laughed at and considered out of his head because he claimed that flight was possible with a machine built to soar rather than fly—that is without power to drive it, and with motionless rather than with flapping wings.

The same belief was urged in "L'Empire de l'Air" by Mouillard, a book on the flight of birds. Mouillard claimed that, after a start, a bird can rise without motion of the wings provided the wind is strong enough. The author built such wings, and tried them by leaping at a narrow ditch. Up he went, and then glided one hundred and thirty-eight feet before he came down and broke a wing. A second trial was successful also, except that in coming down he sprained his shoulder.

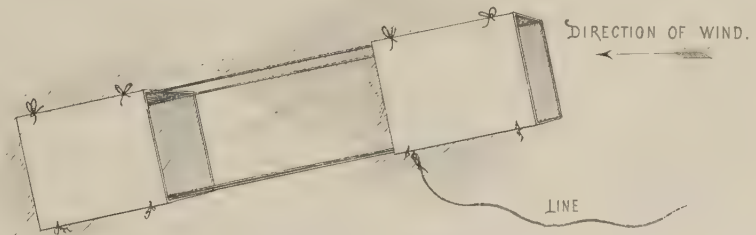
And since then a number of "human birds"

have repeated and varied these trials. Although great feats have not yet been done, it looks as if the chief trouble is lack of practice. One of the best known and most skilful fliers is a German named Lilienthal, who, after years of study and trials, made in the summer of 1891 a pair of wings curved like a great bird's. As the result of his studies and experiments, he believes curved surfaces better than flat planes—in which he agrees with Le Bris, Goupil, and Phillips, other students of the subject. All these men believe that the curved shape of birds' wings has much to do with their flying, helping them to go against the wind—a strange effect which the French have named "aspiration."

Provided, then, with wings and tail, Lilienthal began to practise, at first upon a spring-board, and afterward in a hilly region near Berlin. Even after he was able to sail as far as eighty feet, he found that it was best to arrange the wings so that they could be easily thrown off; otherwise, he coolly says, "I might have had a broken neck instead of sprains which always healed in a few weeks."

In 1892 he made larger wings, and learned to sail further than before, rising twenty or thirty feet from the ground upon a favoring wind. Since then Lilienthal has attached to his wings a powerful little engine, and he is now making attempts to learn its management. Just what he has done is not known yet; but he has fewer accidents, and improves as time goes on.

Some Americans also are at work with wings.



A KITE ON HARGRAVE'S PRINCIPLE.

A recent number of the "American Engineer" says that A. M. Herring of New York has been "experimenting with wing-surfaces large enough to carry his own weight for over a year" (!),

and has succeeded in sailing *three hundred feet*. The same journal publishes an account of his experiments, and concludes "there is now good reason to believe that soaring for considerable distances is no more difficult than riding on a bicycle . . . The great obstacle is the cost of such apparatus and its great fragility." The wings alone cost from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five dollars, while an oil-motor will be perhaps six or seven hundred dollars more; so boys whose allowances are small will not be likely to take up the pastime yet.

Lilienthal, indeed, says that while he is hopeful that men will learn to fly, the task of learning is more difficult than one might suppose; and Mr. Herring, though he has studied the subject seventeen years, considers himself a beginner.

A Vienna manager, learning of Lilienthal's feats, sent an acrobat to take lessons; but at last reports the pupil was said to be "having a hard time of it—developing a dreadful propensity to alight on his nose."

During 1895, a lecturer at Glasgow University, Mr. Pilcher, has made flights with a pair of wings not unlike Lilienthal's; but to guard against being upset by sudden gusts of wind—a constant danger—Mr. Pilcher has bent his wing-tips at the ends. These experiments are still in progress.

There are other experimenters in various parts of the world, but none more successful. Some are studying kites as an aid to flight. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Wales has made a great number of simple and successful models—the latest being driven by compressed air, and flying over three hundred feet. He has lately given his attention to kites; and in November, 1894, made one that carried him up along a string, and brought him safely down. He claims that this kite, which looks like two boxes, without top or bottom, and fastened to each other by sticks, as shown in the diagram, will carry a man up and bring him down safely, and thus offers an excellent chance to try any new flying apparatus.

Boys can easily make small kites of this sort out of pasteboard boxes and test their merit.

Lately there has been some account of a sail-

wheel flying-machine made by a Professor Wellner; but as it is on a novel principle, which has not yet been proved sound, I have not given an account of it. Maxim's ship, although it broke down, is only a new trial of a well-known principle. Some German authorities say that Maxim has not added to our knowledge of how to steer air-ships. But it seems fair to wait a while. After the air-ship really begins to fly, there will be time enough to learn how to steer it.

A bill was brought before the last Congress—not passed—offering \$100,000 to the inventor who shall make a successful air-vessel before 1900. But, as a New York paper said, that sum might be a trifle to the inventor of such a machine.

A Boston gentleman much interested in the subject proposes an *aëronautical* camp-meeting on Cape Cod, and has published an elaborate programme of subjects to be there considered. If we add that a School of *Aëronautics* has been established in Paris, you will have a very complete idea of where the Art of Flying is to-day.

As was said in the beginning, it is likely that many of you boys and girls will see air-ships in full flight.

And if we should learn to fly—what then?

Let me repeat here what the poet E. C. Stedman told the readers of the *Century* some years ago—for only a poet can do the subject justice:

"The air will be the ocean; or, rather, let us say, that ethereal ocean, the atmosphere, at last having been utilized and made available for the commerce, the travel, the swift running to and fro of men, every spot of this globe will be a building-site, every acre a harbor, every open space, plain, hummock, the highest range, the humblest valley, an *aërial* port.

* * * * *

"The change will be gradual. The art of *aërial* navigation will be slow of perfection. Our primitive vessels and motors will be rude and defective, as Stevenson's locomotive now would seem to us. Heavy freights must long continue to move by water and rail. *Aërobats* at first will be used for the transmission of the mails and light express packages, and especially for their swift conveyance over sea. Soon the



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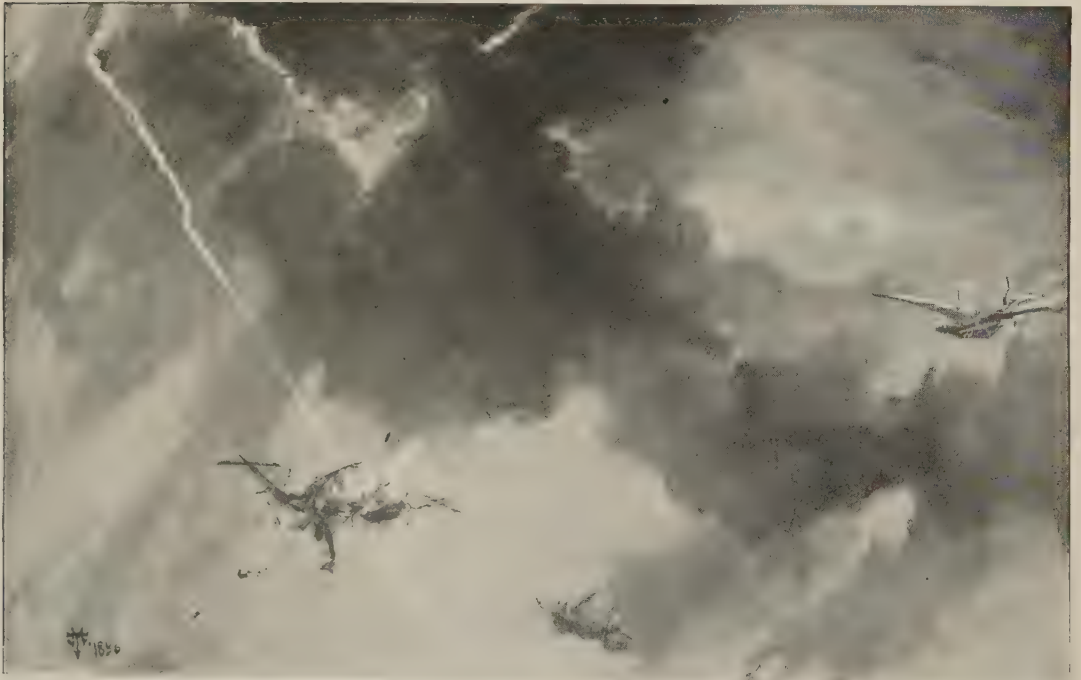
WARFARE IN THE AIR, AS IMAGINED BY A GERMAN ARTIST.

inland companies will have each its own 'aërial express.' By and by aërobats displaying the insignia and pennons of the great newspapers will leave town at 3 A. M., and whirl over the country 'as the crow flies,' and at their utmost speed, dropping their packages in the towns and villages along the routes in every direction of the compass. Soon the more adventurous and resolute, and finally all classes of travelers, will avail themselves of the great passenger aërobats and enjoy the unsurpassable luxury of flight, experiencing thrills of wonder and ecstasy, and a sense of power, freedom, and safety to which all former delights of travel may well seem tame by comparison.

* * * * *

"In every way the resources of social life will be so enlarged that at last it truly may be said, 'Existence is itself a joy.' Sports and recreations will be strangely multiplied. Rich and poor alike will make of travel an every-day delight, the former in their private aëronons, the

latter in large and multiform structures, corresponding in use to the excursion-boats of our rivers and harbors, the 'floating palaces' of the people, and far more numerous and splendid. The ends of the earth, its rarest places, will be visited by all. The sportsman can change at pleasure from the woods and waters of the North, the run-ways of the deer, the haunts of the salmon, to the pursuit of the tiger in the jungle or the emu in the Australian bush. An entirely new profession—that of airman-ship—will be thoroughly organized, employing a countless army of trained officers and 'airmen.' The adventurous and well-to-do will have their pleasure yachts of the air, and take hazardous and delightful cruises. Their vessels will differ from the cumbrous aërobats intended for freight and emigrant business, will be christened with beautiful and suggestive names,—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and the like,—and will vie with one another in grace, readiness, and speed."



TWO MAIDENS.

BY GERTRUDE MORTON CANNON.

I KNOW a winsome little maid,
So fair to see —
Her face is like a dainty flower.
So lovingly
She looks upon this world of ours,
And all who pass,
That sweet content makes beautiful
My little lass.

I know another maiden well,
She might be fair —
Her cheek is like a rose-leaf soft,
Like gold her hair.

But ah! her face is marred by frowns,
Her eyes by tears,
For none can please. I dread to think
Of coming years.

Would you, dear, grow to beauty rare
In thought and deed?
Then learn the lesson these two teach
To those who heed,
And in your heart, as life begins,
Give this truth place:
'T is only lovely thoughts can make
A lovely face.

LITTLE BOB KIMBALL.

BY AGNES LEE.

NIMBLEDY-NIMBLE,
Little Bob Kimball —
Bobby the lively and Bobby the quick! —
Had a great fancy for serving a trick.
Bothersome pranks by the dozen he 'd play.
Mother was calling the whole livelong day:

“ *Where* is my thimble? —

O *Bobby* Kimball!

Where are my rings gone? Oh, where is
my spool?

Bob! leave your hiding, and run off to
school.

Who left the cellar door open for tramps?
Who washed the mucilage off of my stamps?”

Once he went maying.

While he was straying

He saw a brown bird sitting under a tree.
He 'd no wish to harm it—just thought
he would see

How near his stone came to a hit—that
was all.

But off flew the bird, and sang down from
a wall:

“ Nimbledy-nimble,

Little Bob Kimball!

Your way of nimble is not the best way.

Little Bob Kimball, oh, try for a day

NIMBLE FOR GOOD, and not NIMBLE FOR
ILL.”

Said Bob, “Little bird, I don't know but I
will!”

Bobby he tried it.

As he applied it,

More sweet and more kindly his little heart
grew,

Till he was a comfort to all whom he
knew.

And now he is welcome wherever he goes;
A fine, merry fellow, as everyone knows.

Nimbledy-nimble,
Little Bob Kimball.

THE SCISSORS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



E 'RE a jolly pair of twins,
And we always work together.
We are always bright and sharp,
However dull the weather.
Whenever little Maidie
Takes her work-box in her lap,
We are always up and ready
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

CHORUS. Snip, snip, snap,
Snip, snip, snap.
We are always up and ready
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

We cut the pretty patches
To piece the pretty quilt;
Each square the next one matches,
Their posies never wilt.
We trim the edges neatly,
With never a mishap,
And what music sounds so sweetly
As our "Snip, snip, snap"?

We cut the dolly's mantle;
We shape the dolly's dress.
Oh, half the clever things we do
You 'd never, never guess!
For food or sleep or playtime
We do not care a rap,
But are ready, night and daytime,
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

CHORUS. Snip, snip, Snap,
Snip, snip, snap,
But are ready, night and daytime,
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"



TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHALLENGE.

THE firemen were able to put out the fire before it had done serious damage, save to the packing-cases; and Teddy had hardly sent the challenge to Skip Jellison before, one by one, the engines were hauled away.

Reddy did not follow when they crossed to the other side of the street. He was probably afraid he might be charged with having taken some part in starting the blaze, and did not care to remain near those who had no hesitation about saying what they thought.

"We might as well go back," Teddy said, several moments after the firemen began to disperse. "We 'll go round by Broadway for fear some of the fellows will find out where we 're livin' now."

Then, for the first time since receiving Teddy's promise that Skip should be forced to return the money he had stolen, was it possible for Carrots to speak freely.

"If you have n't got yourself in a fine mess, then I don't know!" he exclaimed. "Jest as likely as not this 'll break up the stand!"

"Don't you worry 'bout that, Carrots. I shall come out all right. It 's got to be fixed right away, else there 's no knowin' what Skip Jellison may do. I did n't count on beginning so soon; but now he 's shown that he dares to set fires, I 'd be worried for our new place, if something was n't done."

"But what do you reckon on doin'?"

"You come with me, and you 'll hear and see the whole thing. It 's going to spoil our day's work; but that can't be helped, for it 's time he was straightened out. We 'll get the

papers for Ikey, an' then have a look at this bully who 's willing to risk burning us up."

Teddy evidently had a well-defined scheme in his mind; but he did not intend to confide in any one until the proper moment.

By going a long way round the boys were able to reach their new home without meeting any acquaintances; and, once there, preparations were made for the night, Carrots meanwhile explaining to Ikey what they had seen and heard.

"That Skip will try to break up this stand just as soon as he knows you 've got it," the clerk said positively.

Carrots expected Teddy would make some reply to this remark; but the boy from Saranac did not speak, and before long his companions were asleep.

It was daylight next morning when Teddy woke his partner, and, leaving their clerk still asleep, the two hurried to the newspaper offices for the day's supply.

Few other newsboys had begun work when Messrs. Thurston and Williams had the stand open, with a stock sufficient to satisfy all the customers Ikey might have.

A breakfast was made on the remainder of the previous night's feast, and then Teddy and Carrots "worked the hoss-cars," as the latter expressed it, until a quarter before seven.

"Come on; it 's time to go," Teddy said as he deposited his share of the stock on the counter. "Keep your eyes open while we 're gone, Ikey, because it may be quite a while before we get back."

Carrots followed his partner in silence, and the clocks were striking seven when they arrived at the City Hall.

"Don't go over there yet," Carrots said nervously, as he pointed toward a group of boys.

"Skip has got every fellow in town with him. You 're certain to get the worst of it."

"He can't have too many to please me," Teddy replied boldly; and then, to Carrots's surprise, he turned and walked directly toward the enemy.

"Here he comes! an' now we 'll see what a country jay looks like when he gits ready to leave town!" was Skip's greeting; and his particular cronies thought the remark so very funny that they laughed long and loud.

"I 'm not thinking about going out of the city," Teddy said firmly; "so I 'm afraid it won't be such an awful good show."

"Then what are you coming round here for?" Skip asked, as he advanced threateningly.

"In the first place I 've come for that money you stole from Carrots, and when that has been given up, I 'll tell you what else I want," said Teddy, quietly.

"You 'll be gray-headed before you get anything out of me, 'cept a whack on the head!"

"Yes, you 're said to be a great fighter, I know," was Teddy's remark; "but you 'd better make all your fight 'round here where you know the police will stop a row before anybody has a chance to hurt you. It 's safer!"

"I 'll make my fight anywhere I please," Skip blustered.

"Then if you 've got half the pluck you claim, show us a place where it can be done in shape," answered Teddy sharply. "I 'm here with nothing to do but settle matters. I 'm going to stay in the town right along, and I can't be bothered with you all the time. If you get the best of me when we 're where nobody 'll interfere with us, I 'll leave; an' if I get the best of you, why, then I 'll get back my dollar, an' you 'll have to behave yourself."

Boys like pluck, and even Skip's friends applauded this remark. Teddy's businesslike offer pleased them wonderfully, and they had no doubt the bully would agree at once. But, to the surprise of all, Skip remained silent.

"He don't dare do it!" Teenie jeered. "He 's afraid of gettin' the worst of it—same 's he did that day over in Brooklyn!"

"Hold your tongue!" Master Jellison answered, looking angrily around him. "Do you fellows s'pose that I 'm scared of him?"

"If you ain't, why don't you do as he says?" asked Teenie.

"I 've got to tend to my work," Skip stammered, "that 's why I can't; but I 'll give him a poundin' now, an' let that settle it."

"If you try to touch me here where we 're sure of being arrested, I 'll have you locked up for stealin'," Teddy said sternly. "I could do that anyway; but I 'd rather manage my own affairs. I don't see how you can be too busy to leave for an hour, because you have n't done any work since you said you 'd drive me out of town. I 'll go wherever you say, an' the rest of the fellows shall promise to leave us alone till one of us says he 's had enough!"

"Of course he 's goin' to tackle the country-man!" Reddy Jackson said in reply to some of his friends, who at this moment began to express in an undertone their belief that "Skip was scared!"

Then Reddy took Skip aside and began to talk to him very earnestly, the others, meanwhile, discussing whether the bully was afraid.

It must have been plain to Skip that if he did not wish to be despised by all whom he had cowed so long, it was necessary to accept Teddy's challenge; for there were at least a dozen in the throng who had some grudge against the young tyrant, and if he "showed the white feather" so publicly, there could be no question that the injured ones would try to revenge themselves, believing it could be done safely.

"I 'm willin' to go an' thrash this fellow, of course," Skip said suddenly, as he stepped forward once more. "I *did* count on doin' a good day's work, 'cause I 've been takin' it easy so long; but I reckon I can spare the little time I need to settle him off. See here, now—I don't want any one in the crowd to beg off for him after I get started."

"Neither do I," added Teddy, promptly. "He says I can't stay in the town, an' I want that settled once for all; so the rest of the crowd are to hold back, never mind who 's havin' the worst of the trade."

"You can count on fair play," a member of the party said decidedly, and, as this speaker had always been believed to be one of Skip's warmest supporters, there seemed to be no

question that Teddy would be treated well during the coming conflict.

"Do you s'pose you can get the best of him?" Carrots asked in an anxious whisper as, under the guidance of one of the party, all hands started toward a certain quiet and secluded spot which had been suggested by Sid Barker.

"Well, I 'll try mighty hard," said Teddy. "I don't take much stock in fightin', Carrots, but this is somethin' that 's got to be done, or we 'd never be able to run the stand."

This remark sounded to Carrots very much as if his partner had serious doubts regarding the outcome of the engagement, and secretly the junior partner began to indulge in the most gloomy forebodings.

Teddy had very little to say; but Skip, who walked among the leaders of the party, took pains to boast in a very loud tone of what he proposed to do with "the greenhorn after he 'd broken him all up."

Sid conducted the throng to an untenanted stable in the rear of some dwellings on West Broadway, and said, as he led them through a convenient opening:

"I reckon you might fight here a month without anybody hearing you. Could you find anything better 'n this?"

Most of the boys were loud in their praises of the spot; but it really seemed as if Skip fancied it too retired.

"He 'd rather be where the cops would come," Carrots whispered to Teddy. "I do believe he 's afraid already; an' I tell you, Teddy, if you can thrash Skip well, it 'll be the biggest kind of a thing for a lot of fellows I know of in this town!"

"I reckon I 'll be all right. Don't you even say a word, no matter what happens; and I think when our little scrap is finished he won't have anything more to say about our leaving the city."

It did not require many moments to settle the terms of combat.

Half a dozen of the larger members of the party arranged the details by promising to whip any fellow who should attempt to interfere, and then the word was given.

Teddy did not immediately put himself in an

attitude of defence; but, addressing the spectators, said:

"I don't want any fellow to think I came here 'cause I 'm fond of a fight. Skip Jellison has said I 've got to leave town, and that Carrots must, too, just because he helped me. He tried to drive me away by stealing a dollar of my money from Carrots, and then he set the box-pile on fire last night to smoke us out, or something worse. All I want of him is to give up the cash, and agree to let us alone. If he 's willing to do that, there 's no need of this row; but if he don't, I shall fight him the best I know how."

Skip's only reply was to rush forward angrily, and an instant later the battle was on.

It is very doubtful if even Carrots could have told much about the struggle, so suddenly was it begun and so soon ended.

Carrots told Ikey that same morning:

"It did n't seem as if Skip had a chance to put up his hands before he was flat on his back; and every time he tried to stand up he got another dose of the same medicine, till it was over."

In less than five minutes Teddy was the conqueror, without a scratch, and Skip, lying at full length on the stable-floor, was howling frantically for some one to "hold that Saranac jay!"

"He has n't thumped you half enough!" Sid Barker said angrily to the prostrate bully. "What are you yellin' like that for? Teddy ain't anywhere near you! To think that we fellows have let you pretty nigh run this town for as much as a year, when you would n't fight a mouse, unless you got the first clip at him!"

After a time Skip was made to understand that Teddy had no idea of administering more punishment, and he was about to scramble to his feet, when the boy from Saranac stopped him by saying:

"Part of what I came here for was the dollar you stole, and as soon as you give that up the row will be over; but you don't leave this place till I get it."

"I have n't kept a cent! Reddy an' Sid got the same as I did!" Skip cried, cringing now as shamefully as he had ever bullied.

"All I know is that you took it, an' you 've got to give it up," Teddy remarked decidedly.

"I'll let you have some to-morrow," Skip replied with a whine.

"We've come here to settle matters," Teddy insisted, "an' this is the place to square up. I can't afford to lose another morning's work on account of you."

Skip finally found eighteen cents, and then tried to borrow the rest from those whom he had counted as friends; but not one of his late admirers would have anything to do with him. He had shown himself to be a coward as well as a bully, and now his bitterest enemies were

be very queer if I should have somethin' to say 'bout the fire we saw last night."

"I'll pay back every cent just as soon as I can get it," Skip wailed.

"You'll have till to-morrow night," said Teddy firmly; "but no longer. I don't think there's any need to tell you what'll be done if you try to bother Carrots or me again."

Then, although many of Skip's friends were eager to cultivate his acquaintance, Teddy left the barn in the same quiet way he had entered; and Carrots followed close behind, saying, when

they were where the words could not be overheard:

"Well, Teddy, who'd 'a' thought you was such a fighter?"

"But I'm not!"

Teddy replied sharply. "I don't believe in that sort of thing; but the way matters were going I thought it was somethin' that had to be done."

"And you did it in great shape!" Carrots insisted. "Even if we never get another cent of our dollar back I'll be satisfied, 'cause that bully Skip's done for in this town now. He can't scare any more



"WHAT ARE YOU YELLIN' LIKE THAT FOR?" SAID SID."

those with whom he had seemed most popular. Teddy soon understood that Skip had told the truth, and that he could not regain the whole amount stolen. So he said as he took the eighteen cents on account:

"This will do for now; but you've got to come up with the balance by to-morrow night, or there'll be trouble. While you were talking so loud about pounding me it would have looked as if I was scared an' did n't dare to do anything but go to the police, if I'd had you arrested. But now that every fellow knows how much your brag amounts to, I'll have you right into court if the money is n't paid at the time I said. While I'm in court it would n't

fellows—an' I reckon all Teenie Massey said about that Brooklyn fight was true."

"Don't let's talk of it, Carrots. I'm goin' to work, an' you'd better do the same, 'cause we've got a mighty big contract on our hands now, with so much rent to pay, an' a clerk to feed."

Carrots would have liked nothing better than to have remained there discussing all the incidents of the short battle during the next hour or two; but Teddy put an end to the talk by hurrying away for a stock of papers, and the bootblack could do no less than go in search of customers.

He had every chance to talk about Teddy's

prowess during the remainder of that day, however.

Every boy who knew Skip had something to say about the fallen bully; and, naturally, such remarks were followed by praise for Teddy, who had settled his troubles in such a business-like fashion.

Teenie Massey was so excited because of Skip's downfall that it was almost impossible for him to attend to any business during the next twenty-four hours. He told the story over and over again to such of his friends as were so unlucky as not to have witnessed the great combat.

None of Carrots's friends saw Skip during the remainder of that day; he disappeared from view as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, and there was no sorrow because of his absence.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROSPERITY.

IF Teddy believed that his new admirers would allow him to go on quietly with his business immediately after punishing Skip Jellison, he was mistaken.

The bully had terrorized the bootblacks and newsboys who pursued their callings in the vicinity of the City Hall, during the previous year, without having been called upon to defend himself against one of his own size and strength.

As a matter of course it had been necessary to engage in several fights for the purpose of sustaining his reputation as a "dangerous character"; but he had always been careful to attack some boy smaller than himself, or, as in the case of his first assault upon Teddy, had contented himself with striking two or three blows suddenly when the victim could be taken unawares.

Until the day when Teenie Massey brought the news from Brooklyn that Skip had been whipped by a boy not more than half his size, every fellow believed Master Jellison to be bold, and skilful in the use of his fists.

Even then, most of Skip's followers fancied Teenie had colored the story to suit his own purposes. They were willing to give the bully the benefit of the doubt, and consequently the

surprise of all was very great that Teddy had vanquished him so easily.

Since Teddy's victory, however, the opinion of every street merchant in the vicinity of Skip's usual haunts was that he "could not fight a little bit," and no one was silent on the subject.

The newspaper business was much neglected that morning in order that the details of the battle might be told to those who were not present; and more than one gentleman with muddy boots wondered what had become of the small army of bootblacks who were usually so eager for work.

Teddy's praises were warmly sung; for even Skip's most intimate friends felt a certain sense of relief now that his reign was over.

"That fellow has got plenty of sand!" Sid Barker said, admiringly, after he had repeated his story of the bully's downfall for at least the twentieth time; "an' I think we ought to tell him just how we look at this thing."

"Do you s'pose he 'll get his money back?" Teenie asked, in his shrill voice.

"Not a bit of it! Skip never 'll show up 'round here again; an' if he did, how 'll he raise the cash?"

"He says you an' Reddy got a share."

"I won't say that we did n't," Sid replied, promptly; "an' I 'm goin' to give Teddy back my part before noon."

"So am I," Reddy added. "I 've got it now, an' am willin' to hunt him up this minute, if you say the word."

"Come on," Sid replied, as he started in the direction of South Ferry, for it was well known by all that Teddy was doing business in that part of the city.

As a matter of course every fellow who heard this offer was eager to be present when the payment was made to Teddy, and the crowd of newsboys who marched down Broadway was so large as to attract considerable attention.

When the small army arrived at the head of Cortlandt Street, Carrots met them; and, it is needless to say, he halted in astonishment and some alarm.

His first thought was that Skip's friends had come together for the purpose of taking revenge upon the boy who had chastised the bully, and he remained motionless an instant, wondering

whether it would not be the better part of valor to seek safety in flight.

A hail from Sid soon dispelled his fears.

"Come on, Carrots! We're goin' down to find your pardner, so 's to kinder square things. You'd better come too."

"What do you mean to do?" Carrots asked, as he joined the throng.

"They're goin' to give him back part of the money Skip stole," Teenie squeaked; "an' then I reckon he'll work up 'round the City Hall."

A few moments previous to this meeting it had seemed to Carrots as if he desired nothing more, because he was part-owner of a stand, and Skip's tyrannical reign had come to an end; but now, if such a thing could be possible, he was even more elated than before, and all idea of business was forgotten as he followed those who, but a short time previous, were his enemies.

It was a regular triumphal march for the amateur farmer, and the promises of friendship from every side gave him much pleasure.

"I knew you fellows would like Teddy when you got acquainted with him," he said gleefully.

"It would n't have taken us long to find that out if he'd started in different," Reddy Jackson replied. "Why did n't he pitch right inter Skip the first thing?"

"How could he when he got in the station-house?" said Carrots. "He would n't 'a' let Skip get away, then, if that policeman had n't been there."

"But after he got out there was n't anything done," Sid objected.

"You could n't expect him to jump into trouble again right away. He had to wait so 's to fix things, an' then he came out like a little man."

"That 's a fact; an' now he can go into any part of this town that he likes."

Carrots was strongly tempted to add to the glory of the march by telling the story of the stand; but he remembered that as yet his word was pledged to his partner, and remained silent.

When the party reached South Ferry, Teddy was found hard at work; and, like Carrots, he was at first inclined to believe the advancing force boded evil for him. But Sid Barker said, as he handed Teddy twenty-five cents:

"What Skip Jellison told 'bout our havin' some of your money was straight; an' so we've

come here to give it up. Here 's all I got, an' if I'd know'd what you really were, the money would n't 'a' been kept so long as this."

"An' here 's my share," Reddy added as he slipped another coin into Teddy's hand.

"But it was Skip who stole the money," the boy from Saranac said with some confusion; "an' he ought to give it back."

"I reckon you won't see him very soon," said Reddy. "Skip has n't got the nerve to show his face round here ag'in, for he knows nearly every fellow has something against him. We used the money he gave us, so it 's no more 'n right we should give it back."

"An' you'd better work round City Hall," Reddy added. "You're a dandy, an' if there 's anything we can do to help you along, just say the word!"

Teddy protested that business was good enough near the ferries to warrant his remaining where he was; but his new friends would listen to nothing of the kind.

They insisted so strongly on Teddy's going with them, that he was finally forced to yield, and not until the party were marching up Broadway did Carrots get a chance to speak privately with his partner. Then he whispered:

"Why not tell them about the stand? They're all glad 'cause you thumped Skip, an' we need n't be 'fraid any more that they'll try to make trouble for us."

"I'd rather have waited till we had a bigger stock, an' you'd paid for the chair," said Teddy; "but I s'pose the best way is to give the news out now, 'cause they're bound to see the place before long. You can tell 'em."

Carrots felt very proud when he announced the fact that he and Teddy "had gone inter business *reg'lar*"; and he concluded by inviting every member of the party up to see the stand that evening.

The one incident of this triumph which did not please Teddy, was the fact that he was forced to waste so much time, when he might have been adding to his capital; but there did not seem any way to prevent it, and he submitted with the best grace he could.

As a matter of course, every member of the party promised to visit the partners' establishment before nightfall, and after the news had

been thoroughly discussed several times more, most of the young merchants went about their business.

Teddy never worked harder than during the remainder of that day, and no one can blame him for being secretly proud of the victory he had won.

To describe the informal reception held by Messrs. Thurston & Williams on this evening would be too great a task.

From five o'clock in the afternoon until late at night the stand was the center of attraction for all Teddy's, Carrots's, or Skip's acquaintances; and Master Williams fairly outdid himself as host.

He explained what they meant to do; showed

"Well, Carrots, I reckon we 're here to stay this time!"

"Yes, sir! I reckon we are; an' now I 'm beginnin' to think it won't be such a dreadful long while before we get a store. Say, that 'll be great, won't it? I can have my chair inside when it storms; an' what a place we 'll rig up to sleep in! I 'll know what a bed feels like then, an' it won't be all ropes, same 's that one out to the farm."

Teddy was too nearly asleep to be capable of making any reply, and Ikey had been snoring several moments. Therefore Master Williams giving up his attempt at conversation laid his red head on his arm, and joined his companions in their journey to the Land of Nod.



"CARROTS DISPLAYS THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. THURSTON AND WILLIAMS."

the new chair which they had bought; described how the establishment would look when the new coat of green paint was put on, and received more offers of assistance in this artistic work than he could well accept.

The partners were thoroughly tired when the last guest took his departure, and Teddy said in a tone of satisfaction as he curled himself up on his portion of the straw:

It seems hardly necessary to say that Skip has not been seen since his friends forsook him in the stable where his reign as a bully came to an end; and even those to whom he owes money have felt no regret because of his long absence.

It is quite likely some of the fellows whom he bullied would like a short interview for the purpose of "squaring accounts"; but, since Mas-

ter Jellison is well aware of this fact, he will probably remain in seclusion.

It is a matter of fact that every satisfactory story ends only when the principal characters are settled in life, rich and happy; but, unfortunately, that cannot be in this case, for it is not many months since the day on which Skip was conquered, and in so short a time one could hardly expect the young merchants to have made very rapid strides toward wealth.

There is a great difference in the appearance of the stand, however. It has had at least two coats of the most vivid green paint Carrots could purchase; and at one end stands the chair—all paid for—with so much brass-work about it as to render it quite dazzling on a sunny day.

Carrots feels very positive it "lays 'way over the *Italian's*," and in this he is correct.

Ikey still holds his position as clerk, although

his lame leg is healed, and he can run about the streets as nimbly as either of his employers. Teddy and Carrots decided several weeks ago that it would pay them to hire a clerk regularly, since both could then go around town in search of customers when trade was dull nearer to the stand; and Ikey receives as wages his board, his lodging, and fifty cents each week, a great improvement over his former state, when he was forced to seek such locations for business as the other boys did not want.

Carrots still dreams of the "reg'lar store," and there appears to be no reason why his hopes may not be fulfilled.

The amount of capital is larger each day, thanks to the partners' industry, and their stock is increasing too; therefore they will be able to make quite a respectable showing when they move into more roomy quarters.

Few firms seem likely to be more prosperous than that of "TEDDY AND CARROTS."

THE END.

— CLOUDLAND. —

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.
—

IN Cloudland, once, a chapel rose,
The body all of lily-blows,
And sunbeams for the steeple;
Blest folk were entering, left and right,
And everywhere went dancing light
Between the pretty people.

On they glided, two by two,
Over the dove hues and the blue,
As never folk before;
The bloom of June shall never win
The lovely tints that fluttered in:
Four cherubs closed the door.

A little turning of the eye,
And, deeper in the curving sky,
Lay moored a floating city;
The fairy roofs, the amber wall—
That earth has not those glories all,
Ah, more and more 's the pity.

Calm lay the city; farther down,
Hard by a little lilac town,
A host engaged in battle;
Such plumes and horses had each knight!
Never before so dire a fight,
With neither shout nor rattle.

The dainty chapel swinging there,
The city floating in the air,
The knights with plumes a-flying,—
Such loveliness, it well might make
The baby angels stay awake
Till the morning stars were dying.

But now, but now, a touch of gray,
And every sunbeam slipped away,
And with them went the steeple;
The chapel sank, the city passed,
The warriors faded, and, at last,
The pretty, pretty people!



A WONDERFUL TRICK.

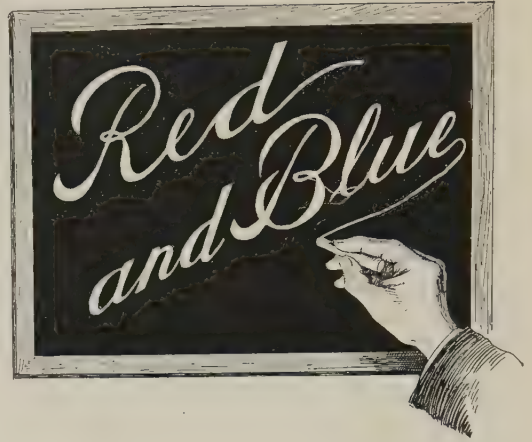
BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

THE young magician bowed
To the crowd.
"Observe, my friends," said he,—
"Pray observe me, carefully.
You perceive
I have neither cuffs nor mustache to deceive."
Then after further talk,
Such as conjurers all use
When an audience they amuse,
He produced a piece of chalk—
Just a common piece of chalk—
Snowy white;
And he said: "My first endeavor
Is a trick that 's really clever."
(Sly old fellow!)

"You observe this chalk is white.
Well, now, I will with it write
Any color named by you,—
Red or green or pink or blue,



Brown or yellow."
 Here he paused; then some one said:
 "I choose red!"
 And some one: "Blue!"
 "I will write, my friends, the two,"
 Said the pres-ti-dig-i-ta-tor.
 And he did! So could you.
 For all you have to do
 Is to write
 In letters white:



LIEUTENANT HARRY.

(An Episode of the War of the Rebellion.)

BY THOMAS EDWIN TURNER.



AT the close of a cold, dreary day in the winter of 1861-62, a boy, thirteen years old, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, and riding a high-mettled dapple-gray pony, was making his way rapidly toward the Federal headquarters which were then situated at Tipton, Missouri.

While the willing little steed galloped cheerily onward, its rider hastily bolted large pieces of gingerbread. The boy was followed by a mounted orderly. On reaching his destination, Harry, for so we may call him, dismounted, threw his bridle-rein to the orderly, and rushed into the house, almost overturning a guard placed at its main door. Making a dash at a smaller door to the right of a spacious hall, he flung it open, and, with snapping eyes, glowing cheeks, breathless from rapid movement, and overfilled mouth, was in the presence of the commander of the First Division of the West. Hastily swallowing the last bit of gingerbread, the boy exclaimed:

"Let me go, father; please do!"

"Let you go where?" the boy's father asked.

"I don't know where," the son answered; "but I heard out at camp you were going to send Major Gray and his company of cavalry somewhere to-night, and I want to go with them. I am not a baby. All the men in our command say I can ride any horse, in or out of it; and I stood the march toward Springfield when a lot of officers and men gave out. It was all day and all night work for sixty hours, with hardly one hour's rest in six."

And here the lad, who had been talking very fast, and with great earnestness, appealed to his sire, who smilingly replied:

"Soldiers should not boast, my boy. I have concluded to send you with Major Gray to-night. More than that, I shall place *you* in command."

"Hooray for—thank you, sir!" he cried; "but where are we to go?"

"That I will tell you in two hours, when you report with your command for orders. Major Gray and his company are to be here at eight o'clock. So go back to camp, and prepare for your journey. Use a fresh mount. You had better ride my brown mare."

"Yes, father"; and the boy hastened away to make preparations for the great undertaking.

While he is so engaged, as you may be curious to know, I will tell you how this mere child came to be in the army instead of in school with other patriots of his own age.

After the father became colonel of his regiment, his physician, who was chosen surgeon of the same regiment, expressed the opinion that it might benefit the poor health of the colonel's son if the latter was permitted to accompany his father to the South. It was decided to follow the good doctor's advice, and the result was all that could be desired; for Harry, now the picture of health, served as a member of staff, performing the duties devolving upon a staff-officer, although not sworn into the service, and, of course, not receiving government pay.

At eight o'clock in the evening of this red-letter day in the life of our hero, a company of cavalry was drawn up in line before the headquarters in Tipton. Its commander, Major Gray, was in conference with his chief, within doors, while the young lieutenant, wrapped in the regulation army-overcoat, and mounted on a large brown horse of great speed, occupied a position at the head of the line of cavalry.

The major, accompanied by General T—, soon came from the house. Approaching the boy, the general said:

"With Major Gray's consent, I put you in command of this expedition. You are to go to Versailles, reaching there as near the break of day as possible. Post men on all roads entering the town, to prevent escape of the enemy out of it, and to warn you of his approach. Search each house in Versailles, and bring in any men bearing arms against us, or concealing themselves. Whatever you do, keep near Major Gray, and when in doubt be guided by him."

Here the speaker and the major exchanged significant glances. Then the general turned away, saying:

"I wish you a speedy and successful journey. Good night, sir." And answering the salute received as he ended his instructions, he was soon within the house again.

For some reason or other, now that the boy was fairly in for it, his courage and confidence began to desert him. An hour before it seemed easy enough, a simple thing, to manœuvre a whole division. *Now* he did n't know what

to do with a single company. He knew he ought to be off, but how to move that company of men floored him. Something must be done. So he shouted in desperation: "Left wheel! By twos! Forward, march!" uncertain whether those were the proper orders to bring about the movement he desired. Right or wrong, the words started his little command in the right direction, and this success set self-confidence on its legs again.

As he was the only one of the entire party who had ever been over the road from Tipton to Versailles, Major Gray informed him this was the reason for his being sent in command of the little force that was to find it. He had only once been in Versailles, and the journey there was made during daylight, with a large detachment of his father's division. And having paid no particular attention to the route, the truth was he knew little about it. And now the snow began to fall quietly, steadily, as if it meant to continue a long time, soon covering the earth with a fleecy robe that reflected just light enough to reveal how deep the gloom had been without it. It muffled the sound of hoofs, leaving the night, if possible, more noiseless than before. The very horses of the party understood that they were going to have a bad night of it, and, with an air of patience worthy of imitation, relaxed their pliant ears, letting them fall far back on their crests, thrust down and out their muzzles, and, humping their backs, settled down to an I'm-in-for-it gait that could be depended on for hours.

A little after eleven o'clock, however, changing to glance far ahead, Harry saw something that made him regret he was acting in the capacity of leader. What his eyes fell upon that caused this disturbance of mind were simply: "Forks ahead!" where the road they were on branched off into three prongs, going in as many different directions. What should he do? For, to confess the truth, he did not know which of the three branches was the proper one to take in order to reach Versailles. Riding close at Major Gray's side, rising in his stirrups, and leaning as far toward his companion as the position permitted, the lad in a low tone said:

"Major Gray, I don't know which of those three roads we ought to take; but have mercy



"MAJOR GRAY, WITH THE BUTT OF A NAVY REVOLVER, RAPPED VIGOROUSLY UPON THE DOOR."

on me, and don't tell your lieutenants or the men!"

"You don't know the road?" the major answered. "Try to remember the way you went going down here before."

"I can't; for I fail even to remember ever seeing the forks before," said the boy.

By this time the forks were reached, and in a moment the little band was at a standstill, and the kind-hearted major said in a low, clear voice that reached every ear in the troop:

"We know one of these roads will take us to Versailles, but another may be more direct, so we will try to get information or a guide from the cabins yonder. Wait here until Lieutenant Thorn and I return."

Now "Lieutenant Thorn," as our hero was called, had seen no sign of any habitation, but the major's keen eyes had caught a glimpse of three or four rude log huts a little distance down the road that led off to the left. Approaching one of the cabins, Major Gray, with the butt of a navy revolver, rapped vigorously upon its door of split logs. A voice inside the cabin cried:

"Who 's thar?"

"Officers of the army," shouted the major.

"Which side be you uns on?"

"On the outside, you blockhead!" returned the matter-of-fact major.

"That 's enough. Ye 're Yanks," said the first speaker. "Now what do you uns want?"

"A guide to Versailles; we want one quick, so tumble out," was the answer.

"If you uns want to get to Versailles, take that 'ere right-hand track."

"No, you don't," shouted the major; "you must come with us. So stop talking, and come out of there in short order."

And in a few moments a door in the rear was opened, and a voice cried:

"Kim on; I will go with you uns."

They came upon a boy seemingly about sixteen years of age, who, as they reached him, closed the door in which he had been standing awaiting the coming of the two officers. The latter saw at a glance that tracks had been made through the snow from the dwelling-house to the buildings back of it. So the major's first words to the boy were:

"Who left this cabin while I was talking to your father?"

"Nary one, stranger," was the boy's answer.

"How came those tracks in the snow, then?" he was sternly asked.

"Oh! when you uns first came up, dad was sartin you uns was arter the stock, and he sent me out, quietly like, to slip their halters and let 'em tuk for the bush."

There was nothing to do but accept the explanation, hoping, yet doubting, it was true.

In a short time the guide caught, saddled, and bridled a long-haired, hungry-looking brute, and mounting it, he followed the major and his young companion to the spot where the company of cavalry awaited them.

The major hurriedly explained to his officers, and turning to the guide, said: "See here, young man; I want you to take us to Versailles by the most direct road you know. If you do so you will be paid for your time and trouble; but if you play us false I will have you shot. Now, if you understand me, lead on."

The person so addressed turned his horse's

head down the road leading to the right, Major Gray and the young lieutenant riding one on each side of him. With the two other officers directly behind them, closely followed by their men, the march was resumed.

It was now midnight, and the little band rode silently onward, scarce a word being spoken. The young guide appeared to act in good faith, and led the way without hesitation.

All things must end, sooner or later, even Missouri roads and hours of snow and rain. As the welcome break of storm and day came to warm and cheer the cold and weary horsemen, Versailles appeared in the distance. It lay at the summit of a gentle rise of ground, the road leading with a long and almost imperceptible ascent to the very center of the town. As soon as Harry saw the village, he tightened his bridle-rein, struck his spurs into his horse, and with as ferocious a yell as he could command, dashed far ahead of his comrades and into the Southern town. He dropped one of his reins, and lost his cap, but that was picked up by one of the men and restored. As he shot past one of its subur-



"WITH AS FEROCIOUS A YELL AS HE COULD COMMAND, HARRY DASHED FAR AHEAD OF HIS COMRADES."

ban dwellings, a window was thrown up with a crash, and a man hurriedly thrust out a rifle, and discharged it. The boy heard something flying behind and beyond him, singing *zip!* and at the same moment Major Gray roared "Don't shoot! It is only a boy!" And then turning short around a corner, our young lieutenant was soon in the public square of Versailles, surrounded by his companions.

In the center of this area was, of course, the court-house, the pride of law-abiding citizens. This building was surrounded by a low railing that bore the initials of many a whittler. To this railing three horses were hitched, saddled and bridled. Standing in front of a store were a dozen men and boys.

At Major Gray's suggestion, the young lieutenant ordered the men to form a line facing their captors, and surrender their arms to him. The first command being speedily obeyed, our hero rode up to each prisoner and obtained his weapons, and a strange collection was made.

Among the captives were three who were evidently soldiers of the Southern army. On being questioned, these men admitted that they belonged to General Price's army, but would divulge neither their rank nor names. One of them appeared to be an educated man and a gentleman. His demeanor was cool, haughty, and fearless. He seemed ashamed of the cringing, frightened condition of most of his companions.

Major Gray then detailed parties of three to search for men and arms in the houses of the town. Harry claimed, and his claim was granted, the right to lead one of these parties.

As he was setting out to perform his self-imposed duty, Major Gray said to him:

"During your absence I shall be at the hotel, where I intend to have our party take breakfast. I shall ask the three Southern soldiers to be our guests, as I am confident one of them at least is an officer of no mean grade. So join me there when you have made your search."

Feeling that already he had displayed generalship to be favorably compared with Napoleon's crossing the Alps, the young lieutenant, with his two men, a sergeant and a corporal, prepared to carry by storm or strategy the only castle known in America—the dwelling-house

of one of her citizens. He mounted the steps of the most pretentious house in his district, and boldly pulled the door-bell. After repeating this operation two or three times, applying increased strength to each repetition, finally the door was flung wide open, and there stood a lady clad in black. Her hair was black, her eyes were blacker, and the expression of her face was blackest. This somber female looked at the boy a moment, and then asked:

"Do you want a bell?"

"No, ma'am. Why?" said he.

"Oh, when you first rang I thought some one needed a door-bell, and had concluded to take mine; but, before reaching here, I decided it was not a bell, but the whole house, you were going to take. Now, what *do* you want?"

It must be confessed that this reception was not what the young lieutenant expected, and for a moment it staggered him. But he drew himself up to his full height of four feet eleven inches, allowed the left hand to rest gracefully on his knightly sword-hilt, and, his face beaming with a conciliating smile as he assumed the air of a humble and unwilling instrument in the hands of Uncle Sam, he proceeded to answer the lady's last question thus:

"Madam, these are war times. It pains me to inform you that my duty compels us to search your house from top to bottom. I would spare so fair a lady, if it were in my power; but my orders from our commanding officer cannot be disobeyed. So please lead the way, and we will annoy you as little as possible."

Here the lady to whom this grandiloquent address had been directed, struck dumb with amazement at the boy's words and air of condescension, recovered her speech. Her face was flushed and her black eyes flashed dangerously as she screamed:

"Hold your tongue, you impudent little peacock, or I'll box your ears! Why does a baby like you wear uniform? Have n't the Yankees men enough? If your commanding officer wants anything of me, let him send a man, not a stuck-up doll like you. Run home, now, as fast as your little legs will carry you, and tell mama to trounce you soundly for impertinence to a lady old enough to be your grandmother!"

Never was humiliation so withering, so blight-

ing, so complete. The boy would have given worlds to have exchanged his uniform for his roundabout and breeches and the slouch hat in his room at his far-away Northern home. In a somewhat tremulous voice, it must be confessed, the young lieutenant thus answered his derider :

"Madam, I may be a peacock and a doll. It is easy to mistake one's self. I imagined you were the lady you claimed to be ; but, so long as even your dress is like that of my mother and sisters, we will not be rude, unless you compel it. My 'little legs' are going over this house from cellar to garret, and if you won't show us the way, I will send you to the hotel with Corporal Sands, where we have some other prisoners. I am big enough to tell you this, and to do it."

Scowling darkly, the woman replied :

"Come on, you little brute! Oh, how I wish I had you alone ten minutes!"

Truth to tell, "the little brute" was very glad to escape a private interview with the irate woman.

I have not time to tell you of the exploration the lieutenant and his men made in that house. It is a story by itself. But explore it they did, most thoroughly.

Soon after the little search-party left the house and went back to the hotel, where the leader asked Major Gray to appoint another to fill his place, saying: "I guess I can serve my country better here, Major, than poking over other people's houses."

The major laughingly agreed with this sage decision, and at the same time complied with the boy's request.

When the three parties had finished their duties and returned to the hotel, reporting that no concealed men or arms had been found, preparations for the return to Tipton were made. It was decided to retain as prisoners only the three men known to be Confederate soldiers.

The prisoners occupied a position in the center of the company. There was something about the most distinguished-looking of the three that greatly attracted our hero, and from time to time he would ride for a moment or two at the former's side. The boy, too, seemed to interest and amuse the captive, who at length,

calling to Major Gray, asked if there was any objection to the boy's remaining at his side during the journey. Being answered in the negative, the two became traveling companions.

It did not take long for the Southerner to draw from our hero his whole story. But while seemingly doing his share of the talking, he gave his young companion very little information about himself.

As the afternoon wore away, and the shadows grew longer and longer, the cold began to make itself felt. The young lieutenant's new friend drew about him a short gray cloak that at the time of his capture in the morning was hanging on the pommel of his saddle, where he had thrown it while he left his horse fastened to the railing in front of the courthouse. Something heavy in this cloak, as he threw it about him, struck his horse's shoulder with a dull sound. The boy quickly looked up into his companion's face. For a moment the unknown prisoner seemed buried in deep thought. Then, turning to the lad, he said :

"Lieutenant, did you secure *all* of our weapons this morning?"

"All you had about you *then*," was the answer.

The prisoner smiled, and continued: "I want to give you something to keep for me until the fortunes of war bring it back to my hand. You must not lose it, must not give it away, and you must keep it about your own person while in the army. Will you do this?"

The boy promised.

Whereupon the prisoner drew from a deep pocket in the lining of his gray cloak the most beautifully chased silver-mounted revolver one can imagine. Handing it to the young lieutenant, its owner said :

"Be sure I shall some day take it back again."

The boy, delighted beyond expression at his gift, made no reply beyond a simple "Thank you"; but added mentally, "No, you won't take it back. I'll keep it to show the boys at home—the beauty!"

The tired little force was now approaching Tipton. As the young lieutenant's friend saw houses in the distance, he said :

"You will soon be with your father again, and I for one am glad of it. Some one *did*

leave the cabin you stopped at last night. It was the elder brother of your guide. He went straight to Versailles after escaping from the house, reaching there an hour before you did. He warned those to fly whose capture by you and your men would have hurt our army more than I dare tell you. While you were searching houses, I sent the guide that brought you to Versailles to hurry up certain men of ours, not far off, to our rescue. I am glad you did not change your road or stop at the house of any of our friends for refreshment; for if that had been done you would be the prisoner now. My boy, I am glad, for *your* sake only, that we have reached Tipton without bloodshed. Remember, I shall recover my revolver from you. Enjoy it while you can. Good-by, good-by." And shaking the lad's hand warmly, with a kind, sad smile softening the hard lines in his face, he turned away. Harry never spoke to him again. Resuming his position at Major Gray's side, the company, with jingling sabers and clinking curb-chains, trotted up to the headquarters.

In a moment our hero, with his arms full of trophies, was in his father's room.

"See, see," the boy cried, "what I have captured, and a lot more outside! There are three prisoners and three horses. One of the men is a general, I am sure. He gave me a revolver for myself. And I say, father, can I keep it?"

But by this time Major Gray came to his relief, and gave a hurried report of their journey. The general directed that the prisoners be taken to camp and placed under guard, promising to talk with his son's friend in the morning. He intimated that the three men would be at once sent to St. Louis for safe keeping. Harry was invited to spend the night in his father's quarters, but declined, preferring to go to camp along with his company. So after obtaining permission to keep the silver-mounted revolver, the young lieutenant, bidding the officers good night, joined the company on their way to camp. His friend did not even look toward

him during the ride, but was busily engaged in conversation with Major Gray. The latter informed him, as our hero overheard, that his final destination would probably be St. Louis. Ere long the camp was reached, and our young lieutenant sought his tent, where a supper of hot coffee, with bacon, beans, and hardtack, was soon placed before him by his old friend and orderly, George. Harry related to the soldier his wonderful adventures, and, I can promise you, they lost nothing in the telling. He displayed with pride the handsome revolver, and intimated that his friend the donor would be very wide awake if he ever got it back again.

Shortly after supper the young officer concluded to turn in, and made his way to the cot in a corner of his tent, glad to lay his tired body between the warm blue blankets. Partly as a precaution, but mainly that he might see it first thing in the morning, he placed the unknown's gift beneath his pillow, and quickly glided into dreamland. Having reached that mysterious world, it was not surprising that he should dream. Dream he did, and most fantastically.

The sun was shining brightly when the boy awoke. He put his hand under his pillow to draw forth his revolver, that he might feast his eyes upon it. It was *not* there! Springing from his bed, he hurriedly dressed, and ran to the guards charged with the security of the three prisoners. Asking the sentinel on duty for his new-found friend, he was reassured by a nod of the soldier's head toward the prisoners' tent, a few feet distant. Approaching it, our hero thrust head and shoulders through one of the apertures between the loops holding its flaps closely together, and saw *two* prisoners calmly sleeping. *The rider of the sorrel horse, the owner of the fine revolver, the friend of yesterday, was not there!*

The young lieutenant never saw again the unknown prisoner, never saw again the silver-mounted revolver.

MARDIE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.

"COME on, sis; we 're waiting for you!"
"Well, you can *wait*, then!"
"Say, are n't you going, honest Injun?"
"I 've said I was n't, once."
"Why not?"
"Because I don't choose to; that 's why."
"Are you sick?"
"No."
"Mad?"
"No."

"Well, what ails you, then? It 'll be the jolliest affair of the season. We won't have another such crust this winter. Come along!"

"Stop bothering me! When I say I 'm not going, I mean it. I hate sleighing. It 's just getting frozen and playing you like it. I 've said I would n't go, and I won't—so there!"

Teddy was on one side of the keyhole of Mardie's door, and she was on the other; and while they carried on this pleasant little conversation the big four-horse sleigh drew up in front of the house, and the twenty young people who were going off in it were waiting impatiently below, all bundled up like polar-bears.

"Is she going?" they asked eagerly as Teddy came slowly down the stairs; but he shook his head.

"Does n't want to. Come on, let 's be off," adding in a lower tone to his brother Harry, as they filed out to the sleigh, "My, but she 's cross! Crosser than two sticks. I wonder why she acts so, anyway. She spoils all our fun."

Ted's words were only too true. Mardie was inexcusably cross, and for several months had added little to the family comfort or pleasure. She had always been the odd one in the family, dreamy and artistic in temperament, while Ted, Harry, and Ethel were remarkable only for splendid health and fine spirits. Mardie liked to curl up in a chair and spend an afternoon wandering in enchanted lands with

Hawthorne or Dickens or Scott, better than going skating, and preferred sunsets to buckwheat cakes. In these ways she differed from the others, showing also a marked taste for writing; but up to the time when Miss Travers, society woman and writer as well, went to board in Denfield, Mardie was contented with her simple country life and as merry as the others, despite



"WITH HAWTHORNE OR DICKENS OR SCOTT."

the necessary economy which the family of a minister in a small country parish must practise.

But from the day when Miss Travers fell in

love with the girl's fresh beauty and artistic temperament, and took her for an intimate friend, Mardie was as one bewitched. The friendship of a woman of the world, so much older than herself, flattered the girl to such an extent that she began to feel she must be a very rare person indeed, and wholly unappreciated by her family, who seemed to think their own tastes and interests as important as hers; and her feeling of superiority was increased when at Miss Travers's suggestion she sent one of her stories to an editor, who by some lucky chance promptly accepted it.

That was conclusive. It proved to Mardie that she had a destiny beside which all other work and pleasure paled. The praise of Miss Travers, and her advice to go on working until some day she should wake to find herself famous, dazzled Mardie and intoxicated her. She wrote, she read, she dreamed, neglecting every duty and old friend, and scorning her mother's quiet counsel to go slowly. Of course the family were all delighted with her success, but that did not satisfy Mardie. She took it as a matter of course that they should praise her, acting as if she had done the family a great honor by being a member of it, and every lapse on their part into interest in anything else besides her work and her career was resented.

Mrs. Humphreys, distressed at Mardie's sudden intimacy with the stranger, for it seemed to be spoiling her disposition, decided to go to Miss Travers and frankly tell her of the influence she was exerting over Mardie; but, on the very day when she made this resolve, a cablegram summoned Miss Travers abroad. With time for only a hurried farewell to her favorite, she went away, utterly unsuspecting of the mischief she had wrought in the Humphreys family.

After that Mardie was more trying to live with than ever. No one pleased her, everything annoyed her. She scorned old companions and quoted Miss Travers so frequently that the boys did not hesitate to say "they wished that woman had been drowned before she was born."

Mardie began to write more ambitious stories, with complicated plots in which titled foreigners, statesmen, and "society queens" played a prominent part; and then she sent them to

magazines and papers, and when they were "returned with thanks" she moped, remaining in such a mournful frame of mind that it cast a gloom over the household.

"James, I am firmly decided to accept Cousin Harriet's offer," Mrs. Humphreys said to her husband on the day of the sleighing party, and while Mardie was still shut in her room. "It will be the best thing in the world for her; and I want you to repeat to her what I shall say, too—that whatever expenses she incurs, you will expect her to repay you from the money she earns."

An amused smile lighted up Mr. Humphreys's face, and he was about to speak, but his wife interrupted him. "Yes, dear, I know what you would say; but trust me, I understand what I am doing. I shall go and tell her now."

Upstairs in Mardie's room the bright winter sun was streaming through the windows, the fire was crackling merrily, and the canary was chirping a happy refrain; but Mardie was deaf and blind to everything but herself. For a time she lay on the sofa, reading; then, throwing down her book, she went to the window and listlessly looked out at the snowdrifts piled on both sides of the broad street—drifts so high that fence-rails were lost to sight, and from end to end the street had almost the effect of a tunnel through the snow, the white houses bordering it seeming but drifts themselves.

"Stupid old hole!" she exclaimed to herself, and then listened as there came a knock at the door. No answer. Mardie was not in a humor to respond. A second knock, a third, then without waiting longer Mrs. Humphreys walked in and seated herself on the end of the lounge, while Mardie still gazed intently out of the window.

Dead silence. Suddenly Mardie turned and faced her mother.

"Well?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows. "What is it?"

"Margaret!" Gentle Mrs. Humphreys seldom used that name, and whenever she did Mardie knew that she was in danger of reproof. "Margaret, I wish to have a serious conversation with you. I—"

"For pity's sake, don't!" interrupted Mardie,

hurriedly. "Don't, mama; it won't do any good."

"My child, you are making us very unhappy by your conduct; do you know it?"

"Know it?" echoed Mardie. "I know that I am the unhappy one, and I should think you would pity me instead of blaming me. I think you might see how dreadful it is for me to be buried here, with no advantages, and no society, and no *anything*. I might as well have no talent, for all I can do with it. Can't go to college; can't travel; can't see any life except in this old place, where there are a lot of stupid people who know only about crops and their neighbors' business. If I could only *visit*, even, in a city, it would be better than nothing. It is wrong, it is dreadful, it is *wicked*—indeed it is! I could write fine stories, and make ever so much money, if any one would help me. I know I could. You can't understand how I feel, because you are contented here. What can I do? No one wants to read about a place like this. *Of course* my stories are returned, and I suppose they always will be."

Mrs. Humphreys had listened in absolute silence to this tirade, and she waited until Mardie had angrily flung herself into a chair, and the echo of her last words had died away. Then she spoke sternly and with decision, and looked fixedly into the girl's flushed face:

"You need not worry any more," she said. "It is a pity you wasted so many words. I came to tell you that you are to go to Cousin Harriet's in New York for the rest of the winter. There you will have regular hours for study and work, and a chance to see some people 'in society.' Your expenses you will of course repay to papa from the money you earn. You must improve this opportunity, for unless you can entirely support yourself, you will eventually have to come back to this 'old place' and the stupid people in it. You are to go next week."

Mardie's mouth and eyes opened wider and wider while her mother was speaking; and from utter astonishment she was silent, trying to realize the greatness of her good fortune.

"Oh-h-h!" she gasped at length. "I *am*? Oh, how perfectly heavenly! It is too good to be true, you blessed, darling mother!"

But Mrs. Humphreys evaded the caress that Mardie offered. "It is too late for that, Mardie," she said quietly. "Any one can be pleasant when she has what she wants."

There was severe reproof in her words, but Mardie was too excited even to notice it. Claspings her arms around her mother's waist, she repeated ecstatically:

"*Now* I shall do something. Oh, it is too good to be true!"

But it really was true, as Mardie realized on the following Wednesday, when she found herself alone, a stranger in a great, bustling, noisy city, being driven to the house that was to be her home for some time to come.

Cousin Harriet's house, with its luxurious appointments, her maids, and men-servants, the pretty daughter, a *débutante* of that season, the novel sights and sounds of the city, were all a revelation to Mardie.

What a bewildering, complex life it was that she had come to study!

This was her thought on the morning after her arrival, as she lay listening to the rattle and rumble in the streets, and the far-off echo of trains and whistles in the distance; and then she sighed as though, despite the daintiness of her surroundings, things were not exactly as she had expected.

To tell the truth, her arrival in the city had not made quite the stir she had counted on. She had rather expected to be received with an ovation, for when her story was published Cousin Harriet had written praising her cleverness, and Mardie had felt that her arrival would be an event. But she found that guests in the city were a matter of course, and talent and brilliancy as well. On that first bewildering night she felt, with a sinking at heart, that every one was clever, and possibly more so than herself. This gave her an unpleasant feeling of insignificance, as did the words which accompanied her hearty welcome,—“Your mother's daughter is welcome, dear; she is a wonderful woman,”—which sentiment she heard repeated on all sides. It annoyed Mardie greatly that she should have come to the city to be received cordially because of the merits of one of her family instead of for her own sake.



"‘YOU WILL BE OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME, MARDIE, IF YOU SHUT YOURSELF UP SO PERSISTENTLY,’ SAID HER COUSIN.”

Cousin Harriet gave over to her a small fourth-story room in which she could write and study unmolested.

"You must make yourself as much at home as if you were my daughter, dear," she said. "Eloise and I are busy persons, and we shall have to accept many invitations in which you are not included; but I know you will not mind, since you will be so absorbed in your scribbling" (Scribbling, indeed!), "will you?"

And to this Mardie answered, with a confident toss of her head, "*No, indeed*, dear Cousin Harriet; not in the least. My work will be all-absorbing. I come to write about people, not to be amused. I intend to be the family

breadwinner." She was, nevertheless, a bit lonely; for the busy world around her went on as though she were not in it, and few who came to the house knew, or cared to know, of her literary aspirations. Her cousins were kindness itself to her, and she was taken to places of amusement and to see the sights as often as she could be persuaded to condescend to such trifles; but that was not often.

Once or twice her cousin remonstrated with her. "You will be old before your time, Mardie, if you shut yourself up so persistently," she urged. "How can you expect to write about the world if you never take time to see it?"

But Mardie answered patronizingly, "That

shows that you have never tried writing, Cousin Harriet. Writers have to lead a very different life from society people. They don't really need to see things; all they need is the 'atmosphere,' you know."

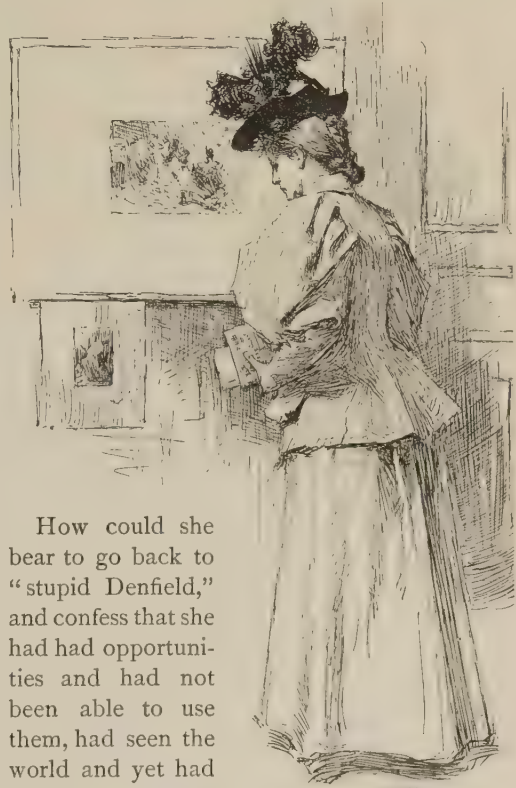
"Oh!" said Cousin Harriet, in an amused voice; and the subject was not mentioned again, nor were any more suggestions made to Mardie concerning her use of time; and she followed the dictates of her judgment without a comment from any one. Strange to say, however, this was more annoying to her than advice had been, and she was thoroughly miserable from "lack of appreciation," as she mentally called it.

The longed-for material was at her hand. She saw brilliant men and women constantly, as well as Eloise's gay young friends, who were always coming and going with the latest bit of society news or humor. She breathed a genuine city atmosphere, where life was a mad rush, where conversation flashed with repartee and jest, and where every moment of day and night was utilized to best advantage. And yet she could not write! The letters from home were short and told little news, but each one repeated the question, "What have you published? How much are you making?" and as the weeks went by the question became more and more humiliating to Mardie, and more and more often the words came to her mind, "Your expenses you will of course repay to papa from your earnings"; and at last, in despair, she made herself write, hastily putting on paper whatever came to her mind. She wrote stories, sketches, verses — about the city, its streets, its shops, the people. She used the society personages about her for heroes and heroines: working herself up at last to a degree of her old feeling of satisfaction in herself and contempt for the rest of the world.

Then, when she had quite a variety of work ready, she sent it out to several magazines, and waited expectantly for the harvest of checks, so sure of success that she even counted up what she would be likely to make, and indulged in several extravagances; and then, one by one, every poem and sketch and story was returned with a printed formula of polite regret! Over and over she sent them out, with genuine cour-

age, and tried not to wince when the long, fat envelopes promptly came back.

For the sake of criticism, finally, she read some manuscripts to Eloise; but her cousin was always in a hurry, and danced away declaring them to be "perfectly lovely," and Mardie gained nothing from her; Cousin Harriet hated to be read to, and would not take the time to decipher a page of Mardie's illegible writing; so whom to ask for help, the girl did not know. She began to be less sure of herself, to feel that perhaps there was something — some minor detail, of course — that might make her work salable, if she only knew what was needed. At times it suggested itself to her that perhaps she had mistaken her career, although she never confessed this weakness to any one.



LEAVING THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

How could she bear to go back to "stupid Denfield," and confess that she had had opportunities and had not been able to use them, had seen the world and yet had not become famous? She felt that she would not dare

to face her mother with the record of not having earned a cent. What should she do?

At last, one afternoon, acting on a sudden

impulse, she determined to go to an editor — a man for whom she had the greatest reverence as critic and successful writer as well — and ask his judgment on her work. Possibly, in the amount of material presented for reading her articles had been overlooked, and he would accept them after a personal interview. So, with a bundle of manuscripts in her muff, and more hope in her heart than she would have had if she had known the opinion of the gentleman regarding young writers who persisted in interviewing him, she started out. Fortunately for her, she ran across him in the hall of his building, and inquired of him in which of the many rooms she would find the editor. As it happened, it was a time when he was not very busy; he was in one of his blindest moods, and her fresh young face appealed to him; so he admitted his identity, and ushered her into his office.

Smiling rather grimly, he asked her errand, mentally exclaiming, "Hope it is n't poetry! — the poetical ones are the worst!" In a shaky voice she told him of her work, and of her disappointments, and that she was sure it was the fault of the public, and not of her writing; however, she would be very grateful if he would read one of her stories while she waited, and give his opinion of it. She amused and interested him, and he was rather curious to see her work; so, bowing assent, he took her proffered manuscript and withdrew to a chair by the window, and began to read very rapidly, while Mardie occupied herself with picturing his rapturous praise and her cool reception of it, when he should have finished. Presently, looking over the top of his glasses, he demanded:

"Have you any others with you?" And with a hand that trembled, in spite of her effort to seem calm and collected, she handed him the other sketches she had with her, and again he relapsed into silence.

At last, just as she had decided that he must be asleep,—he was so quiet,—he rose, and going over to a desk, took from it a volume, and then took a chair nearer to her, clearing his throat as he handed her back her manuscripts.

"My young friend," he said, "can you bear the truth?"

Mardie blushed and stammered, and finally

said that she supposed she could, and wondered what was coming next.

"Well, then," he said, "here it is. These stories are absolutely useless from a professional standpoint. They're not genuine. There is n't any perspective in them. To write about any side of life, you've first got to *live* it, hard and fast, and feel it to your very heart's core; or else you must have a creative imagination, which only one person in ten thousand has. My advice to you is to throw these things away, and begin again. You express yourself well, but, somehow, you've got hold of the wrong end of your art. Almost any one can express himself clearly, if he takes pains; but, you see, that does n't make a writer. All this stuff — pardon my brutality — about the conventional side of life has been written threadbare, and every editor is sick to death of it. In fact, it won't sell. The man who succeeds in literature nowadays has got to be willing to take time and probe below the surface of human nature, to *love* ordinary human beings — everyday mortals, mind you, not dukes and duchesses — enough to discover in *them* material for all the love-stories and heroic poems ever written. Now, here's a book just published" — glancing at the volume in his hand — "that is sure to live, and make its author famous. The woman lived *with* her characters and *for* them, until she understood just how their natures must work themselves out to be consistent with the human soul. Then after she had digested her knowledge, and got her perspective, she wrote their lives out in the simplest English; and she is going to reach the heart of the public, unless I am very much mistaken. Get the mainspring in order, and the watch will go — and, by the way, I must go myself; my spare time is up."

Into Mardie's hand he put the volume he had been holding, saying hurriedly:

"Keep it; it may be of service to you; and remember that, as a rule, the simplest stories are the best. I wish you success, and hope some time to accept some of your work. Good morning." With a courteous bow he ushered her out, and, before she knew it, Mardie found herself on the way up-town, bewildered, mortified, and forlornly conscious of failure.

There was no one at home, so she went directly to her "den," and sinking into a chair, began to read the new book. She did not stop to examine the title-page or frontispiece, but opened in the middle, and devoured page after page; and as she read she grew more and more astonished, and at length the book fell from her grasp as she gave herself a little shake, exclaiming aloud:

"Why, *I* knew those people; *I* could have written that!" And then an impulse made her turn to the title-page, and there she saw:

NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES,

BY

ANNA KEITH HUMPHREYS.

Her mother a writer!—on the way to fame!—adding to the family income by her work! Why, Mardie had laughed at her criticisms, had scorned her advice, and patronized her! She had thought that *her* fame would cover her mother with glory, and now the positions were reversed.

Mardie was tired, lonely, and discouraged; her mistakes loomed up before her mountains high; and the thought was not a pleasant one that, if she had only realized how to work, she might have been much nearer becoming successful than she was, even without her mortifying New York visit. Any number of funny exploits of the boys, and of quaint Denfield happenings came to her mind, that she might have practised on at home if she had been wiser. Then she fell to wondering what Denfield people were saying about the book, and how her mother was acting in her new rôle. All at once an almost overpowering desire came over her to see them all—to be in the midst of the rejoicing. A vision of the little mother as she had seen her many a time, mending and planning by lamplight, that Mardie might be ready for some merrymaking, came before her. She heard her voice, "My child, you are making us very unhappy by your conduct; do you know it?" She thought of Eloise's answer to one of her envious speeches. "Why,

Mardie," she had said, "I don't see why you call me so much more fortunate than yourself.



"MARDIE WAS TIRED, LONELY, AND DISCOURAGED."

I would give all my things to have your jolly country life with Ethel and the boys." Next she thought of Miss Travers, of her old friends and her old self; and then, the precious book tightly clasped in her arms, she flew downstairs to her cousin's room, half blinded from sitting so long in darkness, and flung the book in her lap, saying excitedly:

"Look at it! Look at it! I must go home right away! Next winter, if you will have me, I will come again and be more with you and Eloise. Oh, but I'm proud that she is my mother! I am going to be famous, after all!"

And the telegram despatched to Denfield that night read as follows:

Hurrah for Denfield! Expect old Mardie on three-o'clock train to-morrow. Other Mardie dead; killed by experience!
M. H.

THE PRIZE CUP.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXIV.

OSK OFFERS TO ASSIST IN THE SEARCH.

THERE was in the room an air-tight stove which particularly attracted Canton Quimby's attention. But though he explored it so far as to thrust a hand, and afterward his face, into it, and to poke a stick in the ashes and up into the stove-pipe, he made no discoveries.

As the search progressed and gradually became narrowed down to some unpromising rubbish, the light of expectation faded from Melverton's face, and he began to walk about, looking dubiously at the floor.

"We may have to pull up a loose board or two," he said.

"That 's right; rip 'em up!" cried the old gran'sir. "Tear the shop down, if that will satisfy you."

He was evidently growing sceptical, and there was a tone of sarcasm in his speech.

"I don't think that will be necessary," the young man replied calmly. "We 'll try to leave everything in as good shape as we find it. See a movable board anywhere, Canton?"

And Canton Quimby murmured in his ear:

"I 'm afraid we 're barking at the wrong hole for your fox. That old heavy-weight is too willing. He 's leading us on a false scent."

"Think so?" And Fred gave a keen but puzzled look at the old man, who sat fanning himself with his tattered hat.

"There 's craft in that colossal turnip-head," his friend whispered. "I can see the cunning in his eyes. He 's shaking inside now, with a small earthquake of fun, to think how he has bamboozled you."

"I can't think it," said Melverton, although there was indeed a gleam of something like triumph in the broad Pudgwick visage. "Any-

how, I 'm not going to give it up yet. If we don't find it here, we 'll look in the barn below."

"Here 's somebody that can help you," called out the old man, as his grandson just then bounced into the room.

Having seen moving figures through the windows from below, and noticed the two bicycles at the gate, Osk had mounted the stairs two steps at a time, and hurried in to see what was going on in the old shop. At sight of Chief Hazel and the two young men, he stopped and stared.

"Why, I did n't know you had company, gran'sir!" he said, with a forced laugh.

"Well, I have, and I 'm glad you 've come to help entertain 'em," replied the gran'sir, tartly.

"What 's the powwow?" Osk inquired, with a brazen attempt to conceal his manifest embarrassment. "Think of buying gran'sir's shop?" he demanded impudently of Fred. "Going into the house-and-sign painting business?"

"Not while he has so industrious a grandson to succeed him," Fred answered.

"Good! a first-rate hit!" said Osk, with a nervous chuckle. "I owe you one!"

"Perhaps it will turn out that you owe me more than one," Melverton replied, without a smile. "I miss something from our place, and we have come here to look for it."

"Here?" said Osk, with an appearance of great surprise. "Perhaps I can help you; only I can't conceive what you 're talking about."

"Oscar!" said the old man, sternly, "if you know what 's good for yourself, tell a straight story. What did you bring up here from the woodshed in that tin pail three mornings ago?"

"That pail? I don't remember. Oh, yes!" said Osk, his pretense of bewilderment giving way to a very natural laugh. "I was going

a-fishing, or thought I was; and I had a pail for my lines and things, and to get my live bait in. But I did n't go."

"Now let *me* ask a question," said Fred.

"Ask away!" returned Osk, with gay audacity.

"Then please tell me,—what did you bring home under your coat-flap the night before, when some boys saw you come out of Elkins's orchard and get over the wall?"

Osk's assurance was shaken for a moment. But he rallied quickly.

"Then I suppose you had horned pout for breakfast, that morning, Mr. Pudgwick?" Fred observed.

"If I 'm to speak the truth," said the small voice at the top of the big chin, "there hain't been a horn' pout in my house this twelve-month."

"Course not," struck in the grandson, with resourceful mendacity. "Gram'er makes such a fuss dressing 'em, I concluded I 'd fling it to the pigs."

Fred exchanged amused glances with Can-



OSK ASSISTS IN THE SEARCH. (SEE PAGE 482.)

"The night before? Why, nothing — did — I? Oh, I know what you're driving at!" — another laugh. "I had a horn' pout; but it was n't under my coat, not very much!"

"Was it a white one?" Fred asked.

"A white horn' pout!" Osk smiled at the fantastic suggestion. "I see what you mean. I had him in my handkerchief. I had just ketched him out of the river. You can ketch 'em only at night."

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ton Quimby, sitting quietly observant on a trestle. Chief Hazel, who was all the time listening attentively, whilst continuing his search, also smiled incredulously.

"So," said Fred, "after you had taken the trouble to lug it home, and soiled your handkerchief by putting it to so extraordinary a use, you flung your horned pout to the pigs!"

"Yes, I did," Osk declared stoutly. "It does seem funny; I don't wonder you laugh.

But when a fellow ketches a fine fish, he hates to throw him back; he naturally holds on to him as long as he can,—likes to show him and brag about him,—you know how it is yourself."

"But I have n't heard that you showed him to the boys who saw you getting over the wall, or bragged about him to them," said Fred.

A quick color came into Osk's habitually unblushing face.

"You think you've caught me there," he replied. "All right! A fellow 'll take the trouble to brag to some, and not to others. If you don't believe me, you 'll find the head and horns down there in the pig-pen now. Won't he, gran'sir?"

The old man gave a non-committal snort, which was probably all that Osk expected.

Fred went over to the trestle on which his friend sat, and asked, in a low voice:

"What do you think, Canton?"

"Gas-logs!" said Quimby, sententiously; from which allusion to the artificial brands that burn gas in some modern fireplaces Fred inferred an opinion not favorable to Osk's sincerity. "The old man with the Tower-of-Babel chin does n't take any stock in his stories, either. As a practical prevaricator, he beats t' other boy all hollow!"

"I can't see any movable boards," Fred replied; "and the chief is at his wit's end. Is there any use keeping on?"

"Yes, if only to go over the same ground again," said Quimby. "Do something; on with the dance! I'm trying to get behind that truth-destroyer's eye."

"Your grandfather has kindly granted us permission to search the premises," Fred said to Oscar.

"All right!" said Osk, cheerily. "Can't I assist? Only give me the slightest idea what you are hunting for."

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW OSK "ASSISTED."

THE floor-boards all seemed to be nailed down; the plastered walls showed no signs of a secret panel; and every object in the room had been examined. Chief Hazel stood with

his hands behind him, evidently convinced of the uselessness of further investigation.

Canton Quimby stepped forward, and looked carefully along the edge of the floor, behind the stove.

"Look here, Melf!" and he called his friend's attention to some flakes of soot, under the end of the funnel, where it entered the chimney. "You know the rule in whist?"

"What rule?" Fred asked.

"Follow *soot*!"

"You think—?"

"I'm sure!" his friend declared. "Twice I've seen that inventor of fables cast curiously anxious glances at the top-joint of the funnel. That called my attention to it. It has been taken out of the chimney quite lately; you see this soot is fresh."

He turned a sudden look on the grandson, who was watching them with a strangely intent expression.

"We 'll have it down," Fred exclaimed aloud, and called Chief Hazel to his side.

While they were in consultation, Osk stepped smartly forward.

"That stove-pipe? want it down?" said he. "That's easy. I had it down only a short time ago, to clean it. I 'll show you."

There was an upright stretch of pipe from the stove to an elbow, which connected with a short joint that entered the thimble, about seven feet from the floor. Canton Quimby, who had previously examined the stove and sounded the upright piece, was firmly convinced that the short joint would reveal something; nor was he to be deceived by Osk's obliging offer of assistance.

Chief Hazel was slow to take in the situation. Fred started to bring a box for him to mount upon; but before he could get it in place, Osk had set a stool at the other side of the stove, stepped up on it, and, with a fragment of newspaper in his hand, had seized the pipe near its junction with the chimney.

"I know just how it goes; I 'll have it down for you in a second," he said, as he began to wrench the short horizontal piece, working it out of the thimble. "Here it comes!" He exposed the end, and slipped his newspaper over the sooty edge. "Now take care of the lower

part, and the stove!" he cried, making a show of tumbling the whole thing to the floor.

"Look out there!" Canton Quimby shouted.

He was not assisting, but he kept careful watch of every movement. He meant to call attention to what Osk was doing; but the outcry only caused Chief Hazel to look more closely to his own management of the lower part of the funnel.

Osk seized the opportunity to thrust his hand into the short section, reach some object, sweep it swiftly into the opening of the chimney, and drop it down the flue.

"Did you see that?" cried Quimby, springing eagerly forward.

Fred Melverton had looked up in time to detect the trick.

"I saw something wrapped in a newspaper go into the chimney!" he answered, excitedly.

"Did you?" said Osk. "You saw the piece of newspaper I was handling the pipe with. A draft of air sucked it in. Got my fingers smutched after all!"

"Young man," said Canton Quimby, in gleeful earnest, "you have talents of a high order. Put to some useful purpose, they would insure you a brilliant career. But they won't serve your turn here. Hand down that pipe!"

"Anything else?" Osk inquired, impudently.

The funnel was brought to the floor; and Quimby, tipping and turning it, shook out Osk's fragment of newspaper, which had *not* been sucked into the flue.

"Well? what are you going to do about it?" said Osk, his short, hooked nose thrust forward, and his eyes sparkling insolent defiance.

"Since you have answered some of my questions, I'll answer yours—and more truthfully," Fred Melverton replied, with an air of quiet determination. "I'm going to explore that flue to the bottom; get a mason to knock out the lower bricks, if there's no opening below; and, in the meantime, I'm going to ask Chief Hazel to take charge of you."

"All right," said Osk, promptly. "That's just what I'd do in your place. But you'll find you're very much mistaken as to the thing that went down the chimney; and, what's more, I can prove it."

"No doubt, you can prove almost anything,

if you have the chance," said Melverton. "It's to keep you from having chances that I ask the chief to take care of you. I'll go with you to Judge Carter's office, Mr. Hazel, and enter my complaint."

"Gran'sir," said Osk, with cool assurance, "will you come along, too, and be my bail?"

"No, I won't!" the old man exclaimed, fuming with wrath and indignation. "I've stood your bail and paid your fines too often. Now if you've got into a worse scrape than common, you may get out of it without any help from me."

"All right, gran'sir," said Osk, cheerfully. "'T won't be the first time I've been in the lock-up; but I never stayed long. Just let me bid gram'er good by,"—as the chief laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'll see that this room is put in order later," Fred said to the old man. "Can we find the base of the flue?"

"Certain; I'll show you; it's in the barn-cellar," replied the old man. "You may knock as many holes in it as you please."

"Thank you, Mr. Pudgwick. Mr. Hazel, beware of that boy's tricks! I'll go for a mason, and be at the judge's office about as soon as you are. Old man," Fred said to his friend, as they preceded the others down the stairs, "what do you think now?"

"Want my opin'? I find I was mistaken about the venerable chin-propeller," Quimby admitted.

"He's perfectly upright, I am certain!" Fred declared.

"Yes; perpendic' as a bean-pole—though not quite so slim. He was awfully anxious, one time, that his cub of a grandson should get clear. That's what deceived me. But we're right about the cup."

They paused, before getting on their wheels, to witness the meeting between Osk and his grandmother, at the kitchen door.

"Oh, child!" she said, in deep distress, "be you took up ag'in?"

"It's nothing," said Osk. "I shall be back here in a few minutes. Don't worry."

At the chief's suggestion, however, she went to put up a hasty luncheon, which she brought with trembling hands, and urged her grandson

to accept. As he indignantly refused it, Chief Hazen said :

"I 'll take it for him. He 'll need it before he sees your table again."

"And your bettermost coat, dearie," pleaded the old lady, "do put that on. I 'll bring it in a minute."

"No, no!" said Osk; and an ill-natured look came into his eyes, which showed plainly the kind of despot he was in the home of his grandparents. "I say no! do you hear?" he called after her, savagely, as she was going to bring the garment. "I don't want it, and I won't have it! Come along, Cop!" And he marched off with Chief Hazel.

"Did you ever see such intolerable insolence?" Fred remarked to his friend, as they rode away.

"Simply coloss'!" replied Canton Quimby.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.

"Oh, mama," exclaimed Ida Lisle, with filial admiration, that afternoon, "I do think you are the most patient mother in all this weary world!"

"What mother would not be patient in such a cause?" Mrs. Lisle replied, with softly beaming eyes. "It is very slow, and very difficult, and sometimes I should be quite discouraged if I did n't constantly say to myself that what has been done for others I may also do for my dear child!"

She was teaching deaf little Laurie to talk.

The affliction that deprived him of his hearing had come before he had learned to speak more than a very few words; and these he seemed to have forgotten when, after a prolonged and dangerous illness, he regained his bodily health. In his fifth year a few attempts were made to teach him the printed alphabet, together with the sign alphabet used by deaf-mutes, but his restless activity had thus far defeated these efforts. It seemed impossible to fix his attention upon what was so far outside of his own little world; and the very facility with which he had always found and used more natural ways of communication was a hindrance to his acquiring any other method.

But of late Mrs. Lisle had abandoned the alphabetical system and begun with him an entirely new scheme of education. She was teaching him to form articulate sounds, and to read and imitate lip-movements.

He was much more patient under this discipline, since it awakened his curiosity and gave him something to do. It was her custom to place him in his high chair facing her, where he could watch her closely. Then she would put his little hands to use, to perceive the vocal movements of her own throat, and to feel for them at his own; and to feel the breath, soft or forcible, as it came from her lips. She had never received any instruction in teaching speech to a deaf-mute; she only knew from what she had read that it could be done, and she had gone to work in what seemed to her the simplest way.

It was a delight to little Laurie to find, as he quickly did, that he could produce in his own throat such tremblings as he felt in hers. And what joy this first step in his vocal development brought to the mother's fondly anxious heart! Both clapped their hands over it, and with mutual hugs and kisses celebrated the event. Then each member of the household had to come and feel the motions of the child's throat, hear the sounds he emitted, and express great surprise and delight.

The first intelligible word that came from his hitherto dumb lips was *mama*, which he quickly learned as the name of the dearest person on earth. True, it was for two or three lessons little more than *mmmum*; then the final *m* was left off; and at length he was made to open his mouth wide enough to change the short *u* sound to *ah*. This triumph alone was sufficient to reward the proud mother for all her previous trials and disappointments.

"Oh! but how can he ever learn to read words by watching our lips?" said Ida. "Think how many do not come to our lips at all, and must seem just alike to him!—nod, not, dog, dot, got; in, it, ill, knit; at, cat, can, can't, and hosts of others. Even if we should look beyond the teeth, we would often see no difference. Then so many sounds are formed, even by the lips, in precisely the same way,—

be, me; men, pen; if, give; there's no end of them!"

She said this even after Midget had achieved *mama*; not so much to throw doubt upon the success of the undertaking, as to hear Mrs. Lisle reiterate her assurances.

"Yes, my dear, I know all the difficulties, and I don't expect that all of them ever will be overcome. But they have been overcome in a great measure by others; and who is brighter than our Laurie?"

"Or who has a more devoted teacher?" said Ida, with glistening eyes.

"No deaf person can ever distinguish all the sounds from merely watching the mouth," her mother went on. "Neither can you, Ida, distinguish all the written letters, taken separately, in your friends' correspondence. How often the *m*'s and *n*'s and *u*'s, and other characters, run together, or look just alike! So that often there will be whole words you can't make out by themselves. But one word helps you to the sense of another. Sometimes you have to glance through a whole sentence before you get an idea of its meaning, when all comes to you like a flash. It is in some such way that the deaf read spoken language. Long practice makes it almost intuitive."

Mrs. Lisle repeated some wonderful stories she had heard or read of deaf persons, who could speak and read lip-movements so well that they could go about in society, and even transact important business, without betraying their infirmity; and added:

"I am positive we shall make an accomplished speech-reader of our bright little Laurie, and perhaps prepare him for a useful and happy career."

He was resting in his chair while this talk—

like many such talks—was going on, and he seemed to know what it was about.

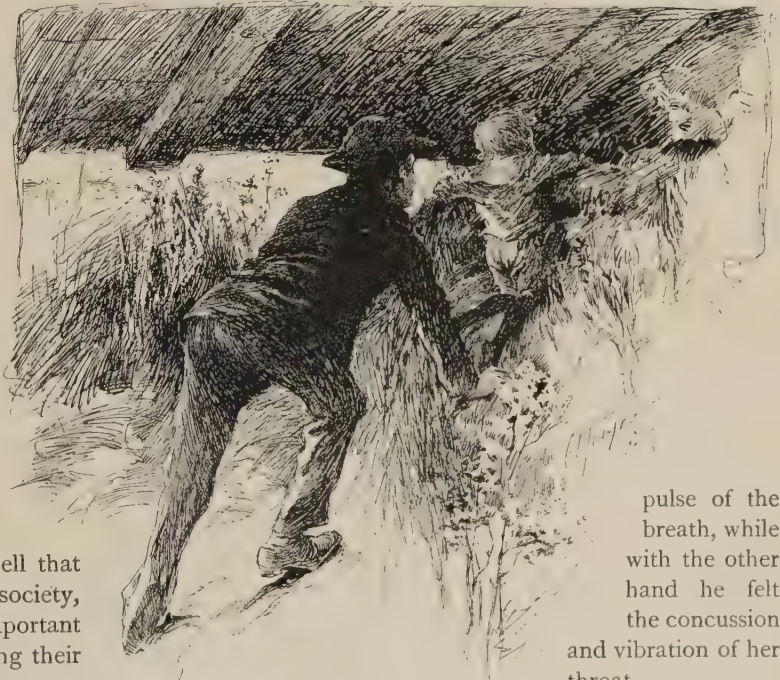
"Mama! mama!" he called triumphantly, as if in evidence of the truth of what she was saying; and he laughed as she caught him in her arms with tears of joy.

He spoke with the drawl peculiar to the deaf, not always agreeable to hear; but it was the gladdest of sounds to Mrs. Lisle.

It happened to be the day when Tracy had sent Fred Melverton and his friend Quimby on what he called their *fox-hunt*. He had hurried home to tell his mother and sister, and there had been much excited talk on the subject. So it chanced that Ida suggested:

"Make him say *cup*; that should be an easy word."

The mother had previously drilled him in the sound of hard *c*, or *k*, with indifferent success. Again she made him look into her mouth, and put one finger in, and to feel the sudden im-



MIDGET REVEALS A SECRET. (SEE PAGE 487.)

pulse of the breath, while with the other hand he felt the concussion and vibration of her throat.

"Kuh-kuh," he repeated after her,

making the sound very distinctly.

"Oh, Laurie, what a dear, delightful little pupil you are!" she joyously exclaimed. And

again they had to hug each other, the child laughing gleefully upon the mother's neck. "Now try!" she said, having placed his fingers again at her throat so he might know the sound: "*Cup*."

"*Come*," drawled Laurie, prolonging the sound through the nose after the closing of the lips.

She had got from him a new word unexpectedly, and was as well pleased as if it had been the right one. She made him pronounce it over and over again, and by means of the gestures he was familiar with, explained to him its meaning.

Enough had been accomplished for one lesson; but he was getting on so fast, things difficult becoming all at once unexpectedly easy, that she resolved to make another trial of *cup*. She showed him how the vibration of the throat ceased with the closing of the lips, which then opened with a slight percussion of the breath. He was intensely interested. Both were absorbed in the strange exercise, which to an observer would have seemed incomprehensible and comic until the touching significance of it was revealed.

Mr. Walworth chanced to enter just as Midget, who had succeeded in enunciating *cup*, immediately putting the two words together, cried, "*Come — cup*," and jumped from his chair, too happy over his success to sit still any longer.

"I never saw such progress!" exclaimed the minister. "You will have him talking like any other child — almost," he put in conscientiously, "in a few months."

"He must learn the meaning of words as we go along," said the joyous mother. "Get a cup, Ida; remember that he does n't know it by name yet."

So a tea-cup was brought, and he was made to understand that the word belonged to the thing. Then he ran to the pantry, and brought out his own silver drinking-cup, uttering all the while, "*Cup, cup!*"

Then he left his own cup and the tea-cup on the table, and ran to the outer door, beckoning and calling:

"*Come — cup! Come — cup!*"

He ran into his brother Tracy's arms.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN AMAZING DISCOVERY.

"WHAT'S this?" cried Tracy, rushing into the room. "He is talking! Midget is talking!"

In the excited state of his mind, that forenoon, while waiting to hear of the success of the *fox-hunt*, it is no wonder that the seeming miracle made him fairly shriek with rapture. He in turn had to hold and hug the child, while the manner of the miracle-working was briefly explained; by which time Midget had struggled from his arms, and was at the door again, calling "*Come — cup!*" beckoning, and alternately making a fluttering movement with his arms, and forming a cup-like shape with his hands.

"It is a bird's nest he means," said Mrs. Lisle. "He wants to show us one, and know whether we call that a cup, too. Go with him, Tracy, and explain it. I must see to the dinner if we are to invite those young men."

Midget led the way, faster than his brother cared to follow, down the slope to the brook-side, and onward to the bridge; in the cool shadow of which the child climbed the lower wall of the abutment, to the end of a timber, where the phœbe's nest used to be.

"Must be the phœbes are building again," thought Tracy.

Midget had been the first to discover the absence of the old nest, and he had reported this to his friends with childish grief and anger. They, too, had been indignant at the robbery; but more important events had lately driven the subject from Tracy's mind.

"He is peeping — just as he used to peep into the old nest," thought he, and his indignation revived, as he remembered how fond Midget was of his feathered friends, and how little fear of him they ever betrayed. Sometimes the mother-bird would remain sitting on her nest, while his little nose, as he climbed and peeped, almost touched her. But where were the phœbes now?

Not a bird was heard or seen; nothing sang but the brook.

"*Come — come!*" cried Midget, with his

cheek against the end of the heavy string-piece, where it rested on the wall.

Stepping along the little sandy beach that bordered the bed of the streamlet, Tracy stooped beneath the bridge; a growing sense of apprehension falling upon him, with the cavern-like shadow.

Then suddenly, as he put his cheek against the child's, and, looking up, saw what the child saw, he started back in utter amazement and dismay.

For there, on the top of the wall, close against the beam, from which the old nest had been broken away by ruthless hands, was indeed a cup-shaped thing, but not a nest; an actual cup — the cup of all cups —

THE PRIZE CUP!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

WHEN Tracy returned to the house all the joy of the morning had gone out of his face; and he was followed reluctantly by Midget, no longer repeating his first glad words — all the happiness faded from *his* face, too, which was the face of a miserable little culprit.

"Why, Tracy!" Ida cried at sight of him. "You look sick!"

"I *am* sick," he replied dejectedly, holding one hand behind him. "Where's mama?"

His mother was called, and she came in haste; she regarded her two boys with anxious, inquiring eyes.

"What has happened?" was all she could say.

"Look at this!" Tracy answered, in a choked voice.

And with a countenance full of anguish he held out an object which, it would seem, should have gladdened any honest boy's eyes — a beautiful, silver-bright, gold-lined goblet.

"Fred's cup!" "Where did you find it?" cried mother and sister at once.

"Midget had it," said the boy, from the depths of his wretched soul.

"How did *he* come by it?" cried the mother, with an amazed look at the little mischief-maker, who stood peering in at the door, with shy, expectant eyes.

"He took it," said Tracy. "He has told me all about it."

"The stolen cup! How could he?" exclaimed the mother. "What is this?"

As Tracy handed her the goblet, she noticed that the gold lining was half hidden by some soft, matted substance, with which the hollow was partly filled.

"Come here!" she called, and motioned to Midget, who, however, did not stir, but watched eagerly to see what was to come of his strange misdoing.

"He has been up to the Melverton house with me," Tracy explained, "and shown me how he got into one of the dining-room windows, from the piazza, and took the cup from a sideboard drawer."

"Oh, Laurie, Laurie!" groaned Mrs. Lisle; while Ida in her turn examined the curious contents of the goblet.

"As near as I can make out," Tracy proceeded, "he had peeked through the blinds and seen Gid Ketterell handling it, and showing it to somebody — Osk Ordway, I suppose. He already had a spite against Gid; so when he missed the phœbe's nest under the bridge, he took the cup. For what, do you think?"

In her amazement and distress, the poor mother could n't conjecture.

"To be revenged on Gid," suggested Ida. "Though it does n't seem as if he could have looked so far ahead as that."

"No, not for that," Tracy replied. "But it was really to pay the birds for the loss of their nest. That's what he put this fine grass in it for — as something inviting for them to lay their eggs in."

And in the midst of his intense chagrin, the elder brother had to laugh at the pretty, fantastic, childish notion.

"He put the cup in place of the nest; and he seems to have had no doubt that the phœbes would adopt it, when they were ready to raise another brood; and when he saw how sorry I was about the nest, he thought he would please me by pointing at the fine nest he had made for them inside. It's all as cunning as it can be — but — oh!" and Tracy ended with something like a yell of pain.

Mother and sister laughed, too, with tender

mirthfulness; and with bright tears in her forgiving eyes Mrs. Lisle held out loving arms to the waiting Midget. He rushed into them, and nestled affectionately to her.

"Why were you so horrified?" queried Ida. "One would think you were not glad the cup was found."

"Of course I am glad! but to have it turn out that Midget is the rogue!" said Tracy.

"But he meant no harm. He only meant to do an act of justice to the birds,—the precious little innocent!" the mother exclaimed, rocking the little fellow to and fro.

"Fred Melverton will laugh—they all will laugh!" said Ida, with a merry peal. "It 's the funniest thing I ever heard!"

"Funny!" Tracy echoed, with a lugubrious grin. "But there 's one that won't laugh; he 'll get laughed at! I 've done such a smart stroke of detective business! I was so sure of everything! And my telegram to Fred!" he added, his voice running up into a falsetto of comic despair.

Ida wiped her eyes and said:

"Why should you care for that? It was all a mistake."

"Don't I know it was a mistake, without being told?" cried Tracy. "Have n't I found it out to my sorrow? I fairly grew fat on my grudge, when I found Gid was discharged under suspicion; and I was just the biggest fellow in this town when I took his place and

set about ferreting out the robbery. How can I tell Fred that Gid and Osk had nothing to do with it, after the ridiculous *fox-hunt* I have sent them on? Oh, my gracious!" his voice tending again to the wild falsetto.

Mrs. Lisle, still rocking the child, her face full of tearful smiles, admitted sympathizingly:

"It will be a little humiliating, no doubt."

"A little humiliating!" Tracy almost shouted. "It 's the most crushing thing that ever happened to me. Do you know, when I saw the cup on the wall I was tempted to leave it there and say nothing about it: to let the suspicion still rest on Gid and Osk! Would you believe I could be so mean?" And he scowled with bitter self-reproach.

"It would have been mean and wicked enough if you had listened to the temptation," said his mother. "But I know you did not for a single moment. I know you could n't do such a wrong, even to an enemy. Better the truth, though it shames us, than any advantage gained by an act of injustice."

Ida was about to empty the cup of its curious contents, in order to dust and brighten it; but Tracy cried out to her:

"Don't do that! I want Fred to see it just as it is. Oh! what luck is he having with his *fox-hunt*, I wonder!"

"Here he comes right into the yard!" Ida exclaimed, stepping quickly aside from the open window. "He and his friend, on their wheels!"

(To be continued.)

A PUZZLING EXAMPLE.

BY VIRGINIA SARAH BENJAMIN.

Dot is five and Jack is ten,
 She 's just half as old as he;
 When she 's ten, why, Jack will be
 Only one third more than she.
 When Jack is twenty she 'll be then
 Just three fourths as old as he.
 Now Dot 's puzzled—don't you see?—
 To know just how long it will be
 Till she 's as old as brother Jack,
 Who now is twice as old as she.

SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

TREASON.

"I THOUGHT you 'd never be done," said Selim in a whisper to his prisoners as he escorted them from the courtyard. "I never knew the Sultan to be so talkative before; usually he 's a man of very few words. What in the world were you talking about, anyway?"

"Oh, all sorts of things," replied Sindbad evasively. "And now," he added quickly, "please tell me one thing: what did the Grand Vizier mean when he told the Sultan that his better nature was coming back?"

"Did n't you understand that? Why, our Sultan has two separate and distinct natures: one of them very, very bad, and the other, which comes on only once in a while, very good. The former we call his bad nature, the latter his better nature. Oh, how we do dread the coming of that better nature!"

"Why, I should think you 'd be glad," said Tom. "Is n't he very ugly when his bad nature is on?"

"Usually he is," answered Selim, "but we can stand that better than the freaks in which his better nature leads him to indulge. Why, when that better nature of his is ruling him we can't get a man convicted of any crime, he is so merciful. Life and property are imperiled. Two or three times he has emptied the prisons while under the baleful influence of his better nature, and turned loose all sorts of dreadful characters."

"How soon do you think another attack of his better nature is due?" asked Sindbad anxiously.

"Oh, we can never tell; sometimes he has two or three a month, and then again a year will elapse without his having one. As he had

a real bad spell of it only last month, I feel sure he won't have another at present. I think something ought to be done for him; he might be vaccinated, or something of that sort, but I 'm not a medical man, and I really could n't undertake to prescribe for him. He feels as unhappy about it as any one else, but he can't help it; so, you see, we have n't the heart to blame him. But here we are at your prison."

He paused before a small stone building, the door of which he threw open, saying:

"Step right in. Grope around and you 'll find a couple of couches, upon which you 'll be able to make yourselves comfortable for the night. By the way, when is the execution coming off, Sindbad?"

"That point has n't been settled," replied the explorer. "Let me ask you, please, whether you are a Sindbadite or an Anti-Sindbadite?"

"An Anti-Sindbadite, of course," replied Selim promptly. "I could n't be anything else and hold my present position at court. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Sindbad and Tom in unison.

"So am I," said Selim; "and I 'm going right home to get a square meal. Wish I could invite you, but I can't. Well, good night."

He was about to push his prisoners uncere- moniously into the house when Sindbad inter- posed, saying:

"Wait a minute, please. Can't we have something to eat?"

"Not a mouthful," replied Selim. "I am not empowered to furnish you with anything but information, and not much of that. But I must n't stand here all night. Please step inside."

Sindbad and Tom obeyed, and Selim closed and locked the door with a short "Good night."

The explorers groped about in the darkness

until they found the two couches to which their custodian had referred. Thoroughly exhausted, they threw themselves down, uttering simultaneous sighs of relief.

"Well," said Tom, after a short silence, "did you ever have an adventure *quite* as queer as this?"

"Lots and lots of them," replied Sindbad. "What is there that is so very extraordinary in this?"

"I can't understand how a city like this and a river like the New Bosphorus can have existed for generations in America—they *must* be in America, for we have n't had time to get out of the country—and never been discovered before."

"Oh, that sort of thing is nothing new in my experience!" responded the great explorer. "Why, look at the previously unheard-of countries visited by me even when I was a mere beginner like you. There are several such instances recorded in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"That's so," admitted Tom; "but there were no railroads then, nor telegraph or telephone lines, nor—"

"Well," interrupted Sindbad irritably, "we have pretty good proof that New Bagdad and the New Bosphorus do exist, have n't we? Next thing you'll want to prove that you and I are only imaginary beings. I wish you would let me rest; your attempts at argument have really given me quite a severe attack of headache."

Tom said no more. In a few minutes both explorers were sound asleep.

They were awakened the next morning by the voice of Selim crying:

"Ahoy, there!"

Starting up, they saw the portly servitor standing in the doorway.

"Hungry still?" he asked.

Sindbad and Tom replied that they were hungrier than ever.

"That's good," said Selim cheerfully, "for I've brought you a real hearty breakfast."

And he tossed an apple to each of the prisoners, adding:

"Don't eat too fast; it interferes with digestion. I heard a very excellent lecture on the subject once, and —"

"Is this all we get for breakfast?" interrupted Tom in dismay.

"Why, of course it is," replied Selim, with a look of astonishment. "It's all anyone in New Bagdad gets, and a pretty good breakfast it is, to *my* way of thinking. If it does n't suit you you can leave it."

He was evidently much offended; Sindbad hastened to pacify him.

"It is an excellent breakfast," he said, taking a large bite from his apple. "Many a man has a worse one."

"I should say so," replied Selim. "In New Bagdad an apple is considered an unusual luxury; I had to use a good deal of diplomacy to get these two for you."

Tom was now devouring his apple, and staring about the room—a barn-like apartment about twelve feet square, furnished only with the two couches upon which the explorers had spent the night. As Selim paused he said:

"Oh, it's first-rate, only I'm used to something different!"

"To nothing half so good—of that I am sure," said Sindbad, with a warning scowl. "I trust you have not forgotten the horrors of the Oakdale Hotel table."

Tom, who considered Mrs. Pettibone's buckwheat cakes and fried turnovers food fit for the gods, was about to make an indignant response when Sindbad, looking at his watch, went on:

"Eight o'clock! Dear me! how I have slept! How is his Serenity the Sultan, this morning?"

"In excellent form," replied Selim. "In fact I've never seen him looking better. I might as well tell you the truth at once: he's in his bloodthirstiest mood, and is going to have you both executed as soon as you show him how to strike a light."

Tom dropped his apple, but Sindbad kept on gnawing at the core of his with the most unconcerned air imaginable.

"That'll be all right," he said. "His Serenity and I will have no difficulty in settling the matter."

"His Serenity will have no difficulty in settling *you*," said Selim. "And now, if you're both ready, come on."

"Where are you going to take us?" asked Sindbad—"to the palace?"

"Exactly; and I wish you 'd hurry, for the Sultan must be getting impatient by this time."

"We are ready; lead the way," said Sindbad, linking his arm with Tom's.

A crowd of men and boys was awaiting them outside the prison, and followed them to the door of the Sultan's palace, but ventured no farther. They found the ruler of New Bagdad seated exactly where they had left him on the previous night, and looking as if he had not stirred since their departure. The Grand Vizier and several other very important-looking individuals stood beside him, and all scowled fiercely at the prisoners as they paused before the dais.

Tom felt very awkward and uneasy, and somewhat disgusted, too. He had expected, as Sindbad's partner, to meet with all sorts of "moving accidents by flood and field"; to spend his time, when he was not hunting wild beasts, in clinging to tempest-tossed rafts, the sole survivor—except the irrepressible sailor of Bagdad—of shipwrecks of unprecedented magnitude and horror. Instead of enjoying all these delightful inconveniences and privations, here he was a prisoner in New Bagdad, a place very unlike his idea of Old Bagdad, and the inhabitants of which he mentally termed "only a lot of grown-up babies."

He was rather disappointed in Sindbad, too; he felt sure that if he had been in the explorer's place he would have shown more spirit; he thought that his partner had not properly maintained his dignity, and felt much humiliated by the position in which the firm was placed. But Sindbad did not seem in the least discomposed; his face fairly beamed with good nature as he said:

"Good morning, your Serenity. I sincerely trust you spent a comfortable night."

"That 's all right," growled the Sultan; "we 're here for business, not to exchange commonplace remarks."

"Just the reply I should have expected from a monarch of your wonderful mental caliber," gushed Sindbad. "Business before pleasure, of course."

"Exactly; we 'll attend to the business now, and execute you afterward."

"Very good!" giggled the Grand Vizier; "very good, indeed!"

"Capital!" added Sindbad, with a laugh that was plainly forced. "What a sense of humor your Serenity has! I am strongly reminded of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid."

"Never mind all that," said the Sultan, with a fierce scowl. "I want to see that sun-glass work."

"Your Serenity *shall* see it work," replied the great explorer, producing the glass. "But I must remind you of your Serenity's promise last evening."

"That will be all right," said the monarch, gazing nervously around him. "Go ahead with the experiment."

"Eh? what 's that?" interrupted the Grand Vizier. "To what promise does the dog of a sailor refer?"

The Sultan's face reddened.

"I 'd thank you to adopt a different tone for the future when you address me," he said. "The promise I made was that I would use my influence in Sindbad's behalf in case his experiment succeeded."

"*Your* influence!" sneered the Grand Vizier. "What is your influence compared with that of the Anti-Sindbad Society? Now, I may as well tell you right here—"

"Treason!" yelled the Sultan, starting up from his throne.

"Call it that if you like," responded the Grand Vizier haughtily. "Gentlemen," looking about him, "do not let us remain here to be insulted. Come with me, and we 'll have a little talk about this matter."

"Traitor!" shouted the Sultan, "you are deposed! The office of Grand Vizier is no longer yours."

"Maybe I 'll have yours, before you know it," returned the ex-Grand Vizier as he marched out of the courtyard, followed by everyone present except the Sultan, Selim, Sindbad, and Smith.

"Well, well, well!" cried Selim, drawing a long breath, "I never did! Who would have thought it of the Grand Vizier? Such a nice man as he always seemed; a little uppish once in a while, but still always the gentleman. My, my!"

"Selim," thundered the Sultan, "I appoint you Grand Vizier!"

"Oh, this is really *too* much. Your—" began Selim, but the monarch interrupted him with:

"That 's all right. We 'll have this sun-glass exhibition now, and then the execution of Sindbad and his accomplice—for I 'm just as determined on that as ever."

"Good for your Serenity!" laughed the new Grand Vizier.

"After that," continued the Sultan, "we 'll settle with those traitors."

"Yes, we 'll have a real busy morning, sha'n't we, your Serenity?" piped Selim. "It 'll just suit me, for there 's nothing I like so much as work. Say, let 's decide how to kill Sindbad and his partner. Now I think a real nice way would be to —"

"We will leave that until after the experiment is made," interrupted the Sultan. "Now, then,"—to Sindbad,— "are you ready?"

"I am, your Serenity," replied the explorer, taking the sun-glass from his pocket.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE morning sun was shining directly upon the dais. Sindbad took a piece of paper from his pocket, placed it upon the pavement at the monarch's feet, and held the glass over it. Soon a black speck appeared upon the sheet, which a moment later was aflame.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Sultan. "I never saw anything like that in all my days!"

"Oh, I 'll show you stranger things than that, if I stay here much longer," replied the explorer.

"I did n't bargain for this sort of thing," muttered Tom in a tone that could be heard only by Sindbad. "I thought we were going to hunt lions and elephants, and —"

"Be quiet!" hissed his partner, and he subsided.

"Sindbad, you are a genius!" cried the Sultan.

As the explorer bowed low, Selim interrupted in a harsh, rasping voice:

"This is all very well, and I 'm sure I 'm as fond of scientific investigation as any one in New Bagdad, but I must protest against this

criminal waste of valuable time; as Grand Vizier I think it my duty to remind your Serenity that we ought to be making preparations for war. You know how to work the sun-glass, and can undoubtedly do it much more effectively than Sindbad. Take possession of the glass; have Sindbad executed; then I want to have a talk with you about the state of affairs."

"Very good," said the Sultan. "Now," turning to the explorer, "I shall have to ask you to prepare for death and make haste about it."

"All right, your Serenity," responded Sindbad cheerfully. "What particular style of execution prevails in New Bagdad just now?"

"We have several different methods," replied the Sultan, "and all of them cause the most exquisite torture. I regret this on your account, for you have done me a signal service; but, you see, my inherent cruelty and constant morbid craving for excitement render it absolutely necessary. If you had come here when my better nature had possession of me, how different everything might have been! But there 's no use repining; let 's settle this business as quickly as possible.

"I say, your Serenity," interrupted Selim, "we might as well let Sindbad's partner off, might n't we? He 's only a boy; and I 'm sure he 'd promise never to do it again."

"We won't let either of them off," answered the Sultan; then he turned to the two explorers, saying, "I 'll show you both every consideration consistent with my thoroughly depraved and cruel nature. To begin with, I 'll give you your choice of deaths—that is, your choice of the various deaths included in our repertoire. I don't want to ask anything unreasonable, but since I 've conceded so much to you I think it would be a graceful act for you to consent to be torn to pieces by wild horses, which is my favorite method of execution. We have some of the prettiest wild horses you ever saw, too, gentlemen; I should think it would be a real pleasure to be torn to pieces by them."

"Oh, we could n't think of it!" said Sindbad hastily. "You see, we 're both nervous about horses."

"Well, in that case I won't insist," returned the Sultan; "though I had hoped you would display a little more consideration for the feel-

ings of one who—but no matter. How does *this* idea strike you? But hold on!”

The monarch pressed his hand to his forehead, and his face turned very pale.

“As I expected!” groaned the new Grand Vizier—“your better nature has come back!”

“Yes, it has,” replied the Sultan. “Really, I don’t know when anything has given me such a turn! And to think that I was about to execute these two worthy creatures, one of them the greatest explorer of this or any other age! Your hands, my dear boys!”

Sindbad and Tom both shook hands with the Sultan, whose countenance now fairly glistened with benevolence.

“I knew you’d think better of it, your Serenity,” said Sindbad.

“I should n’t if my better nature had n’t happened to come back just then,” replied the Sultan. “You’ve no idea how utterly reckless I am when that bad nature of mine is turned on. Why, it makes me shudder to think of it now! But that’s all over—for the present; and I hope neither bears any grudge against me for what is my misfortune, not my fault.”

Both Sindbad and his partner assured the monarch that they cherished only the kindest feelings toward him.

“Well, now, that’s really very good of you after what has passed,” said the Sultan, “and I assure you that I appreciate it. I trust that you both will remain my guests a few days at least.”

Before the explorers could reply, a man with disheveled hair and disordered garments came rushing into the courtyard.

“Your Serenity,” he cried, “I am the bearer of bad news.”

“Dear! dear!” exclaimed the Sultan, “is n’t that always the way when I’m feeling in particularly good humor? Well, what is it?”

“The ex-Grand Vizier is mustering his troops in the public square; the populace are crying, ‘Down with Sindbad, Smith, and the Sultan!’ Immediate action is necessary.”

“Was ever anything so provoking?” cried the Sultan. “Was there ever such an unruly populace? Just as I am beginning to enjoy myself quietly I am called upon to take ‘immediate action.’ Selim, I appeal to you as Grand Vizier. What shall I do?”

“Will you follow my advice?” asked Selim, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

“Yes.”

“Honest?” persisted the Grand Vizier.

“Well, I’ll try to,” replied the monarch, more cautiously.

“Then summon up your bad nature; have Sindbad—and Smith, too, if you like—executed at once; and then to battle! Don’t allow this weakness to overcome you; remember how wicked you are most of the time, and try at least to strike an average. On my bended knees I implore it.”

The Sultan was evidently touched.

“Selim,” he said, “I understand your feelings: but if you were to twist your knees all out of shape I could n’t do it. What!—execute Sindbad and his youthful partner, whose only offense is a desire to know more of our wonderful country? I could n’t think of such a thing.”

“But you sent us to capture them,” grumbled Selim, “and told us that if we were not back on time you’d have us all flayed alive.”

“I’m sorry for it,” said the Sultan, “and I should think you’d have more delicacy than to remind me of it. I’d be obliged if you would change the subject, Selim.”

“But we’ve got this war on hand, your Serenity,” said the new Grand Vizier, growing more and more excited, “and we can’t afford to dawdle away any more time here. Suppose you imprison these fellows until your bad nature comes back? How’s that for an idea?”

“I *might* do that,” said the Sultan, thoughtfully.

“No, you might n’t, either, your Serenity,” interrupted Sindbad. “It would be cruel.”

“So it would,” replied the Sultan. “Of course while my better nature is on I could n’t do anything cruel.”

“Well, what *is* your Serenity going to do?” asked Selim, very impatiently. “Are we to wait here until the Anti-Sindbad army comes in and takes possession?”

“What do *you* think about it, Sindbad?” asked the Sultan. “I’d be glad to have your opinion, if you don’t mind.”

“Is he the Grand Vizier, or am I?” muttered Selim, but no one heard him.

“Your Serenity,” replied Sindbad, “I would

suggest that you release my partner and myself, and then go ahead and thrash the traitors. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to enroll ourselves under your flag, and fight, bleed, and die in the good cause; but, unfortunately, we have engagements in various parts of the globe, which make it impossible for us to do so. You understand our position, I trust."

The Sultan's face had lengthened considerably during Sindbad's speech.

"I 'm awfully sorry to hear you talk like that," he said. "I had hoped to see a good deal more of you. Don't you think you'd better reconsider your determination? No? Well, of course I could forcibly detain you, but my better nature will not allow me to do so. I should, however, be greatly obliged if you'd leave me that sun-glass."

"I do so with pleasure," replied Sindbad, bowing low. "And now, your Serenity," he added, "in view of the fact that your time is precious, I would suggest that you permit us to take our leave at once."

"I suppose I must," sighed the Sultan, "though I really hate to. Let me see, Sindbad; it has always been the custom, I think, of monarchs who have entertained you to make you a valuable present on your departure."

"Well, yes," replied Sindbad, with a deprecatory smirk, "my royal hosts *have* been extremely liberal. Still, any little trifle satisfies me — say, a mule laden with gold or diamonds, or something of that sort. As for my partner, anything will do for him — eh, Thomas?"

"I don't care for anything at all," said Tom, "if I can only get home."

"Is n't he modesty itself, your Serenity?" said Sindbad. "He is adamant when his mind is made up; so you can give me his share."

"Very good," replied the Sultan, taking from his pocket a long, narrow book and a pencil. "Just now my treasury is not what it should be, but I am hoping for better times. I will write you a check for one hundred thousand tooloos on the New Bagdad National Bank. I shall date it a year ahead, for by that time I hope I shall have a respectable balance."

"Your Serenity is too good!" exclaimed Sindbad; but Tom saw that his partner was not very well pleased with the gift.

"I know it," said the Sultan; "I always am when my better nature has possession of me."

"What is a tooloo worth?" asked Sindbad.

"Well," replied the Sultan, "that depends a good deal upon which of our three political parties is in power. Just now a tooloo is worth about five dollars in United States money."

"Then your Serenity has given me half a million dollars."

"Yes, but don't mention it — I really sha'n't miss it. Put the check in your pocket, and think how much handier it is to carry about than a mule staggering under a heavy weight of gold or jewels. You'd better take one, too," — to Tom, — "it really won't be any trouble."

"No, thank you," replied the boy politely.

"Well, just as you say."

Here another excited messenger rushed in.

"Your Serenity," he panted, "the enemy are advancing. What's to be done?"

As he spoke, the hoarse roar of a multitude was heard in the distance. Instead of replying, the Sultan turned to Sindbad and Tom, saying, "You insist upon going at once?"

"We do," the explorers replied together.

"Well, I 'm sorry, but I suppose you must have your way."

"Down with the Sultan! Death to Sindbad and Smith!" shouted many hundred distant voices in unison.

The monarch turned pale.

"Selim," said the potentate hurriedly, "conduct our friends to the entrance to the subterranean passage, and hurry back. And you" — turning to the messenger who had just arrived — "go to the royal store-room and bring me the keg labeled 'gunpowder' that we found on that wreck last year. I'll see if with the aid of this sun-glass I can't settle these traitors; I knew all that flotsam and jetsam would come in handy some day."

"Be careful how you fool with that gunpowder, your Serenity," said Sindbad uneasily.

"That's all right, my boy," replied the Sultan; "I know what the stuff is. But I've no more time to talk. Good-by; if New Bagdad only had postal communication with the United States I'd ask you both to write. Well, take good care of yourselves. Follow Selim; he'll see you through. Good-by — good-by!"

The April Fool

To print this little placard
Took Johnny Smith all day:



APRIL FOOL

But the boy he meant to pin it to
Went round the other way!



At first quite disappointed,
When Johnny's anger cooled
He could not help admitting
That at least one boy was fooled.

HOW THE WHALE LOOKED PLEASANT.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

WHETHER a certain whale that breakfasted, dined, and supped every day in the Santa Catalina channel, went out one morning with the determination of being photographed, I really cannot say; but the picture was certainly taken, and here is a careful copy of it.

Living in the neighborhood, the whale was probably familiar with the steamer that plowed daily through its dining-room; and if it was at all an observing whale, it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commotion on the deck of the steamer, and this is what it saw. The passengers were crowding about the rail, and on the upper deck stood a man and a little girl, the former holding a square black box into which he looked earnestly. And if the whale had come a little nearer this is what he might have heard:

"Will he look pleasant?" asked the little girl of her companion.

"I hope so," he replied, glancing rapidly from the camera to the whale that was then swimming a few hundred feet away.

The passengers had first observed it a mile or more distant, when the little girl said it was "dancing on its tail." It had, really, leaped out of water, and for a few seconds exposed almost its entire back,—most astonishing spectacle,—and then had fallen back into the sea with a thundering crash. Soon it came to the surface again, and shooting a cloud of vapor into the air that slowly floated away, at intervals disappeared and reappeared until finally it came alongside the steamer, swimming along within a short distance. It was then that the fortunate possessor of the camera secured a good position near the rail, and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant." Looking pleasant, in this instance, meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just

below the surface, its huge black form, sixty or seventy feet in length, distinctly visible, propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose, showing just the portion around the blow-holes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air, was condensed, and in a little cloud drifted away.

"Did n't he look pleasant?" asked the little girl, earnestly.

"Not quite pleasant enough," said the photographer, as he peered into the tiny window of the camera that reflected the sea in brilliant tints. "I could catch the spout, but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of water and looks really pleasant before I touch the button."

It was an exciting moment, as never, so far as known, had a living whale, in the open ocean, posed before a camera, or a photographer seen so huge an animal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken.

"It 's a tame whale, is n't it?" said the little girl, as the whale gradually came nearer.

"He certainly does not seem very timid," replied her companion; and as he spoke, puff! came the spouting like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers.

The whale was now so near that the barnacles upon its back could be seen, and one man was sure that he saw its eye. Suddenly it sank, and all that could be seen in the little window was the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of velellas that covered the surface, scudding along before the fresh trade-wind. Then, without warning, the creature as suddenly rose again, showing a large area of its back, sending at the same time a cloud of misty vapor into the air as its top or dorsal fin appeared. The photographer saw it in the little window, and evidently thinking that the whale looked



DRAWN BY MEREDITH NUGENT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. F. HOLDER.

A WHALE SWIMMING AT THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.



Meredith
Nightingale
Artist sketch by J.F. Holder.

"A SUDDEN, MIGHTY LEAP." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

as pleasant as he in all probability would, touched the button, and, so far as is known, took the first photograph of a living whale in the open ocean, and the very one from which was made the drawing which appears on page 497.

The Santa Catalina channel is famous for its whales, and they are frequently seen from the steamer that plies between the mainland and the island of Santa Catalina. While I write, there lies on the beach a huge specimen that was killed by swordfish. Some terrible contests have been observed between the great whales and these ocean swordsmen. One occurred opposite the little harbor of Avalon, Santa Catalina, and was watched by a small boat-load of spectators who drifted near. A swordfish and a

killer—or small-toothed whale—attacked the larger whale from below, and in its rage the latter appeared almost to stand upon its head, striking the water fearful blows from side to side with its tail. For several minutes the battle was continued, the whale being nearly helpless before its agile enemies.

On one occasion a whale rose so high above the water in a sudden, mighty leap, and so near my boat, that a perfect photograph could have been taken. As the huge mass loomed up I thought it was a rock, and turned to the boatman, meaning to ask an explanation, but when it fell with a crash I saw that it was a whale that had thrown itself almost entirely out of the water.

A "DARE."

BY ANTOINETTE GOLAY.

MR. BROWN was frowning at two vacant chairs opposite him at the dinner-table.

"Are those children late again?" he asked.

"They are, indeed," his wife answered; "doubtless jumping off the Potters' chicken-coop this very minute. They can barely wait to eat their luncheon before they rush off to that exhilarating sport. You might think they would have enough of it between two and five, but it seems they don't. This is the third time this week Margaret has been late. Cornelia generally comes home in time, and in tears. Margaret's shortcomings oppress her."

"Margaret told me she and her precious chum, Mary Potter, were going soon to jump over all the carriage-steps they could," put in Fred, who, whatever his other faults might be, was never known to miss a meal. "Perhaps this is the day, and Cornelia is along to see fair play."

"No," said Mrs. Brown, smiling. "I hardly think it is that. I have not been able to elevate their minds above the glory of perching on sheds; but some days ago I happened to meet them, Margaret jumping from a stepladder, and Mary clambering up a fence, and I convinced them that there was danger in such exploits."

"In the mean time," said Mr. Brown, who

had never been able to accept his daughter's defections as philosophically as did his wife—

"in the mean time those children are likely to be on any dangerous elevation to be found in Chicago. Fred, please go to the Potters' and find out about them. Tell the girls to come home at once!"

"Yes, sir," said Fred submissively, though in his heart he preferred a warm dinner then and there to a half-mile promenade followed by a lukewarm meal.

He pulled on his cap and sallied forth, whistling to keep up his spirits, while his father, who was seriously displeased and a little worried, indulged in gloomy reflections on the disadvantages of daughters who were tomboys.

In about half an hour Fred returned, with a smile lurking about the corner of his mouth.

"Father," he said, "I found the girls, and Cornelia will be here as soon as she has bathed her red and streaming eyes; but I am afraid you 'll have to go and tell Margaret yourself."

"What do you mean?" his father exclaimed. "Has anything happened to Margaret? Why is Cornelia crying?"

"She was crying when I found her," Fred hastened to explain, with a guilty consciousness



"OH, PAPA, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME TO COME DOWN! I WANT TO, BUT I CAN'T!
IT'S A DARE."

that his presence and poor little Cornelia's tears too often were closely related. "She was wailing, on the ground; and Margaret and Mary Potter were seated on the roof of the Harveys' stable-shed. They have been there since four o'clock, and, for all I can see, are likely to stay there the rest of their lives."

"It was a 'dare,' papa," said Cornelia, as she came in and met her father's bewildered expression. "They went up on the roof, and Margaret said she would n't come down till Mary did, and Mary said she would n't, either; and there they are."

"What folly!" said her father impatiently.

"Yes," remarked the ingenuous Cornelia; "that's what I told Mary. I just begged her to come down, and I cried, too, when it began to grow dark and yet she would n't."

"I suppose it did not occur to you to try

your powers of persuasion on Margaret?" her mother inquired.

Cornelia blushed.

"You see, I did not wish Margaret to be beaten," she explained.

"Really, father," said Fred, "I do believe you'll have to go after Margaret—for, if you don't, there's no knowing how long she will stay there. Mary's father will not be home till to-morrow, and neither of the girls will give in. They were hungry, too, and a little afraid of the dark."

"I am ashamed of Margaret," said Mrs. Brown penitently, feeling, as mothers will, the burden of her daughter's fault laid upon her own shoulders; "but I am afraid you'll have to go."

Then, in his turn, Mr. Brown left his warm dinner, and went in

quest of his obstinate daughter. There on the very ridge of the Harveys' stable shed she sat, weariness and hunger in her eyes, and fell determination graven about her mouth as she looked across at the stolid Mary, who sat a little further along the ridge, as immovable as a Pyramid.

When she saw her father, poor tired Margaret burst into tears, but in the same breath began to plead with him.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed despairingly, "please don't tell me to come down! I want to, but I can't; indeed I can't! I said I would n't, and I'd never hold up my head again if I gave in. It's a 'dare.'"

"Do you actually think of roosting there all night?" her father asked.

"I don't know," said Margaret, weeping yet more piteously. "Maybe I'll have to. And, oh, papa, dear! if I do, can't you just stay

down there to keep my courage up and drive things away? I'm so scared!"

"So 'm I," remarked Mary, with contempt, from her end of the roof. "But you need n't think, for all that, Margaret Boswell Brown, that I am going to get down before you do. Not if I die a Methuselah here!"

"Margaret," said her exasperated father, "this is simply ridiculous. I insist that you come down from that roof. I cannot leave you here alone, and I do not mean to spend the evening in Mr. Harvey's back yard, mounting guard over the two silliest girls I ever saw!"

"Fapa," said Margaret solemnly, "if you don't want to break my heart, don't ask me to come down first! Oh, can't you think of some plan?"

Then, looking at the two forlorn little figures, Mr. Brown was moved to pity, and in a moment was seized by a sudden inspiration.

"Children," he said impressively, "if you were to come down together and at the same time, no one's word would be broken, and no one's pride would be hurt."

The two little girls pondered a moment silently. Then, looking across the roof, they read consent each in the other's eyes, and slowly began to crawl down until they reached the edge of the roof. There they paused.

"One!" said Margaret.

"Two!" said Mary.

"Three!" said both, and they dropped to the ground.

Once there, their dramatic dignity seemed to Mr. Brown to have departed, and it was with a strong desire to shake them both that he escorted them to their respective homes.

"Mother," said Margaret ruefully, the next day,—a beautiful bright Saturday, which she spent in her own room,—“punishments are strange things, are n't they? Because I stayed too long in one place yesterday, and did n't eat dinner with my family, I have to stay in one place all to-day, and not eat any of my meals with the rest of you.”

"I think your father has dealt mildly with you," her mother answered—"when you remember that but for his legal mind you and Mary might both have died Methuselabs on a shed roof."

"Yes," said Margaret, with penitence sudden and complete. "And indeed I am not going to be late to dinner again, mother, nor make three of my family lose their dinner, either. Only papa says this is for my good; so I hope it is n't unchristianic of me that I can't seem to help hoping Mary's father will do as much for her when he comes back."



"‘MOTHER,’ SAID MARGARET RUEFULLY, ‘PUNISHMENTS ARE STRANGE THINGS, ARE N’T THEY?’”

STALLED AT BEAR RUN.

(See *Frontispiece.*)

BY THOMAS HOLMES.

THE winter of 1889-90 was one of unusual severity in Northern California. The mountain regions were visited by fearful snow-storms, one following quickly upon another. It was the worst winter for the people of Copper City that had been known since the town was established. Business at the mines had been duller than usual the previous summer, and the miners had not been able to lay in a stock of provisions sufficient to carry them comfortably through the season.

Among the unfortunate residents of this beleaguered town were Mrs. Eugen Laurgaard and her son Ulvig, an active lad seventeen years old. Eugen Laurgaard, Ulvig's father, many years before came from Norway and settled in Minnesota, where he entered upon a mercantile business. He prospered for several years, and the prospect for Ulvig's future seemed very bright; but there came some sudden reverses in his business, and so Mr. Laurgaard found himself left with but little besides his health and his willingness to work hard. He was familiar with the charming stories of suddenly acquired fortunes that came from the mining districts of California, and, taking his family, he set out for the land of promise, and at last made his home in Copper City.

At that time Ulvig was twelve years old. Three years Mr. Laurgaard prospected among the mountains with varying success, but the best he could do was to support his family comfortably. One day, while he was digging into the side of a hill, the earth above him gave way, and he was killed.

The blow to Ulvig's mother was overwhelming. She was left penniless in the midst of the rough people, and the fact that she was a woman of culture and refinement made her condition exceedingly trying.

At the time of his father's death, Ulvig was

fifteen years old. Employment was given him in one of the stores; and his mother, with the spirit of a true woman, set her face bravely against her misfortune, and strove to become self-supporting. It was Ulvig's idea that a bakery would pay. There had never been a bakery in the town. The venture was made, mother and son worked hard, and at first it had proved successful. The second year, however, the business did not pay so well. Money grew scarce, and Mrs. Laurgaard was unable to save anything. To make matters worse, when winter came Ulvig's employer was obliged to discharge him, as business was too dull to warrant him in paying a clerk; and then the boy could do nothing but assist his mother about the shop. Ulvig bravely exerted himself to encourage his mother. His hope was that when the next summer came he could find work in the mines.

A snow-storm had been raging two days. The mountains were wrapped in a white mantle, the branches of the pines and redwoods were loaded, and snow lay in the cañon and along the trail to a depth of several feet. At a point down the cañon where a projecting spur of the mountain caused the wind to whirl and eddy, a great barrier of snow was piled up, and sloped steeply toward the town in one direction, and toward the mouth of the cañon in another. At either end of this barrier were set the rocky shoulders of the hills. From the town, straight down the cañon to the railroad, the distance was about four miles.

On the morning of the third day the storm ceased. The clouds cleared away, and a cold, freezing wind set in. In the afternoon Ulvig was at the store of his former employer, when a mountaineer came in. He had come down from the mountains higher up the cañon and beyond the town.

"Tough storm, Greely," said the man, addressing the merchant.

"Worst for years," replied Greely. "How'd you ever live, Collins, to get down here?"

"Did n't want to stay in camp and starve," answered Collins. "Another storm like this would have buried me alive up there. 'T was hard work facin' this wind, but I made out to git here. I would n't have got here, though, if it had n't been for these snow-shoes."

"This is a bad one for the railroad people," said the merchant.

"Bad?—yes!" said Collins; "there 's a train stalled down in Bear Run, now. It seemed to be completely locked in—can't go forrüd nor backward. There were two big drifts across the Run, and the train was between them. They won't git out in one week, unless I 'm mightily mistaken. They 're in a bad place; an' those snow-plows that they brag so much about can't shovel their way to them in less time than that."

"They stand a chance of runnin' short of victuals, don't they?" asked Greely.

"Yes; and a mighty good chance, too," answered Collins. "You know they don't run a dinin'-car now on this part of the road."

"What 'll they do?" asked Greely.

"That 's a question," replied Collins.

The question that apparently puzzled the merchant and the mountaineer Ulvig decided to answer in a practical way. He hurried home and told his mother what he had heard at the store.

"Now," said he, "I 'm going to earn some money. You make up a lot of sandwiches and cakes, mother, and I will take them to the train. The passengers will pay me well for them."

"How will you cross the drift in the cañon, Ulvig?" asked his mother.

"The skees will take me safely over it," answered the boy. "I 'll make a drag, get the skees into shape, and help pack the food in the baskets."

Ulvig's father had told him a great deal about the customs of the people in his native country. As soon as he was strong enough he was taught to travel over the snow on skees—long, flat, narrow strips of wood, turned up at one end, and very smooth on the bottom.

These long runners are fastened to the traveler's feet with straps, and, moving somewhat as if he were skating, he is able to make very rapid progress over snow.

Ulvig set about polishing the bottom of his skees, which had not been used for many months, strengthened the straps, and made sure that they were in perfect working order. He made a drag by fastening two wide boards together, side by side, and bending the ends up slightly so that they would not dig into the snow. In appearance it resembled a hastily made toboggan.

All night Mrs. Laurgaard and her son labored, and in the morning the baskets were packed and ready to be loaded upon the drag. When the boy had tied them firmly on the drag, fastened the skees to his feet, and was ready to start, a crowd gathered around him. He made the purpose of his undertaking known, and the shouts and cheers that followed him as he glided down the cañon proved his popularity. Ulvig soon reached the top of the great drift across the cañon, and, after tightening the straps on his feet, started down the declivity.

Bear Run is a deep cut among the foothills opposite the mouth of the cañon, and running at right angles with it. On the west side of the cut the hills rise steep and high. On the east side the elevation is lower, so that from the mouth of the cañon the train was in plain view.

When Ulvig shot out from between the jaws of the cañon, the train lay less than a mile away. The huge locomotive, muffled with an iron vizor to the top of the smoke-stack, stood with its nose set doggedly against a vast bank of snow. Ulvig soon reached the train, and as he neared it he was hailed by the conductor and one of the passengers, who came out of the cars, and stood on the platform.

"What do you want?" said the conductor.

Ulvig quickly made his business known. The conductor eyed him sharply for a few moments, then, telling him to stay where he was, turned and reëntered the car. Ulvig's heart sank. What if he was not allowed to offer the food for sale on the train? He thought of his mother's disappointment. While the boy was trying to decide what he should do, the con-

ductor reappeared, accompanied by a dapper, sharp-eyed little man.

"Here he is, Jim," said the conductor. "See what you can do with him."

The man with the sharp eyes scanned Ulvig's face narrowly. "Come to sell food to the passengers, eh?" he finally asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Ulvig.

"Where is it?"

Ulvig hauled the drag near the steps so that the man could examine the contents of the baskets. He sampled the sandwiches and the cakes, then held a whispered consultation with the conductor. Finally he turned to Ulvig and said: "I'll pay you twenty dollars for that lot of stuff; and, if you want to, you may bring me another batch just like it, to-morrow morning, at the same price."

Ulvig felt as if his heart was about to jump out of his mouth. Twenty dollars was double the sum that he had expected to get for the food, and he promptly accepted the offer. A half-hour later the dapper man with the sharp eyes was dealing the sandwiches and cakes out to hungry passengers at twenty-five cents apiece; and when a passenger grumbled at the price, the little man smiled sympathetically, and told him that the nearest eating-station was twenty miles away, and the prospect of the train reaching it before the spring thaw set in was not encouraging.

Each cake was neatly wrapped in thin paper, upon which were printed in plain type, running across the top of the package, the words, "Laurgaard Bakery." It was these words that seemed to have a great interest for two passengers who were comfortably quartered in one of the sleeping-coaches. One of these passengers was a pleasant-faced woman; the other a stalwart, middle-aged man. The man held up one of the cakes so that the printing could be seen by his wife.

"There it is, Ingé," he said; "as plain as day — L-a-u-r-g-a-a-r-d."

He arose, and following the vender of the cakes and sandwiches into the next car, asked him if he was acquainted with the proprietors of the Laurgaard bakery.

"Don't know anything about 'em," was the answer, in a voice that was not encouraging.

"Where did you get this?" asked the man.

"Delivered here at the train this morning."

"Will the person be here again?"

"I expect him to-morrow morning."

Returning to his seat, the man unwrapped the cake, carefully folded the paper, and put it in his pocket.

The hours passed slowly to the snow-bound passengers. Various ways of occupying the time pleasantly were devised, but the novelty of the situation soon wore off, and everybody seemed glad when the hour came for sleeping.

The occupants of the train had been asleep several hours, when they were awakened by a roaring; then there was a terrible crashing against the sides of the cars, that trembled as if shaken by an earthquake; a rushing sound; then all was still. The startled passengers could sleep no more, and their alarm was increased when the conductor finally passed through the cars, announcing as he went that the train had been buried in a snowslide.

When morning broke, it was discovered that there were two coaches the tops of which were not covered. Light and air were admitted through the small glass ventilators at the top. There was no immediate danger of suffocation, for the train was made up of vestibule-cars, and with the doors thrown open, the train was like one long, narrow apartment. But since the locomotive was buried, and no fires could be kept up in it, the cars were soon cold, and the passengers became uncomfortable.

When, that morning, Ulvig came out of the cañon with his baskets once more filled with sandwiches and cakes, he could hardly believe his eyes as he looked toward Bear Run, where the train had stood the day before. No train was to be seen! But he caught sight of two straight dark lines projecting above the drifts. He studied them closely for a few moments, and made them out to be the roofs of the cars. It suddenly flashed upon him that the train had been buried in a snowslide.

Quickly removing the baskets from the drag, the boy turned and hurried back to the town. He told the story of the buried train at the stores, and fifty men volunteered to go to the assistance of the passengers. How they were to get there was the question that puzzled them.

This was quickly answered by Ulvig, who proposed to take them over the drift on the drag.

The boy worked like a Trojan, and by the middle of the afternoon twenty-five men were working diligently with shovels around the train. It was midnight when the broad cut through the great mass of snow was completed to the baggage-car. Then the engine was uncovered, the fires started, and in a short time steam was running through the pipes, and the coaches became warm and comfortable.

While Ulvig stood in the midst of a group of passengers, the stalwart man who had manifested so deep an interest in the paper wrapped around the cake approached and asked if his name was Laurgaard.

Ulvig replied that it was.

"I should like to speak with you," said the man.

Ulvig followed the stranger into the sleeping-car. "Your father is proprietor of this establishment, I presume?" said he, stopping near the seat in which the pleasant-faced woman sat, and taking the folded paper from his pocket.

"No, sir," said Ulvig; "my father is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed the woman. "What was his full name?"

"Eugen Laurgaard," replied Ulvig.

"How far is it to the town where you live?" asked the man.

"About four miles."

"Can my wife and I get there?"

"If you care to go, I will take you in the morning on the drag. The only way we can travel up the cañon now is on skees."

"Skees?" exclaimed the man, enthusiastically. "Ah, I see! your father taught you the use of them. I should like to try them once more myself. We will visit the town in the morning, Ingé, and you and this young man shall be the passengers."

"Yes, Alfred," said the woman. "I *must* see Mrs. Laurgaard."

In the morning, while the men from Copper City continued the work of excavating the train, Ulvig was sent to the town for provisions. The man with the broad shoulders placed his wife on the drag, in the midst of a pile of wraps, and insisted that Ulvig should ride

too; then, fastening the skees to his feet, he set out across the snow at a pace that astonished the boy.

As they sped over the snow, Ulvig wondered why the woman had taken such an interest in his mother.

The residents of Copper City, who saw the tall, strong-limbed stranger glide through the town on the skees and stop at the door of the Laurgaard bakery, were astonished. Theirs was no greater, however, than the astonishment of Mrs. Laurgaard, who stood at a window anxiously watching for Ulvig, for his long absence had caused her some distress.

The strangers followed Ulvig into the shop. Without ceremony the woman stepped up to Mrs. Laurgaard, looked at her closely, and then embraced her affectionately.

"Yes, Alfred, it is she!" cried the woman, as he entered; "my brother is dead, but I have found his wife."

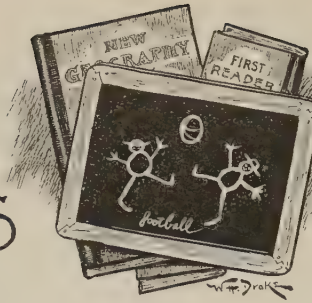
He embraced his wife and kissed her, and the next instant Ulvig's mother was greeted with warm affection. The boy was puzzled, but when the woman placed her hand on his shoulder, and, fixing her eyes on his face, said, "How like your father as I remember him years ago! I am proud of my nephew, but your name should be Eugen," he knew that she was the aunt of whom his father had often spoken.

Ten days later, the snow-bound train was released by snow-plows, and when it proceeded southward it carried two more passengers than it brought, for Mrs. Laurgaard and her son had gone with their new-found relatives.

That evening the mountaineer, enjoying his pipe by the stove in Mr. Greely's store, said: "I hear that the widow Laurgaard and her boy have gone east."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greely. "Eugen's sister, who's the wife of a rich merchant in Boston, accidentally found them and took them back to live with her. It seems that she had heard nothing from her brother for many years. If it had n't been for that blockade in the Run, she might never have found his family. It seems that she and her husband were out on a trip for her health, and the name on a paper wrapped around a cake that Ulvig sold on the train gave her the clue. Queer thing, was n't it?"

LITTLE TOMMY'S



MONDAY MORNING.

(In a meter neither new nor difficult.)

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ALL was well on Sunday morning,
All was quiet Sunday evening;
But behold, quite early Monday
Came a queer, surprising

Weakness—

Weakness seizing little
Tommy!

It came shortly after break-
fast—

Breakfast with wheat-cakes
and honey

Eagerly devoured by
Tommy,

Who till then was well
as could be.

Then, without a mo-
ment's warning,

Like a sneeze, that
awful Aw-choo!

Came this Weakness
on poor Tommy.

‘Mother, dear,’ he
whined, “dear
mother,

I am feeling rather strangely—

Don't know what's the matter with me—

My right leg is
out of kilter,

While my ear—
my left ear—
itches.

Don't you know
that queerish
feeling?”



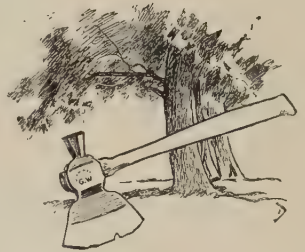
“Not exactly,” said his mother.

“Does your head ache, Tommy dearest?”

Little Thomas, al-
ways truthful,
Would not say his
head was aching,
For, you know, it
really was n't.

“No, it does n't
ache,” he an-
swered

(Thinking of that noble story



Of the Cherry-tree and
Hatchet);

“But I'm tired, and I'm
sleepy,

And my shoulder's
rather achy.

Don't you think per-
haps I'd better
Stay at home with you,
dear mother?”

Thoughtfully his mo-
ther questioned,
“How about your school,
dear Tommy?”

Do you wish to miss your lessons?”

“Well, you know,” was Tommy's answer,

“Saturday we played at foot-ball;

I was tired in the evening,

So I did n't learn my lessons—

Left them all for Monday morning,

Monday morning bright and early—”

“And this morning you slept over?”

So his mother interrupted.

“Yes, mama,” admitted Tommy.

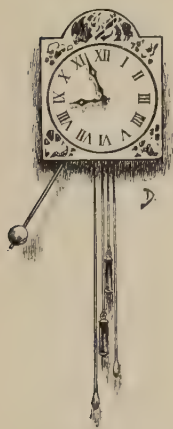
“So I have not learned my lessons;

And I'd better wait till Tuesday.
Tuesday I can start in earnest—
Tuesday when I'm feeling brighter!"

Smilingly his mother eyed him,
Then she said, "Go ask your father—
You will find him in his study,
Adding up the week's expenses.
See what father says about it."



Toward the door went Tommy slowly,
Seized the knob as if to turn it.
Did not turn it; but, returning,
Back he came unto his mother.
"Mother," said he, very slowly,
"Mother, I don't feel so badly;



Maybe I'll get through my lessons.

Anyway, I think I'll risk it.
Have you seen my books,
dear mother,—

My Geography and Speller,
History and Definitions,—
Since I brought them home
on Friday?"

No. His mother had not
seen them.

Then began a search by
Tommy.

Long he searched, almost
despairing,

While the clock was striking loudly.
And at length when Tommy found them—
Found his books beneath the sofa—
He'd forgotten all his Weakness,

Pains and aches
were quite for-
gotten.

At full speed he
hastened school-
ward.

But in vain, for
he was tardy,
All because of that
strange Weakness
He had felt on Monday morning.



Would you know the
name that's given,
How they call
that curious
feeling?

'T is the dreaded
"Idon'twant-
to"—

Never fatal, but
quite common

To the tribe of
Verlasy.

Would you know
the charm that
cures it—

Cures the Weakness "Idon'twantto"?
It is known as "Butyou'vegotto,"
And no boy should be without it.

Now you know the curious legend
Of the paleface little Tommy,
Of his Weakness and its curing
By the great charm "Butyou'vegotto."
Think of it on Monday mornings—
It will save you lots of trouble.





BY G. T. FERRIS.

BEFORE the next issue of ST. NICHOLAS reaches its readers, the world will have witnessed at Athens, the capital of the Greek nation, a curious and interesting spectacle. Greeks and strangers will assemble to witness athletic games in which strong men from all nations will compete for the crown of victory.

The revival of these games will surely interest the older boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS, and for them particularly this paper has been prepared.

These closing ten years of the nineteenth century may be called the period of international games. If the Greek gymnastic festival of April, 1896, signified no more than a series of games offering the hospitality of the country, over which the glamour of a glorious past lingers like a rich sunset, it would be a notable event. But it is more than this—far more. The enterprise revives the memory and spirit of an institution which shed a peculiar luster on the history of classic Greece. It entered into the life of the ancient Greek to an extent which we of to-day can scarcely realize. It was associated with his religion, his civic pride, his ideals of art, and his highest patriotism. This institution was the Olympic festival, celebrated every four years at Olympia, on the river Alpheus, near the borders of Elis and Pisa, and so kept up for more than a thousand years. There were other national games of a similar sort—such as the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian games; but these, though highly regarded, were of far less dignity and interest. When one speaks, then, of the Olympic games there

arises in the mind a picture of those vast gatherings where all Greece, though to the very time divided by civil wars, remembered for a brief period that its borders bounded one people—a people of one blood, one glory, and one destiny. The hold of the Olympic festival on the ancient Hellenic world is seen in the fact that from 776 B. C. time was measured by "Olympiads," or the four-year intervals between the games.

The remote origin of this festival is hidden in myths, as is the case with so many customs of the classic ages. In general, all these legends ascribe the games to the demigod Hercules as founder. Sufficient time had passed for the early form of this festival to have gone into decay, before it was revived and had a historic beginning. This occurred under the patronage of Iphitus, king of Elis, and Lycurgus the celebrated lawgiver of the Spartan commonwealth. It is fixed at or about 884 B. C. This revival soon lighted a living spark which fired Greek blood everywhere, and in less than half a century the festival became national in character.

Only contestants of pure Hellenic blood were allowed to enter their names. As time rolled on, and the Greeks (who were, you know, great sailors and merchants) pushed their maritime enterprises, and established colonies throughout the whole length and breadth of the Mediterranean, children of the greater Greece, everywhere from the distant borders of Persia to where the city of Marseilles now stands, assembled to struggle for the prize wreath. The interest of the Greek race in these games became a passion. To win a victory in any of the con-

tests reflected as much glory on the athlete and on his community as if he had been the successful general in a great battle. His name was added to the brazen tablets recording the celebrities and benefactors of his native town. If he died on this field of honor,—as was often the case, even in the flush of victory,—he became almost an idol in the public esteem, and his family was ennobled and enriched by public decree.

The Olympic festival, the details of which by common Greek consent were in charge of the Eleans, was supposed to be under the direct care of Olympian Zeus, the father of the gods, and the locality where the sports were held was sacred ground. Olympia was scarcely a town; it was rather a collection of temples and public buildings exhibiting the noblest art of Greece in sculpture, painting, and architecture. The recent excavations made by the Greek and Italian governments (1875–81) have made clear to us the plan of the place, and uncovered many interesting relics of ancient art. The quadrangle called the Altis was peculiarly sacred; and here stood the temples of Zeus and of Hera his wife, and of other deities, with the treasure-houses of many of the Greek states. In the midst was the high altar of the father of the gods, and near by the colossal statue of him, made of gold and ivory by Phidias, the greatest of sculptors,—a work considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Athens itself scarcely contained greater marvels of art than Olympia, for all the skill and pride of the Greek race lent themselves to making the site worthy of the national importance of the festival.

The date of the celebrations was from the 11th to the 15th of the month of the first full moon after the summer solstice, and preparation in the training of athletes began ten months before throughout the whole of Greece. Some of those were selected as representatives of states, but any free-born Greek could enter for himself. Universal peace during the month of the games was proclaimed by heralds in every part of Hellas, and the slightest breaking of the sacred truce was thought sacrilege, which deities and men alike were bound to punish. The judges of the games, or "*Hellanodicæ*," ranging from nine to twelve in number at different times, were

elected by the Eleans. All who wished to be judges were required to show not only that they had never committed a crime, public or private, but that they were stainless in moral character. Not unfrequently even men of distinction were excluded by this severe test during the golden age of Hellenic honor.

The different combats consisted of leaping, the foot-race, wrestling, throwing the discus (like the modern "putting the shot"), boxing, the pancratiun, the pentathlon, chariot-racing, horse-racing, and the contests of the heralds and trumpeters. Most of these were more or less varied. The foot-races were for different distances, and one of them, that of the hoplites, or heavy-armed soldiers, was run in full battle armor. In boxing, the fists of the contestants were wrapped in the terrible cestus, a glove of hide loaded with metal, and its blow was often fatal. The pancratiun united wrestling and boxing, but without the use of the cestus. The pentathlon was a group of five contests: leaping, the foot-race, throwing the quoit or discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling. The prize-winner must excel in all. Chariot-racing was with two and four horses, or even with mules; and the running horse-races corresponded very closely with those of modern times. Boys of from fourteen to eighteen also had contests, in all respects like those of adults, except that the boys did not use the cestus. In some cases competitors still within the boyish limit were permitted to do battle with their elders; and these youngsters occasionally secured the crown, even in the severer contests of skill and strength.

Greek boys began to be trained in bodily exercises at a very early age—often at ten years. The problem was not merely to develop strength and health, but to secure grace and beauty, perfect beauty being thought the outer expression of perfect strength. It was this passion for the beautiful, in every phase of Greek life, which made its sculpture and architecture the noblest the world has seen. But the thought had a still deeper root. The Greek assumed that it was only in the perfect and symmetrical body that the well-balanced mind could dwell; so physical culture held a foremost place in his plan of education, and the daily toils of the

palestra (or wrestling-field) and the gymnasium were a part of the life of the growing lad, and a part not to be shirked. The part taken by boys in the Olympic games shows how deeply this festival had taken root in Greek thought and life.

The diggings at Olympia have revealed an amphitheater 234 yards in length by 35 in width, oblong in shape, with sloping banks. This inclosed a stadium, or foot-race course, of 200 yards in length of circuit; and within its oval were held other games, but not the horse- and chariot-races. There are no signs of seats, and the spectators must have viewed the games from the grassy terraces above, where there was room for a multitude of 50,000. The hippodrome, of which only faint traces have been found, was laid out only a little way from this stadium. Here was heard the stirring music of that rhythmical hoof-beat so well reproduced alike in sound and sense in the beautiful Virgilian line which so many boys have at their tongue's end:

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Which is thus imitated in English, "And the base hoof of the quadruped shaketh the mouldering earth in its flight."

The chariot-races, like those of the Roman circus, imitated from the Greek, were of striking interest. There was scarcely any honor of the games more glorious than the charioteer's victory, especially if the owner drove his own horses. The danger to life and limb undergone by the charioteer was not less than that risked by the athlete in boxing with the cestus, or in the pancratium. The vivid chapter in "Ben Hur" depicting the chances and perils of a chariot-race essentially the same as that of the Olympic games gives an excellent notion of such a contest.

The games of the stadium were of course open to all, from the wearer of the purple cloak to him of the sheepskin jacket; and in many instances the free-born peasant wrested the coveted prize from his rich rival. In the horse-racing, however, the wealthy alone were represented, though they did not always drive their own chariots or ride their own horses. From all parts of the Greek-speaking world, when

the Olympic festival reached its full splendor, princes, nobles, and rich citizens sent teams of untold value to compete. Even women, who were not permitted to be present in person, were often represented by race-horses, which were sometimes the first to reach the goal-pillars.

About the first of the Olympic month war and battle-sound ceased throughout the length and breadth of Hellas. The distant roads which led to Olympia were thronged with pilgrims bound on a journey almost as sacred as that of the pilgrimage to Mecca by the devout Mohammedan. As the distance lessened and the time neared, the travelers became more numerous, and it seemed as if Greece despatched all her bravest and strongest and noblest sons into these converging currents. On horseback and muleback, on foot and in litter, some carrying their simple luggage upon their backs, some with elaborate wagons containing splendid camp equipage and the richest wines and food guarded by a retinue of servants, they choked each route with an army of teeming life. The five festival days were a great national picnic, where almost everything was enjoyed in the open air under a glorious midsummer sky. A few of the distinguished visitors were cared for in the temples; but a majority, even of the wealthy, chose the free life of their own tents. The daily scene, one can fancy, was rich with life and pictorial effect. One of the fairest of Greek valleys, with snow-crowned heights in the background, its own bosom crowned with the white-pillared beauty of a hundred temples and public edifices, is filled with thousands of tents of every color, like gigantic flowers. During the hours when the visitors do not resort to the stadium to thrill with the terrible struggles of the runners or wrestlers or boxers, or to watch the smoking horses in the hippodrome, they may amuse themselves at the booths of the traders and chapmen. For from all parts of the civilized world merchants have gathered to sell their wares, ranging from the rarest jewels and most elaborate goldsmith work to simple articles of daily use.

Olympia was indeed the arena of the greatest public games of antiquity, for we can scarcely call by this name the cruelties of the Roman amphitheater; but it was also the site of one



GREEK YOUTHS ON HORSEBACK. SCULPTURES FROM THE PARTHENON.

of its busy and active fairs, a "national exposition" under canvas, every four years.

Mental enjoyment of the higher sort was not missing from the entertainment. The leading tragedies were represented in one of the finest theaters of Greece. Poets and historians came here also to recite their new works, and so to publish their fame to the world. It is said that many of the stirring odes of Pindar were made public in this way, and that Herodotus, the father of history, first read his delightful story before the audience at an Olympic festival.

The modern Greek has shown a desire to preserve, as well as he can under new conditions, the traditions of his ancient people. He speaks more nearly than any other nation the language of his past, for modern Greek is one with the classic tongue. Demosthenes risen from the dust could easily be understood by a modern Athenian mob. Some have joked at the attempts of the Hellene of to-day to revive the outer shell of the old life, calling it "pedantry." Yet there is something beautiful about the effort, however absurd in some of its forms. But if there have been follies, the proposed revival of the Olympic games is not among them; for it is the purpose of the new Olympic festival to assemble in brotherly combat not Greeks only, but the chosen athletes of all the peoples to whom old Greece has left so rich a legacy. And no nation of to-day, from the Mediterranean to this new empire across the Atlantic, when it takes account of its true wealth, will undervalue what it has acquired from the land of Homer, Phidias, and Pericles.

When the revival was first proposed, more than two years ago, Greeks of every class joyfully responded, though the suggestion came from France. It was clearly out of the question, for practical reasons, to locate the games at the old, and new-found, Olympia. Equally impossible was an exact revival of the old festi-

val. In detail the ancient games befitted the life long since passed away. The proper site was found in Athens, the metropolis and leading railway center of modern Greece. The Piræus, only five miles from the city, opens on the blue waters of the Saronic Gulf and the islanded beauty of the Ægean Sea. Yachts, traversing a long course here, would cut the same waves which witnessed one of the world's greatest naval battles off the promontory of Salamis.

To give the project any hope of success it was seen that the games must be modern in character, such as can be sensibly held at various cities in other parts of the world in time to come. Jerseys, knickerbockers, and modern running-shoes must replace the trained muscles, glistening with oil, which once delighted the beauty-loving Greeks. The blows of the iron-clad cestus; the firm lock of the wrestlers, with its trick of hurling over the hip, which meant broken bones to the vanquished; the complex combats, taxing the last reserve of skill, audacity, and strength; the wild drive of the chariots, with the inevitable crash in jockeying for the wall, and shortening the curve at the corner pillars—these things will no longer darken the Olympic spectacle with the shadow of tragedy. But in short- and long-distance running, jumping, leaping, throwing the discus or quoit, and the running races of horses ridden by gentleman-riders, there will be a close likeness to the old games. To these the schedule adds most of the standard forms of modern athletic contests.

The principal part of the festival will be at the ancient stadium on the Athenian plain near the city. Here were once celebrated the games of Attica and her allies. A wild waste for many centuries, it was excavated a few years ago by King George of Greece. Now it has been restored in detail for this occasion by the

generosity of Georgius Avéroff, a rich Greek of Alexandria, Egypt, at an expense of 600,000 francs, so it will appear in its old splendor of white marble. The amphitheater seats from 50,000 to 70,000 spectators, and incloses a course 670 feet in length by 109 feet in breadth, giving a level area of 8100 square yards for the gymnastic and field sports, with a broad foot-race track as well.

One of the most interesting features of the games will be the long-distance race of twenty miles, from Marathon to Athens, in memory of the brave courier who died of exhaustion after he had brought tidings of Miltiades's great victory over Darius. To the victor, M. Victor Bréal of the French Institute has offered the prize of a silver amphora or wine-vessel. The general prize of each contest is a silver olive wreath, to commemorate the simple wreath of wild olive that in ancient times was the only token of victory.

In addition to the athletic games and field-sports it is proposed also to represent an ancient drama in some well-preserved classic Greek theater. The dances of to-day, believed by many scholars to be relics of the classic age, will be rendered by peasant dancers in costume; and various musical societies will furnish the music for the festival.

For the inauguration the date of April 6 has been selected, as it is the seventy-fifth anniversary of Greek independence. The middle month of spring, too, is the most delightful in the Greek year—much like the American June. The Athenians have completed exten-

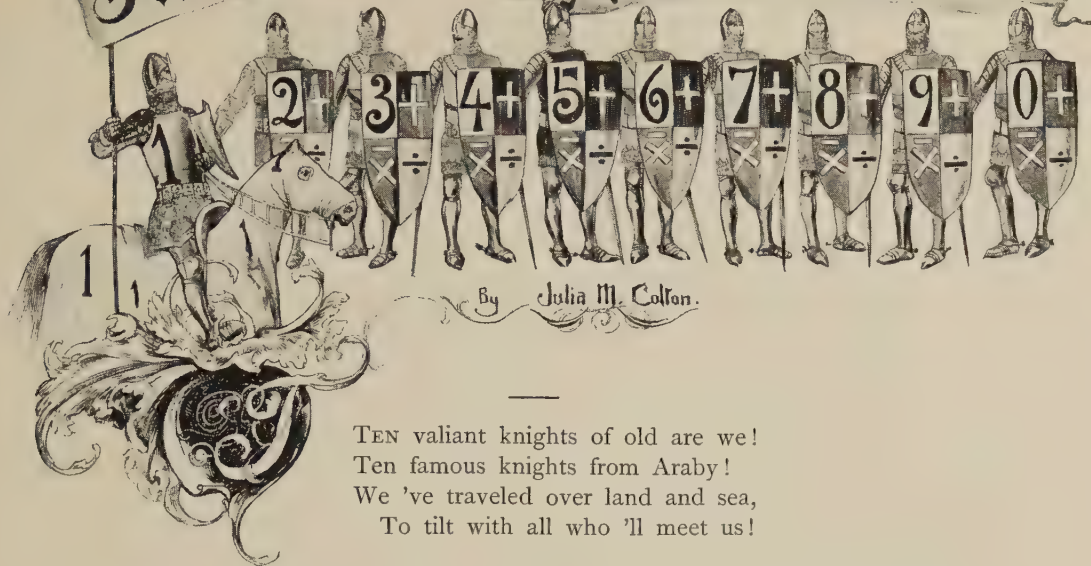
sive preparations for making the modern revival worthy of the ancient fame of the Olympic games, and for the entertainment of visitors. It is pleasant to note that the first to send a contribution to the Festival Committee was Mr. Alexander, the United States Minister to Greece, who is known to be an enthusiast in Hellenic studies.

Literature, art, and commerce, steam and electricity—these have knit the world closer. But the powers which repel nations from each other are not less than those which make for friendship. Wars and rumors of wars have cast their gloom over our waning century. Scarcely a month passes without another threat of a clash of arms. Any new influence which may lessen the jealousy of nations, with their millions of soldiers ready to fall into line of battle, is to be cherished.

The so-called revival of the Olympic games suggests a promise bigger and fairer than anything we have practised as international sport. The tradition of the old Greek festival has lived through more than twenty centuries. More than almost any other classic event it is armed with magic to kindle the fancy of a later time. It can touch the men of to-day with the deep sense of human brotherhood, and the projectors of the revival have embodied this thought in eloquent words. Once more the world has heard from the top of the Hill of Mars the swelling note of the apostle Paul in praise of the "Unknown God," who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."



The Arabic Numerals.



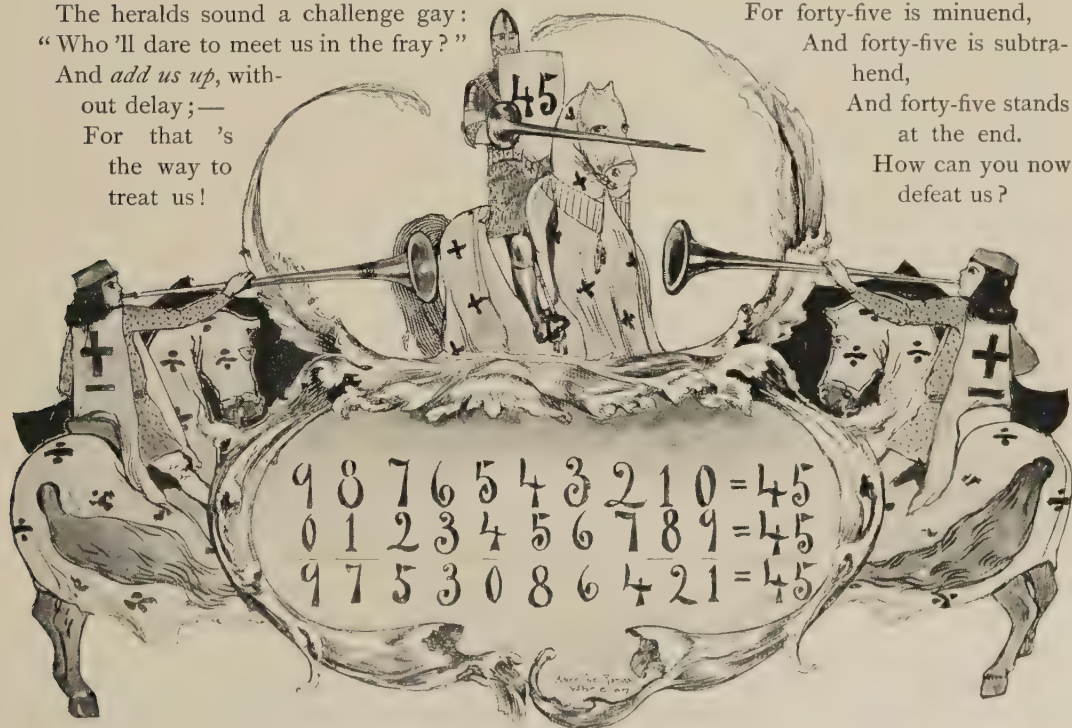
TEN valiant knights of old are we!
 Ten famous knights from Araby!
 We 've traveled over land and sea,
 To tilt with all who 'll meet us!

Ten noble knights armed cap-a-pie,
 Whose figured shields, full artfully,
 Betoken titles all may see
 Who ride in haste to greet us!

But when we joust in double line,
 Where ranks reversed are led by "nine,"
 If you *subtract* you 'll soon divine
 It 's difficult to beat us!

The heralds sound a challenge gay:
 "Who 'll dare to meet us in the fray?"
 And *add us up*, with-
 out delay;—
 For that 's
 the way to
 treat us!

For forty-five is minuend,
 And forty-five is subtra-
 hend,
 And forty-five stands
 at the end.
 How can you now
 defeat us?



THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEALING OF THE LEPER.

ALL over the world, in those days, there was a strong belief that some being was to come and bring with him a great change for good. The Jews especially believed this, because it was prophesied in their scriptures. They expected a king descended from David,—“the Messiah,”—who would not only restore the kingdom ruled by David, but add to it all other kingdoms, so that the Jews would rule the world. All that was said about “the Messiah, the Christ,” however, made it plain that the Jews had formed positive ideas as to what he would be and what he would do, and therefore they were prepared to oppose the adherents of one who did not fulfil their expectations. Cyril was like the rest: the kingdom he hoped for was one which would require grand palaces, strong castles, great armies, and more splendor than that of Herod or even of the Emperor of Rome. He and Lois were aware that they were growing older, and able to share in the prosperity of their people, and they both were glad of this. Lois feared that her brother, though so strong and energetic, was growing almost too fast; but he was so erect and soldierly, she thought, and he was nobler, finer-looking, than the other youths along the lake-shore. Not one of them could overcome him in their wrestling games, and he surpassed them all in other trials of strength and skill.

“His only dream,” she said to herself, “is one day to be a captain in the army of our King.”

Tidings came at last that Jesus was once more drawing nearer to Capernaum, teaching and healing as he came. He was soon reported

to be among the neighboring villages, and Cyril said to Lois: “I am going to find him.”

So it came to pass that, one sunny morning, Lois stood and looked lovingly, proudly, after her brother, as he set forth to seek the Master.

“I wish I could go with him!” she thought. “But Cyril will return and tell all he has seen.”

“We know now,” Cyril was thinking as he went his way, “the wonderful things the Master can do. He has cured the sick everywhere. And why can he not bring back the greatness of our nation?”

He was in a discontented state of mind, and he walked rapidly. As he went along the road, he suddenly heard a strange cry, and exclaimed: “Poor creature! I must not come too near him!”

Upon the cool breeze was borne that cry so mournful, so forlorn, that it might have touched a harder heart than Cyril’s.

“Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!” It was the warning shout of a leper, one of the victims of the most terrible of all diseases. This poor outcast could hardly walk, and he was evidently making a desperate effort. Indeed, only the strength of despair forced him along the road.

Cyril shuddered, glancing in the sufferer’s face, and, as the poor man passed, he said to himself: “A leper? Could the Master cure *him*?”

If there were any limit to the healing power, it might well be found here. Cyril could already see the throng at the wayside, gathered around the Master, and he said, “The leper is seeking him!”

Could it be that the outcast himself had any hope, any expectation of aid?

With every moment Cyril found his interest in the unfortunate man increasing. It was terrible to think that nothing could be done; that

he would have to withdraw himself from the crowd, as the law required.

Now the prophet of Nazareth, as many called him, was standing in the shade of a tree at the roadside, and the crowd pressed about him. John was there, and James, with Simon, and others whom Cyril knew; but what surprised Cyril was to see, just behind the tall form of Simon, the dignified rabbi, Isaac Ben Nassur.

He had come, indeed, all the way from Cana, to continue his duty as a rabbi, and a keeper of the public conscience concerning any new doctrine. He had probably just arrived, for there was no dust upon him, nor any other sign that he had come with that throng of wayfarers.

"Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!" There was now an appeal in the leper's warning.

He may have feared some hand of local authority forbidding him to come nearer. Those near him, indeed, did shrink away, as he came hurrying forward, for he was an object to cause repulsion. Still, even while withdrawing, the crowd made way for him, and the leper fell upon his knees at the feet of the Master, breathlessly looking up into the face of the man of Nazareth.

Cyril saw that John and Simon and Ben Nassur and the rest were crowding forward.

Then came the pitiful appeal from the lips of the kneeling leper, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

They saw the Master's hand go out to touch the poor suppliant, and then the gentle voice spoke: "I will; be thou clean."

Breathless expectation made an oppressive stillness that was quickly broken by a smothered exclamation from the lips of Isaac Ben Nassur:

"It is indeed a miracle!" he muttered. "He is made clean!"

Cyril gazed in wonder, for swift indeed was the change which came upon the face that made him shudder when he passed it on the road. It was as if new blood began to course through every vein of the kneeling man, as if a fountain of new life had been opened in him to send its healing forces through every nerve and fiber. For one moment only he continued kneeling, in a glad, half-doubtful astonishment, and then he slowly arose.

And now the Master said solemnly to the man whom he had healed: "See thou say nothing

to any man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them."

"That is right," muttered Ben Nassur, approvingly. "He is truly a rabbi. He is zealous for the Law. It is safe for the people to follow him."

"But the healing cannot be kept secret. Everybody saw it done," thought Cyril, as he looked again into the now bright, joyous face of the healed man, who was gazing in speechless gratitude upon that of the Master.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SICK OF THE PALSY.

THE healing of the leper was soon told to the people of Capernaum. The report went abroad also to other communities, and many of the Master's teachings went with it.

When, a few days later, the Master came to Capernaum, it seemed that all the people came swarming around the house of Simon, where he was staying. John and Andrew and the other disciples were with him, and so was Isaac Ben Nassur. Lois was yet in the house when the Master came.

Cyril remained outside among the throng, which was now so dense that it was impossible for any more to get into the house. The words of the Teacher, however, could often be heard from outside.

From another corner of the little city there had arrived four men bearing a litter, or hammock, wherein lay a man who seemed beyond all aid. He was more helpless than the leper, for this man could move neither hand nor foot. Still it was firmly the conviction of Cyril, as well as of the palsied man's carriers, that if the Master could touch him he would be helped. The men seemed puzzled by the crowd, but after some consultation they advanced toward the house.

"They are going to let him down through the roof. I can help!" exclaimed Cyril.

They could not have done so if the house had been a well-built, massive two-story structure, like that of Ben Nassur at Cana. There

were few such in Capernaum, however, and that of Simon was like most of the other dwellings, of only one story, with a slight roof, a wooden framework plastered with mortar, and covered thinly with earth and tiling.

The friends of the sufferer were strong and zealous, and no man hindered them. They hoisted the hammock, and long cords were tied to its four corners. A few minutes of work with trowel and hatchet and hands, and Cyril and the others on the roof were able to lower the helpless paralytic into the house.

The Master had healed many sick with various diseases, but never so helpless a man as this. Cyril peered down through the broken roof in eager expectation, and Lois, in the room below, crept nearer, till she could put one small brown hand upon a corner of the hammock and gaze at the deathlike face whose nerveless lips were without motion or expression.

One swift glance upward at the expectant faces of those who had in this way overcome the obstacles between their friend and his helper. He saw their faith, and turning to the palsied man, the man of Nazareth said:

"Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

"Now," thought Lois and Cyril, "he is going to lay his hand on him and heal him."

They were waiting breathlessly, for a moment;

but other thoughts than theirs were half angrily manifesting themselves in the darkening faces of the most important men who heard. There were among those who so filled the room scribes learned in the law, men of sacred authority, rabbis as wise as Ben Nassur, or wiser;



"THE POOR OUTCAST WAS EVIDENTLY MAKING A DESPERATE EFFORT." (SEE PAGE 514.)

and their very eyes burned with the indignant protest their tongues were not ready to utter: "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?"

Then, as if they had actually spoken:

"Why reason ye these things in your hearts?" said the Master unto them. "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?"

Cyril was looking at the yet motionless face in the hammock.

"The Master has not touched him," said Lois to herself. He did not; he only looked from one to another of the scribes, as if he were reading their hearts, like written books, and said:

"But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins—" he paused, and looking down, said to the man sick of the palsy, "I say unto thee, arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way unto thine house."

Up rose the form that had been so nearly without life, so utterly without motion. The hands which a moment before could not move their fingers, reached down and picked up the hammock. The dense crowd parted before him as he turned toward the door, and he walked away with the firm, elastic tread of health and strength.

Nevertheless, the thronging to see such a proof of power compelled Jesus to leave the house and go to the seaside to teach the rapidly increasing multitude.

Cyril did not go with them at once. And while he was assisting the workmen who had come to close the opening made to let down the palsied man, Lois found an opportunity to say to her brother:

"I heard Isaac Ben Nassur and the scribes talking among themselves. They were disturbed, and seemed greatly offended because all, even the lowest people in Capernaum, are flocking to hear him. What has he to do with them? I heard Ben Nassur say that they are accursed.

"What do they mean, Cyril?" Lois went on, "must he not be King over everybody when he establishes his kingdom?"

"Yes," said Cyril, doubtfully; "and I suppose some of these people will make good soldiers. Father says the Romans are wise, and

they make soldiers of any that can fight. We Jews are to be the captains."

Before long Cyril had a puzzling matter to consider—the same question that interested all those who, like Ben Nassur, were ready to believe that the prophet of Nazareth was really a rabbi, zealous for the Law.

It was no new thing for a Jewish teacher, rabbi, or prophet to select from among his friends or pupils a certain number who made up his school or traveling household. Already it was well understood that John and Peter and their brothers were in this way followers of Jesus; but Jesus now formally filled the number up to twelve, as if, some thought, to represent the tribes of Israel. No youth like Cyril could hope to be among these; but it was at least expected that the chosen would be Jews of good standing, and men of acknowledged patriotism.

"He has not selected them for captains," said Cyril to himself, concerning certain of the chosen disciples. "Most of them are fishermen or working-men."

When Cyril next saw the Rabbi Ben Nassur, he told Cyril indignantly that the latest choice made by the Master was no other than Levi, the tax-gatherer of Capernaum, the "publican," who exacted the imposts of the Romans, and was more hated than any Roman—even more despised than any Samaritan—for doing so. His other name was Matthew, and every zealous Jew regarded him as a traitor to his nation, and worse than a heathen.

"He called him even as he was actually sitting at the seat of custom, receiving taxes for our oppressors!" declared the angry rabbi.

"Did Matthew follow him?" asked Cyril, with boyish directness.

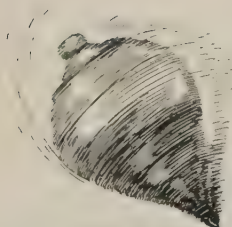
"He left everything, and followed Jesus. He is to be one of the twelve," said the rabbi. "They are all in his house now—publicans and sinners—and the Man of Nazareth is eating and drinking with them. I will have done with them. I will go back to Cana. I can have no fellowship with the accursed."

So he went his way, full of bitterness.

(To be continued.)



"THE MOON MUST LOVE ME VERY MUCH, FOR, WHEN THE NIGHT IS FINE,
OF ALL THE WINDOWS IN THE WORLD, IT COMES AND SHINES THROUGH MINE!"



IN TOP TIME.

BY HENRY REEVES.

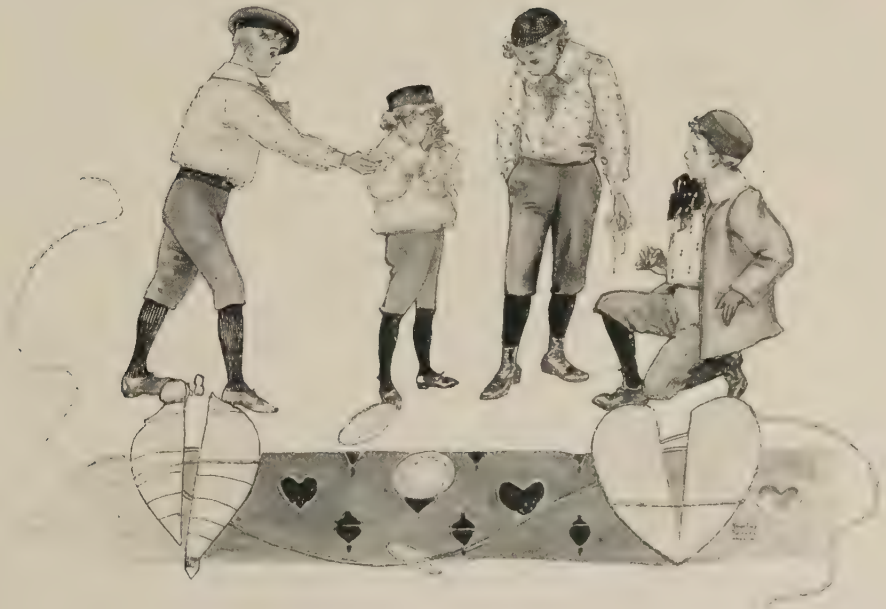
THREE tops were lying in the ring;
Three tip-top boys stood by;
Tip-tap! They flung their tops on top
To make the others fly,—
When little Tim from Topping street
With top in hand came nigh.

Said he: "I'll play at tops with you;"
"Good! Lay it down," said they.
So in the ring among the tops
His little spinner lay.
Tip-tap! down came a heavy top
And knocked the rest away.



It split the top of little Tim;
 Apart the pieces flew;
 You'd think it was his heart that split,
 He made so much ado,—
 "My top will never spin again—
 My top is split in two!"

The tip-top boys some pennies gave
 To Tim, and stopped his cry;
 And off he ran to Topping street
 Another top to buy,—
 A bright new top, a splendid top,
 A tip-top top to buy.



MARCH WINDS.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.



BLOW, blow, March winds, blow!
Blow us April, if you please.
Blow away the cold white snow,
Blow the leaves out on the trees,

Blow the ice from off the brooks,
Set their merry water free,
Blow dead leaves from woodsy nooks,
Show the violets to me.

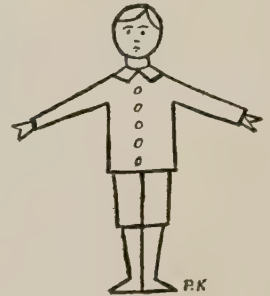
Do all this; 't will be but play.
Then—please to blow yourself away!

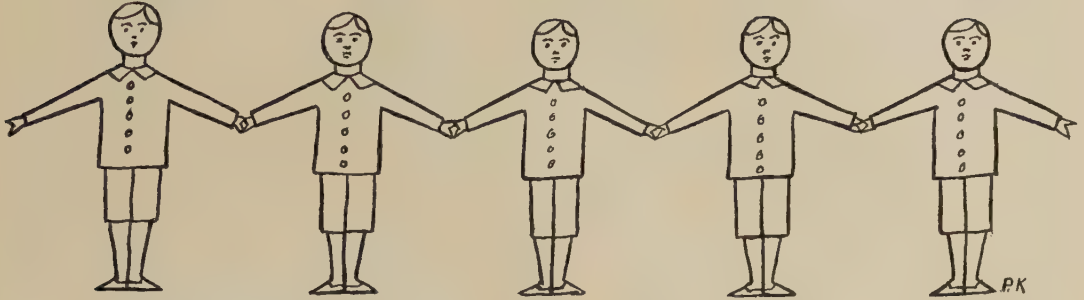
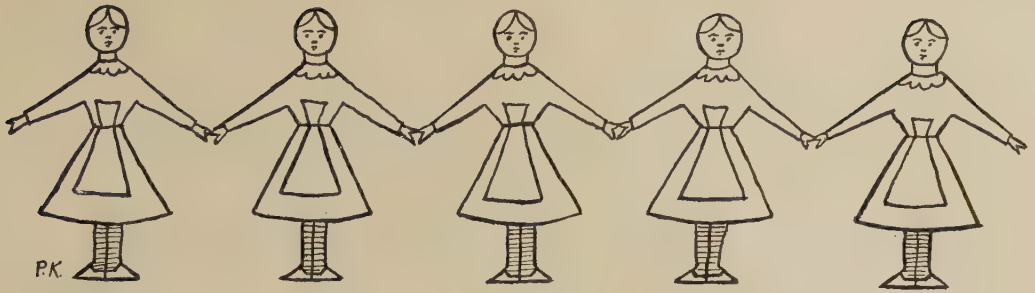
PAPER-DOLL POEMS.

BY POLLY KING.



DEAR little paper dolls, that grow
All in a beautiful, even row!
Their toes turn out in a way that's grand,
And they look so friendly, hand in hand.
I've boughten dolls put away on the shelf—
For I love these best, that I make myself.





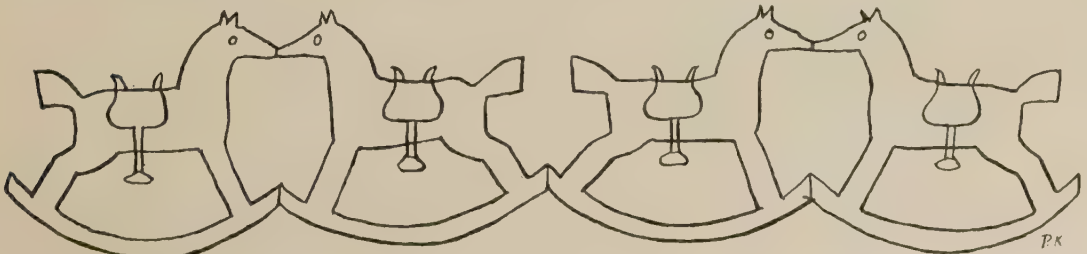
Then there come nice little paper boys
Who play with the girls, and break their toys.
They all have trousers down to their knees,
And they may shout just as loud as they please.
They never are bothered with dresses and curls,
And *never* are taken for little girls.



Of course there are cats in Paper Land,
Or who would catch the rats?
They talk the language children talk,
And not the talk of cats.
They say, instead of "purr," and "mew,"
"Good afternoon," and "How do you do?"

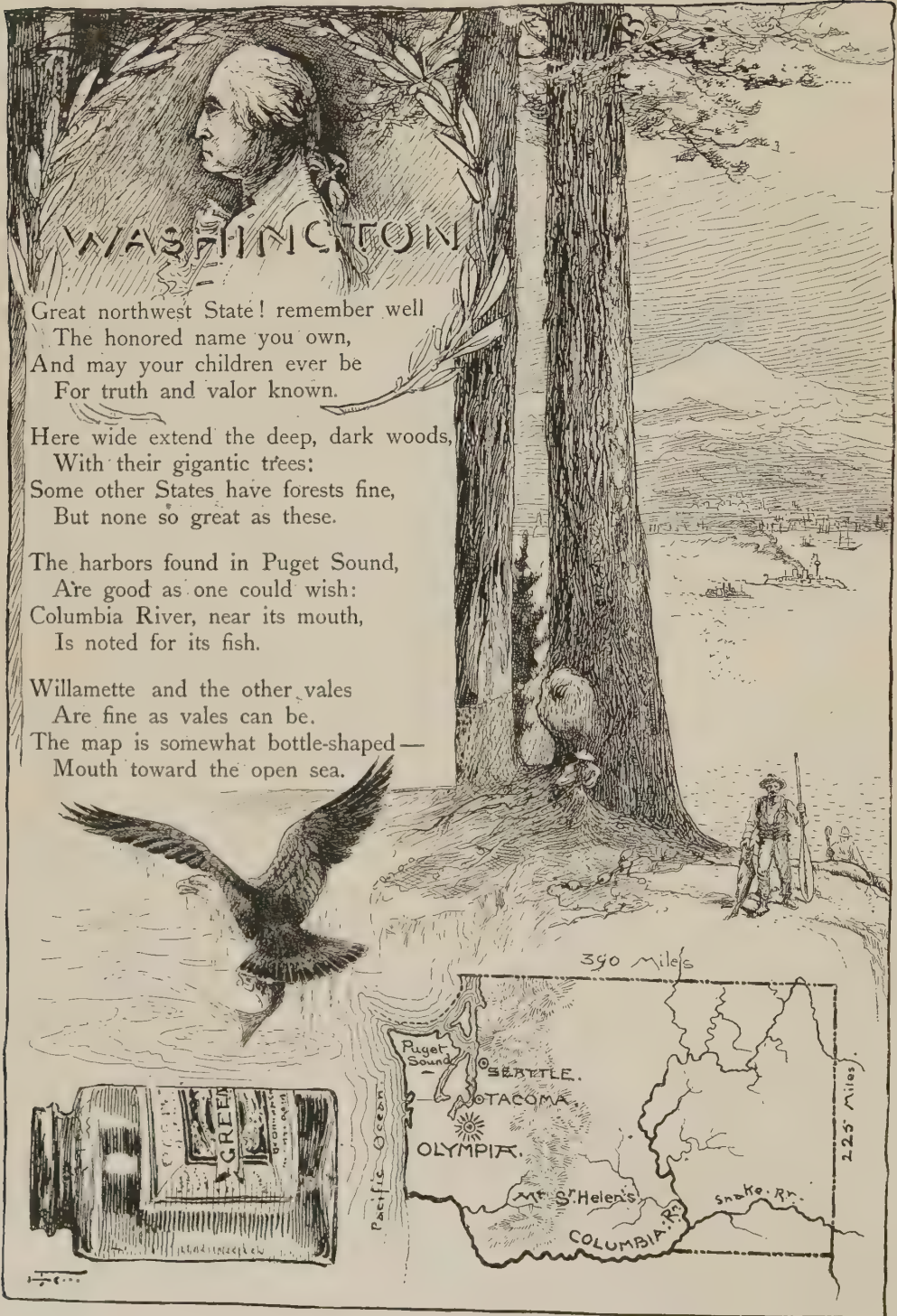


The paper folks don't always walk,
But ride out every day;
Their horses go just like the wind,
And do not care for hay —
They gallop in a long straight line,
And really do look very fine.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

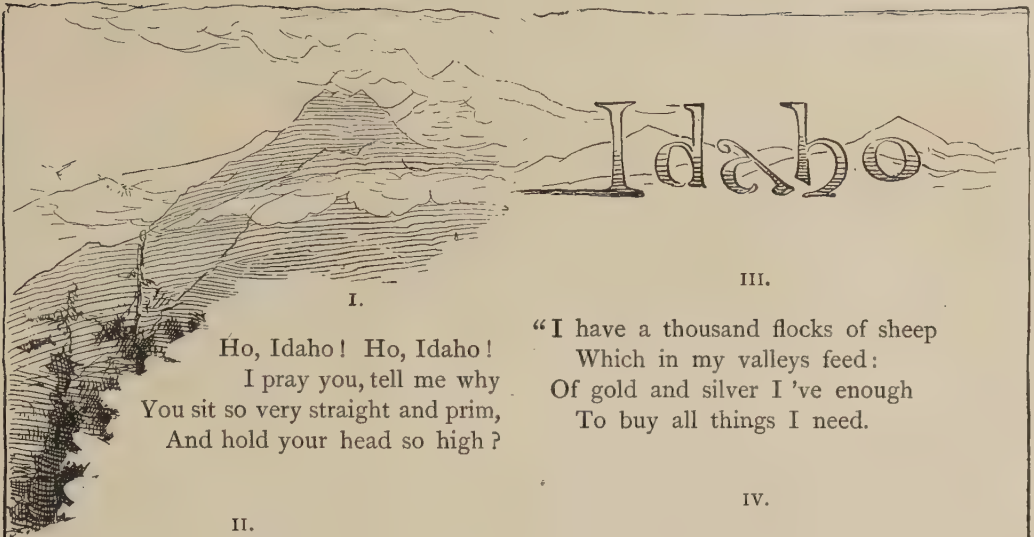


Great northwest State! remember well
The honored name you own,
And may your children ever be
For truth and valor known.

Here wide extend the deep, dark woods,
With their gigantic trees;
Some other States have forests fine,
But none so great as these.

The harbors found in Puget Sound,
Are good as one could wish:
Columbia River, near its mouth,
Is noted for its fish.

Willamette and the other vales
Are fine as vales can be.
The map is somewhat bottle-shaped—
Mouth toward the open sea.

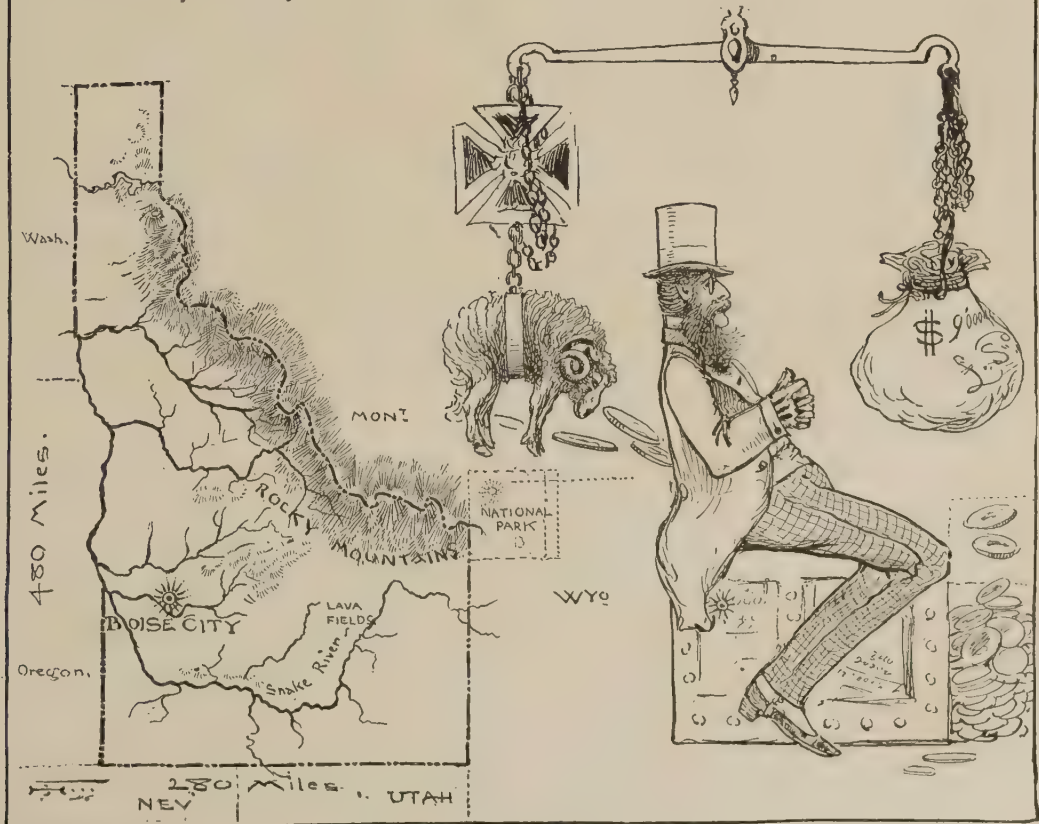


Ho, Idaho! Ho, Idaho!
I pray you, tell me why
You sit so very straight and prim,
And hold your head so high?

"I have a thousand flocks of sheep
Which in my valleys feed:
Of gold and silver I 've enough
To buy all things I need.

"Because my mountains are so firm—
They will not bend at all;
And people's heads are always high,
When they are very tall.

"My capital—you ask the name?
'T is Boisé, if you please:
The National Park?—Oh, yes, indeed,
It rests against my knees."



THE LETTER-BOX.

LONG after the closing of the lists in the "Marion's Adventures" puzzle, there came addressed to the Little Schoolma'am three travelers from foreign climes—the answers sent by three of her good friends on the other side of the globe. One came from China, and two from the island continent—Australia. The Little Schoolma'am thanks her correspondents for their kind letters, and regrets that it is not practicable to extend the limit, so that their answers to future puzzles may be in time.

Here are the main portions of the three letters:

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a regular reader of your magazine for several years, and I think if you had known how many readers you had out here you would have left more time for us to do the exercise. I did it as soon as it came here; but I suppose it will be far too late for any prize. I thought I would do it to show the interest that I take in the magazine. My sister and I are looking forward to Christmas, and I suppose the little American children would think it very funny that we have hot weather instead of frost and snow.

Believe me your affectionate reader, MAGGIE J—.

PANG CHUANG.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I herein send a copy of "Marion's Adventures," I believe, correctly spelled.

It takes a letter a month and a half to reach the United States from my home, which is one hundred and eighty miles from Tientsin, and I beg that the Little Schoolma'am will allow us more time than twenty days the next time she gives us work.

Your reader, Willys R. P—.

CABOONBAH, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for six years, and, seeing the competition in the October number, we are glad to join it, though of course we are too late.

We little Australians would like to have something to do with it another time, if you could give us a little longer.

It takes such a long time for us to get our magazine.

I remain your interested reader, Joan S—.

ISLESBORO, MAINE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about the time my mother and I were nearly killed. My father, Major Frederick L—, was ordered to the West to be in charge of some troops stationed there. Well, about this time my father was taken violently ill, and my mother and I were sent for. So we got all ready for our journey and started.

By the route we took we spent two and a half days on the train and then took a coach for the ride of twenty miles, and after that traveled with a troop who were going to the fort where my father was stationed, laden with provisions and ammunition for the garrison.

We had passed the first three days very comfortably, when on the fourth, towards evening, as we were traveling with the soldiers, one of the troop, who was riding behind, suddenly spurred forward and began to talk with

our captain, who, after a while, came forward and spoke to my mother. I was just a little chap and so tired that I could scarcely find interest in anything; but my mother looked very anxious and hugged me tight, and I am afraid "wept over" me.

Well, the long and short of it was that we were attacked by Indians, and had to fight for it, too, let me tell you. And the dear old captain who fought to save us lost his life along with three of his men.

Yours, TED L—.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three or four years and find you very interesting.

I live in Baltimore in the winter, but last summer I spent a few weeks with my aunt on the coast of Maine.

A very funny thing happened in Baltimore last winter. I was walking down one of the principal streets when I heard a very squeaky piano-organ.

A very fashionable old gentleman was standing on the opposite side of the street waiting for the car. Well, the organ-grinder came up to the gentleman and took off his hat (which you know is the way they ask for money); the gentleman looked at him for a moment and then returned the salutation with the greatest courtesy. Of course it looked very funny to the people who were watching.

Your true reader, MARRIE L. B—.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old and I have taken you three years. This is my second trip abroad. Last year we stopped at some of the cathedral towns and this year some others. Peterboro' has a very curious Saxon church in the crypt; the legend is this: There was once a saint who wanted to build a church, so he asked the king for permission, which was granted; and that very church he built was a few years ago discovered in the crypt of the church. My uncle took a candle and led us through. It is very narrow and low, and we were glad to get out. All the other cathedrals were very beautiful, but I liked Chester cathedral best of all.

Your constant reader, EDITH V—.

LIBERTY, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and have taken ST. NICHOLAS for six years. I enjoy the letters, as they are so original. I have just returned from Los Angeles, California. We visited a friend on the way home, in South Bend, Indiana, who had an aquarium. It was a glass tank about fifty inches long in the center of which were stones, shells, and water grasses. Sparkling brook trout, gold fishes, and Japanese fantails swam about. In the evening an electric bulb hung by the side of the tank, making it look like "fish fairyland," as the quick flashes of life moved through the waving grass. The water runs in and out at the lower end, feeding a tank in the cellar which is much larger and contains bass, large trout, and bull-frogs. When it rains out-doors, the frogs sing so they can be heard upstairs. The cat of this household is as interesting as the fish, for she will wet her paw to catch one. She will steal down cellar and sprawl herself on the platform, made for the frogs to rest on, and

put her paw in the water to its full length. The fish swimming rapidly by is caught on her claw. She has been punished for this, but nothing can break her of going fishing. When she is out of the house and wants to come in, she will rise on her hind legs and touch the electric button so that the servant will open the door.

I am in Liberty now, which is popular as a summer resort. Every year the hotels have a wagon parade; the most beautiful and the most grotesque take a prize. The photographer of the village astonished every one by appearing on the back of a wagon dressed as a dancing-girl, with a big yellow wig and red cheeks. About his neck hung several large snakes. We went the next day to see them in his office; they were kept in a large box, with a zinc tank at one end filled with water. This strange man loves these creatures and has always handled them. When asked if the snakes were stupefied with a drug, he said: "No, they are perfectly harmless; my child three years old will handle any that I do. I remove the venom, or poison bag, from rattlers and other dangerous snakes." In the box were two Florida bullheads, about six feet long, one Texas "whiplash," so called because he defends himself with his tail, as one would use a whip, one black adder, one prairie racer, a milk snake, and several grass snakes; they all took a drink and swam about while we were there. Snakes feed upon mice and frogs, which they eat alive. The photographer did not take the prize, as no one liked his strange pets, though his exhibition was original.

CARLETON B.

Here is a letter written in Spanish:

HUANILLAS, CHILE.

QUERIDO ST. NICHOLAS: Puedo decir con seguridad que V. nunca ha recibido una carta de Huanillos; es solo

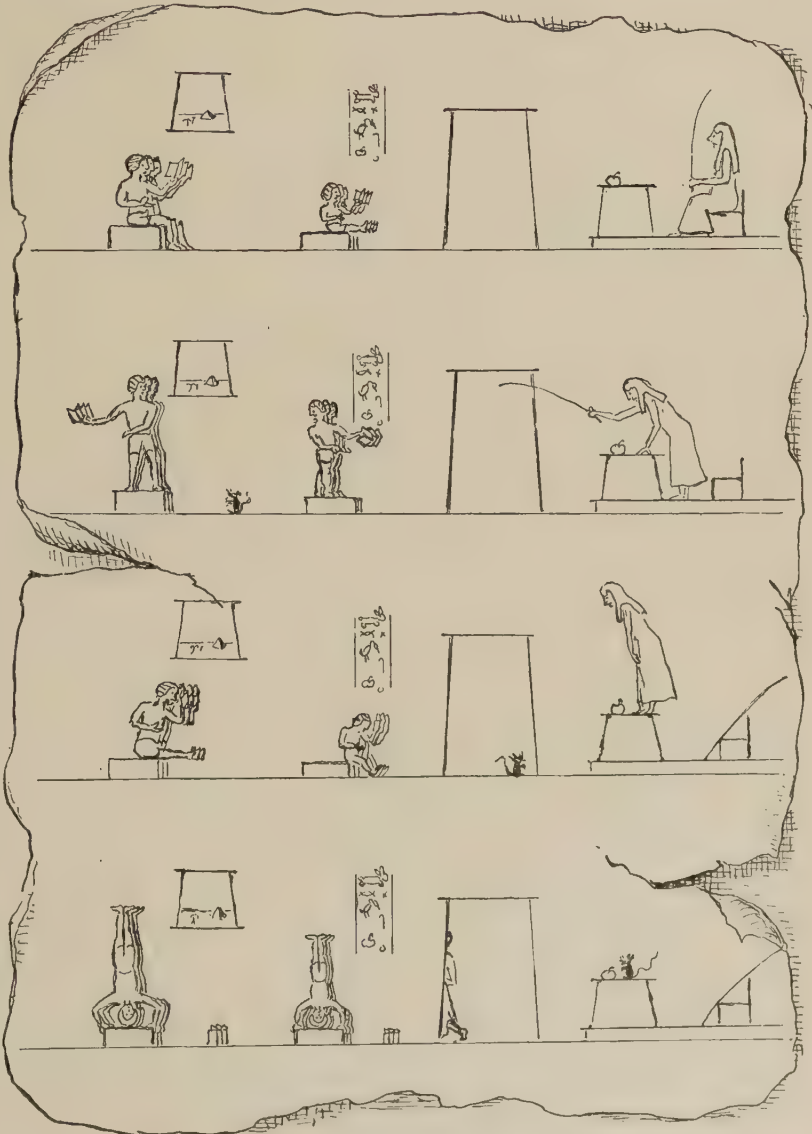
un puerto adonde se embarca guano. Hemos estado aqui casi dos años. A la distancia de tres leguas de aqui hay una "Salina" que tiene cincuenta millas de largo y

A PICTURE STORY.

(An incident in a school in ancient Egypt.)

WHILE the children are busy with their books a mouse appears and causes merriment, but the schoolmistress frowns on their levity. When the mouse turns his attention to the teacher she takes a different view of the situation. It is not the teacher that the mouse wants, but the apple on her desk, and, after the teacher retreats, the children and the mouse make merriment again in their own way.

Edwin A. Rockwell.



doce de ancho, y es todo pura sal. Traen la sal en carretas y de aqui la embarcan.

Los cerras detras de nosotras son muy altos; en estas

regiones andan guanacos y zorros; he visto un guanaco y dos ó tres zorros que han cazado.

En el año 1867 se salió el mar, varias personas se ahogaron; espero que no suceda tal cosa otra vez.

Estoy escribiendo esta carta en español, porque ví una en francés, y pensé que la publicarian. Todos los meses espero con impaciencia que llegue St. NICHOLAS; los cuentos que mas me han gustado son "Lady Jane," "Toinette's Philip," y "Three Freshmen: Ruth, Fran, and Natalie"; tambien me gustan los versos que siempre hay en cada número. Adios. Soy su interesada lectora,
E. ELENA C—.

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt has sent you to me for about three years, and I like you very much. As you published not long ago a very nice account of Mount Tacoma, written by a little girl, I thought that perhaps you would like to know something about Mount Rainier. Our mountain is very grand, stately, and solemn. I often wonder what he thinks about, keeping watch for so many years over all the land, but he has his funny tricks too, for when the weather is going to be cold and blustery, he puts his snow cap on. It is made of clouds. He changes the fashion sometimes in shape and color. Sometimes it is pink, sometimes it is white, sometimes it is pale blue—the national colors, red, white, and blue. He wears it a good piece above his head, where it hangs sometimes the whole day without changing shape very much. He likes to fool people, too, and make them think that he is on fire. You know that he is covered with snow all the year round, but in the summer, on the little bare places of ground that peep out, the loveliest wild-flowers grow, which are found nowhere else, and would you believe it, the sun is so hot on the snow sometimes that it will blister your face if you stay on it long enough. We love our mountain very much, and when I grow big enough I am going up there to find out something more for myself, and when I do I will write and tell you about it. Our sunsets are very beautiful as the sun goes down behind the Olympic Mountains.

Your little friend, AMY G—.

Here are two quaint little letters from France:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I scarcely ever see a letter from France, I thought I would write to you. I am a little girl of Lorraine, and believe there is no country equal to mine. We are ardent royalists, and sometimes have terrible fighting with republican children. Once, on a 14th of July, my brother put out the window a white flag, with gold fleur-de-lys and a scrap of black crape on the top. But he was made draw it inside quickly enough. My eldest sister and I are now in a convent boarding-school, not very far from home. But as it is a cloistered monastery we can only see our friends through a little wooden grating. We have two months' summer vacation, a week at Easter, and two or three days at the new year. I have never been out of my native place, except once in my life, in the chief town of the next department. It is a fine city, but my brother and I love our own old little town best.

My sister and I love your nice magazine immensely; we are much interested in Helen Keller, and would like to know her. We are very fond of your stories. I often copy out brownies for my little sister Stephanie, she likes them so much; the "Dude" is her favorite one. We are seven children. Our eldest brother is married. He has a baby whom we are all crazy of.

I am afraid this letter is very uninteresting and not good enough for print. I would like to talk about our pets, as all your readers do; our pigeon, the tortoise, sparrow, dog, and old horse, tame mouse, but I hear my sister coming, and I must say good-by in a hurry.

I remain your little friend,

FRANÇOISE B. DE L—.

ROANNE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad to receive the St. NICHOLAS. I am young French girl and I live at Roanne, a pretty town on the Loire.

I have a little sister, she is twelve years old and I am fourteen.

Of course I love my little sister Maggue a great deal.

I am greatly interested in "Reading the book of Fate" and "The letter-box" in the November number of St. NICHOLAS.

Reporting to the little girl's letter who were born in Tokio, Japan, I see they must travelled a great many miles away, as their father is a protestant missionary.

Their letter is quite interesting; I find they write in english very well.

Farewell, good St. NICHOLAS with a shake-hand from:

Your new reader, HERMANE VERRIÈRE.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Charles A. G., Margaret Hotchkiss, Alice A. Wild, Mary M., John Fulton, Nettie M. Lovell, Marian Comfort, Hattie Chapman, Helen Hunter, Elizabeth S. Fuller, Edna Orr, Elsie G. Roper, Faith S. Chapman, Elizabeth Chamberlin, Robert I. Miner, Walter J. Bush, Florence Mann, S. E. Morrison, Rachel E. C., Bessie Dunsmore, Annie P. McK., Mabel T., Emma Sweet Danoe, Evelyn Mildred, Thyra Barton, Mildred Pickett, Elizabeth A. Stevens, Sarah S. Wilkinson, Pussie Mills, Catherine Ford, Francis C. Nickerson, Ruth H. Wilkinson, J. M. C., Charles Baker Cunningham, Florence R. Norcross, Elizabeth A., Mary H. Pusey, E. V. Briggs, Edith R. H., Ruth S., Harold B., Nannie Lee Janney, Agnes and Alice Gaffett, Ruth B. and Irene F., Grace H. Newton, Vara Gray Ladd, Arthur Knickerbocker, Wilda Powell, Emily Compton, Morgan Moore, Grace Townley, John A. Church, Jr., Lottie V. Linley, Margaret Doane Gardiner, Fred Haskell, Elsie C. Haggard, Eva C. Proudfoot, Marianne Lee Smith, W. N. Brunaugh, Hilary M. Z., M. Margaret Rogers, Madeline and Constance Mayer, Augusta Maverick, Bertha W. P., S. E. Meyer, Helen M. S., Winifred E. N. Birk, Llewellyn Pascoe, Frances D. R., Alice Jessie Foster, Norah Manson, C. W. L., C. R. S. and W. P. V., Arthur D. W., Marguerite Strong, Vera L., L. F. W., Estelle L. Schlicht, Julian Breitenstein, Harry C. Taville, Robert W. Alter, E. B. Northrop, Jr., Nelly L. C., John W. K., Bessie K., C. J. Vallette Pettibone, Joseph W. Currier, Earl Hart S. and Marietta Varallo S., Miriam C., "The Little Owl," Rachel C. Newbury, Elsie Keator, Clermont L. B., E. Linton and H. Luthin, Emilie E. C., Alice M. R., Bessie B., Leslie B. C., John N. Burnham, E. D. T., Mabelle C. Houghton, Louis Manheimer, Richard Lockwood, Ethel Sinclair, Topsy Griffin, E. L. C., Louise H. Brigden, Russell F. C., Elsie Margaret P., May C., Irene R. Tucker, Murray Edwards, D. Clifford Jones, Sophy W. Williamson, Laura Perry, Louise B. Mitcham, Annie Lanning.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Alcott. Cross-words: 1. Camera. 2. Owl. 3. Music. 4. Banjo. 5. Cornet. 6. Bayonet.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Texas. 2. Every. 3. Xebec. 4. Arere. 5. Sycee.

ZIGZAG. St. Patrick's Day. Cross-words: 1. Soap. 2. Safe. 3. Slit. 4. Span. 5. Site. 6. Spit. 7. Acme. 8. Step. 9. Sire. 10. Fiji. 11. Sack. 12. Skin. 13. Slap. 14. Ides. 15. Stay. 16. Slay.

CHARADE. In-got.

DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Cat. 3. Corea. 4. Earnest. 5. Teens. 6. Ass. 7. T.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Stop, pots, tops, post, spot.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Cooper. Cross-words: 1. Condor. 2. Ilocust. 3. grOuse. 4. himPet. 5. spidEr. 6. beaverR.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 15th, from M. McG.—G. B. Dyer—Paul Reese—Josephine Sherwood—Blanche and Fred—Florence and Flossie—Marguerite Sturdy—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee"—"Jersey Quartette"—W. L. and H. A.—Ella and Co.—"Chiddingstone"—L. O. E.—"Four B's"—John Walker and Co.—Clive—Philip and Richard S.—"Two Little Brothers"—W. L.—Louisa E. Jones—Laura M. Zinser—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Charles Travis—Kate S. Doty—Franklyn Farnsworth—Achille Poirier—Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 15th, from Daisy, 1—Herman W. Fernberger, 1—Kenneth Lewis, 2—"Ann Serd," 8—Mary C. Knouer, 1—Clifford Clark, 2—Marian J. Homans, 3—Annie C. Gregory, 1—"Marie Antoinette," 2—J. P. D., 1—Hulda Bendick, 1—H. Mestre, 1—Wm. P. Bonbright, 2—No name, Detroit, 2—Ernest A. Walter, 1—Laurence L. Brown, 3—Leila Cossart, 2—Millie Papenbrock, 2—C. W. Wickersham, 1—No name, Newark, 4—R. M. Mathews, 1—Lillian Davis, 3—Verna T. Benezet, 2—Sophie G. Staver, 1—Ralph L. Evernden, 3—Pauline W., 1—Robt. W. Alter, 2—A. E. and D. C. Rowell, 1—"Wisdom," 3—"The Masqueraders," 9—"General," 2—"Dinah and Aunt Myra," 9—Fred K. Haskell, 1—Victor J. West, 5—Marguerite Strong, 1—J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 2—"One of Five Cousins," 8—Belinda and Charly, 6—Estelle L. Schlicht, 3—Arthur D. W., 2—M. J. Philbin, 8—"The Tivoli Gang," 9—Arthur D. Brown, 9—Alma and Blanche M., 6—Herbert S. Abraham, 4—Oslytel H. C., 1—Mary Rake, 2—"Twa Corbies," 6—Katharine Bushnell, 3—Lorne Porter, 1—Edyth Pryor, 2—Charlotte F. Kendall and Robert Hunt, 9—Daniel W. Hardin, 1—Donald Small, 9—Paul Haskell, 1—Rebecca Edwards Forbes, 1—"Convent Chimes," 1—Frances D. R., 1—"Owl's Nest Club," 7—H. Stow, 1—Alma Steiner, 5—Mary Belle Keefe, 4—Mildred Shakespeare, 9—Gay, 2—Gladys Kaufman, 1—Katharine Bruce, 1—Rose and Bertha Michaels, 2—Geneva G. Matthews, 1—Goyenecke, 2—Estelle and Marguerite, 1—George S. Luckett, 1—"Three Brownies," 8—Stirling Schroder, 2—Laurence and Eben McNair, 2—Mary and Olive, 3—"Philatelist," 3—M. and D., 6—"Embla," 8—H. L. Bingay, 8—Frank Preston, 7—Alice Butterfield, 4—"Justin Thyme," 4—Helen M. Stott, 2—"Two Katydid's," 6—Ethel J. Grant, 1—Cyrus and Rosamond, 2—Eugene T. Walter, 5—Marguerite De V. Miles, 1—Julia S. Miller, 1—H. V. M., 3—Russell H. Hunter, 2—Elinor Barras, 9—L. and I., 9—Frank D. Bradley, 2—Jo and I., 9—Bertha W. P., 1—S. Stankowitch, Jr., 3—Pansy and Louise, 3—Truda G. Vroom, 9—Earl M. Jackson, 6—"Kilkenny Cats," 2—Bessie and Percy, 4—"We, Us, and Co.," 3—Dorothy Winslow, 4—Frank B. Everts, 2—James A. Greig, 2—Edward A. Lyon, 9—Arthur F. Burns, 2—P. D. S. and A. M. S., 9—Mary N. Williams, 9—H. P. Sweeny, Jr., 1—Charles P. Tuttle, 2—Ethelberta, 7—A. E. and H. G. E., 9—A. S. and C. B., 4—Jean D. Eggleston, 9—Frances Lee Fleming, 8—"Brownie Band," 8—Florence L. Thrall, 9—"Four Weeks of Kane," 9—"Edgewater Two," 9—No name, Hackensack, 9—"Dee and Co.," 9—Ida Carleton Thallon, 9—Auntie Williams and Estelle, 5—W. Y. W., 9—"Princeton Tigers," 9—Paul Rowley, 9—Marjory Gane, 9—"Two Guesses," 9—"You Guess," 9—"The Butterflies," 9—Helen Rogers, 9—"Camp Lake," 7—"Watertown Quadra," 5—Lucy and Eddie H., 5—"Merry and Co.," 9—Ralph E. Hitchins, 3—Edna Goodspeed, 4—Everett W. Nourse, 8—E. C. C. E., 7.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To jest. 2. Above. 3. Small barrels. 4. Formerly.

II. 1. A nobleman. 2. A region. 3. To peruse. 4. A well-bred woman. HELEN MURPHY.

RIDDLE.

TAKE a Chinaman's pride,
Put yourself by its side;
Now pluck out your eye
And place it close by;
Next a wing—how absurd!
Of a house, not a bird.
Now the cup, steaming hot,
Which inebriates not,
But gives pleasant cheer,
Must have its place here.

The whole, in various patterns you'll find,
Of silk or of cotton deftly combined.

HELEN A. WALKER.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed

RHOMBIC. ACROSS: 1. Boat. 2. Hiré. 3. Must. 4. Epic. 5. Year. 6. Dreg.

HIDDEN GENERALS. 1. Sherman. 2. Lee. 3. Stonewall Jackson. 4. Sheridan. 5. Grant. 6. Hooker. 7. Scott. 8. Bragg. 9. Early. 10. Ewell. 11. Hood. 12. Beauregard. 13. Longstreet. 14. Price. 15. Banks. 16. Morgan. 17. Butler.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Charles; 3 to 4, Carroll. Cross-words: 1. Chronic. 2. Shittah. 3. Oratrix. 4. Ferrets. 5. Poodles. 6. Slander. 7. Lawless.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. P-c-a-t.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Hiss. 2. Idea. 3. Seam. 4. Same. II. 1. Reve. 2. Ebon. 3. Void. 4. Ends. III. 1. Ethe. 2. Teem. 3. Hele. 4. Emeu. IV. 1. Hare. 2. Abas. 3. Rasp. 4. Espy. V. 1. Ugly. 2. Gree. 3. Leer. 4. Yerk.

one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous king and general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A great flow of water. 2. A dull color. 3. The best or choicest part of a thing. 4. Small pieces of pasteboard. 5. A support. 6. To convey. 7. A thin cutting. 8. The fruit of the oak. 9. A little round hill. 10. Worn out. 11. The remains of a fire. 12. A confused mixture of sounds. 13. Frosting. 14. To hasten. 15. Having an even, smooth surface. 16. A country of Asia. 17. A subject.

SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

SEVEN NUTS.

THERE 's a nut that 's a kind of a box or a trunk,
A nut that is drunk just like tea,
A nut that is spread upon biscuits or bread,
And a nut that is found by the sea,
A nut often used for a boundary line,
And a nut that is dug from the ground;
But the very best nut of them all, I am sure,
Is the nut in the frying-pan found.

F. G. NELSON.

